

COSMOPOLITAN

March, 1958 • 35¢



Miss Mylene Demongeot—the new face in "Bonjour Tristesse"

Romance Is a Place to Go

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

"Merry Andrew" in two happy words is Danny Kaye. And this new Sol C. Siegel production from M-G-M in CinemaScope and Metrocolor is Danny's first picture in three years.

Danny has lots of most agreeable co-starring company to help with the high-flying hilarity. Extra added distractions like lovely Pier Angeli. And the celebrated basso, Baccaloni, who made his comedy debut in "Full of Life". As well as Robert Coote of "My Fair Lady" fame, together with Noel Purcell and Patricia Cutts.



But most of all, the story is decidedly off the beaten sound track for even the biggest of musical comedies. It also happens to be very funny, with scope for all of Danny's ten-foot-tall talents. He is Andrew Larabee, shy-guy schoolteacher in an exclusive boys' school who, while searching for a fabled Roman treasure, pitches camp on a site claimed by a traveling circus.

Danny as a lion-tamer... Danny in top hat and tails on the flying trapeze... Danny as a chin-up "stout fella" who tries to teach manners to five volatile Gallini Brothers who own a circus... are just a few of the justly heralded Kaye-O's.

Michael Kidd, making his director debut, puts the same dash and pace into the romantics and plot antics as into the dance sequences for which he's been known hitherto. Based on a story by Paul Gallico, Isobel Lennart's and I. A. L. Diamond's screenplay keeps everybody hot and humming.

Speaking of humming, the songs (music by Saul Chaplin, the associate producer, and lyrics by Johnny Mercer) alternately jump, soothe, astound and titillate. Of the eight tunes, we bring to our mind's ear: the ballad "You Can't Always Have What You Want", the happy-go-lickety "Everything is Ticky-Boo", the pantomimed "Pipes of Pan", the patter delight "The Square of the Hypotenuse", and "Buona Fortuna", whose bacchanalian flavor so robustly co-features Baccaloni.

"Merry Andrew" is aptly named. Not just something for everybody. But just about everything for everybody—all wrapped up in a big bright Metrocolor package. A continuous flow of fun, fun, fun.

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Vol. 144, No. 3

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COVER—At age twenty-two, Mylene Demongeot is French, witty, and an anomaly among actresses. "I am not excited to become a star," she says; "I'm happy just as I am." And why not? Silver-blonde hair, slanting brown eyes, and talent have already carried her far: from modeling to a juicy role in "Bonjour Tristesse", and, recently, to New York for a whirlwind visit. With little time for sightseeing between TV interviews, the one thing she insisted on seeing was the jazz joints. La Demongeot loves le jazz hot. Cover portrait by Jon Whitcomb.

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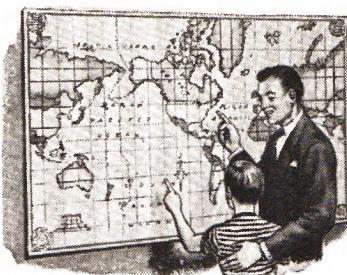
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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

SEBERG FRENCH, "FOREVER" AUDREY, FLYING BEAUTY

Editors, writers, and anyone who ever ran afoul of first-year French will probably get a keen it-can-happen-to-her-too satisfaction from the story of Jean Seberg's bout with the French language in Paris.

During an interview with French reporters, Jean told them, in her Midwestern French, that her grandmother had always wanted to be a bareback rider in a circus. The result of her statement was a pair of bizarre items in the French press. The first said that Miss Seberg's grandmother rode bears. The other announced that the grandmother of Miss Seberg rode bare.

Now more fluent in French, Miss Seberg went shopping with Jon Whitcomb, who was in Paris to do our "Bonjour Tristesse" article which appears on page 76. Her French verbs pattered swiftly along, and, says Whitcomb, as far as he could tell, if the hat of her grandmother was occasionally on the chandelier, none of the clerks seemed to notice.

Life with Noel

Noel Coward, in his dressing room at the Alvin Theatre on Broadway, chatted with writer Richard Gehman while making up for his part of the valet in "Nude with Violin." Minutes before the curtain was to rise—a time when more nervous actors are humorless with anxiety—Coward was typically insouciant. "In a matter of seconds," he calmly told Gehman, while deftly applying the paint, "I shall become Theda Bara."

In one of the dressing room interviews for our page 46 article, Coward revealed some of the low spots of his life. Once, as a child, he tyrannized a group of little girls into doing a tragedy he had written. "They forgot their lines and sniggered, and I hit the eldest on the head with a wooden spade, the whole affair thus ending in tears and a furious quarrel between the mothers involved." Coward also revealed some of the high spots, and you'll find those in our article on one of the greatest entertainers of our time.

Fate Favors a Spritely Spirit

Audrey Hepburn, a sprite if ever there was one, is about the only girl in movie-dom, we're sure, who can look attractive even as a ghost. And a ghost she will be in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's movie of Mildred Cram's haunting story, "Forever." "Forever" was published as a novelette in COSMOPOLITAN a full twenty-four years

ago, when Miss Hepburn was a five-year-old living in a castle in Belgium.

Actually, no one was waiting for Audrey to grow up to play the role; she's

I.N.P.



Audrey Hepburn, a most attractive ghost

just an extra bonus. The *real* reason Hollywood couldn't make the movie until now was a screenwriting one—many are the heads that have ached from trying to capture in a movie script the delicate magic of the story. The subject was a poser. But now M-G-M's producing team of Sidney Franklin and writer Karl Tunberg have turned the difficult trick. We're not much for looking on the sunny side, and we're really sorry for the many screenwriters who fell by the wayside in the 1930's and 1940's with the gnawed fingernails of frustration. On the other hand, can we help being glad it's Audrey?

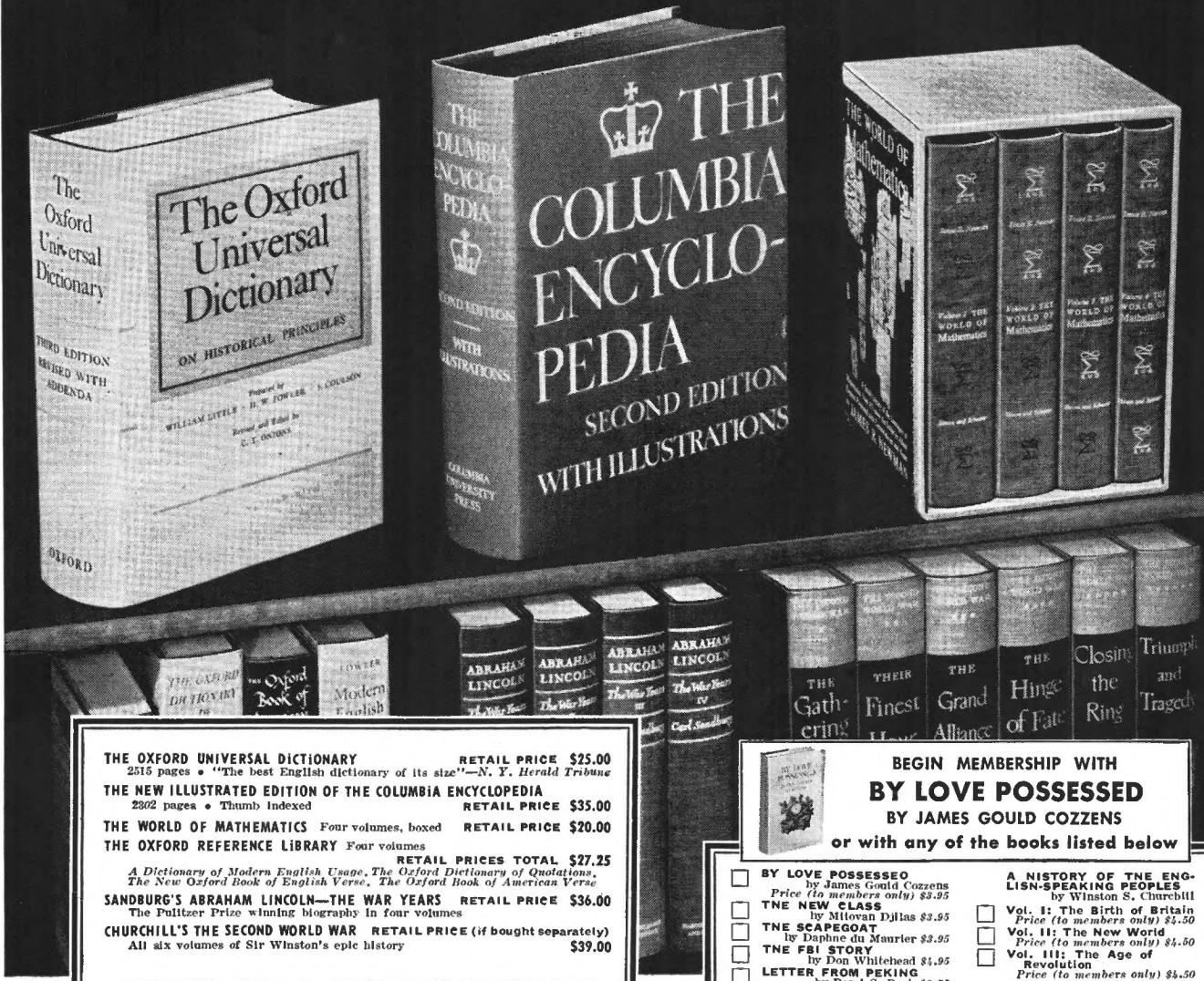
Queen of the Clouds

Anybody for a mink stole? The stole is just one of the prizes that will be awarded on March ninth at the World Wide Travel Show at the New York Coliseum to the winner of the title, "Miss Travel of 1958."

COSMOPOLITAN will select "Miss Travel of 1958" from among those pretty airline hostesses, stewardesses—in fact, any one of those sympathetic, uniformed beauties who hold your head, give you drama-mine, reassurance, altitude, bourbon-and-soda, pillows, and the other niceties of air travel. COSMOPOLITAN's Jon Whitcomb, who helped judge the 1956 "Miss America" contest in Atlantic City, will head the panel of judges for the "Miss Travel" contest. And there will even be women judges: Jinx Falkenburg, for one. Watch for pictures of the contestants—and of the winner—in a forthcoming issue of COSMOPOLITAN. —H. La B.

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Music of the Land

BY PAUL AFFELDER



Travel Notes. Many people who are unable to travel to glamorous, far-off places enjoy reading travel folders or books. Others do their armchair touring by sampling the recordings of national art music and folk music performed by native artists. Sometimes, however, it is even more interesting to hear how some of the world's great composers reacted to the sights they saw and the sounds they heard during their travels; their musical impressions offer us a sort of aural counterpart of the photographer's travelogue.

Spain, with its many colorful folk tunes and exciting rhythms, seems to have stirred the imaginations of most creative musicians. Rimsky-Korsakoff's visit to **Spain** inspired his vivid "Capriccio Espagnol." An equally vivid interpretation by the Spanish conductor Ataulfo Argenta is available on a disk that also contains the dazzling "España" of Emmanuel Chabrier (London LL 1682, \$3.98). Debussy spent only one day in Spain; yet his "Iberia" has been hailed by Spaniards as a wonderfully faithful evocation of their music. Its spirit is captured admirably by Toscanini (RCA Victor LM 1833, \$4.98). Debussy's contemporary, Ravel, was born near the Spanish border, so it was not difficult for him to gather ideas for his sensuous "Rapsodie Espagnole." Paul Paray has committed it to disks with the requisite finesse (Mercury MG 50056, \$4.98). Still another Frenchman, Édouard Lalo, wrote his "Symphonie Espagnole," a violin concerto, for the Spanish virtuoso Sarasate. Modern artists who have interpreted it most convincingly include Zino Francescatti (Columbia ML 5184, \$3.98), Isaac Stern (Columbia ML 5097, \$3.98), and Arthur Grumiaux (Epic LC 3082, \$3.98).

The eighteenth-century Italian Domenico Scarlatti taught harpsichord and compo-

sition at the Spanish court. Most of his harpsichord sonatas, dozens of which have been beautifully played by Fernando Valenti in a series for Westminster (\$3.98 each) and by Ralph Kirkpatrick (Columbia Set 3 SL-221, 4-12", \$14.92), were influenced by Spanish dance and guitar music.

Italy has been a magnet to innumerable composers. Gustave Charpentier, whose suite "Impressions d'Italie" has been recorded by Louis Fourestier (Angel D-35120, \$4.98) and Albert Wolff (London LL 1511, \$3.98), is one of this group. Tchaikovsky was infatuated with the folk songs, street dances and bugle calls of **Italy**, which he summed up brilliantly in his "Capriccio Italien." This is available in excellent versions by Eugene Ormandy (Columbia CL 707, \$3.98) and Mario Rossi (Vanguard VRS 484, \$4.98). Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony has been recorded by Toscanini (RCA Victor LM 1851, \$4.98). And one must not overlook an Italian's tour of the Eternal City, Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" and "Pines of Rome," again thrillingly set forth by Toscanini (RCA Victor LM 1768, \$4.98).

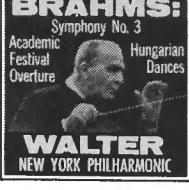
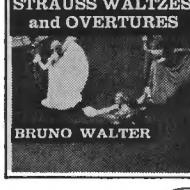
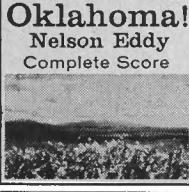
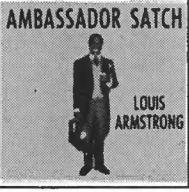
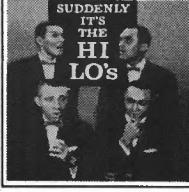
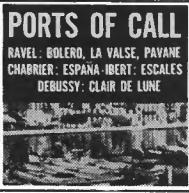
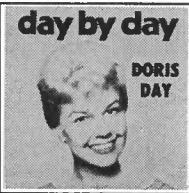
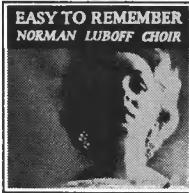
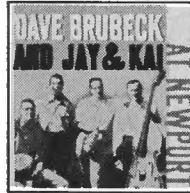
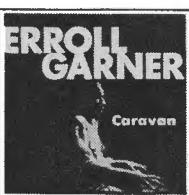
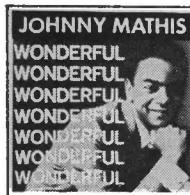
The night sounds of **Paris** captivated the English composer Frederick Delius, and these sounds have been transferred to records by Sir Thomas Beecham (P215 Columbia ML 5079, \$3.98) and Anthony Collins (London LL 923, \$3.98). From the same city George Gershwin sent a musical post card, "An American in Paris," which has been admirably reproduced by Morton Gould (RCA Victor LM 2002, \$4.98) and Paul Whiteman (Capitol T 303, \$3.98).

For a musical portrait of **London** we must go to Ralph Vaughan Williams' "London Symphony," directed by Sir Adrian Boult (London LL 569, \$3.98). And for a cruise on a river of **Czechoslovakia**, we call upon Bedřich Smetana and his tone poem, "The Moldau," with George Szell (Columbia ML 4785, \$3.98) or Toscanini (RCA Victor LM 2056, \$4.98) as cruise director.

For scenes on this side of the Atlantic, there is Darius Milhaud's "Saudades do Brasil," performed by the composer himself (Capitol P 8358, \$4.98). Aaron Copland spent an evening in a **Mexico City** night club and wrote "El Salón México," which has been recorded by Leonard Bernstein (Columbia CL 920, \$3.98).

Whether or not travel is within your means, you can enjoy some of its broadening effects by sampling these musical notebooks.

THE END



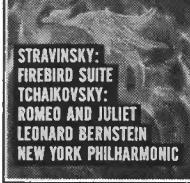
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Dorothy Kirsten and Robert Rounseville. The complete score of Lehár's gay operetta.
24. Wonderful, Wonderful
Johnny Mathis sings *Old Black Magic*, *Day In Day Out*, 10 more.

Relief for Intolerable Pain

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

For three years, during which she was hospitalized two dozen times, a fifty-five-year-old woman suffered an agonizing, thumping pain in the back of her neck and head. The cause could not be determined; no treatment did any good; even powerful narcotics failed to obliterate the pain. Finally, as a last resort, electroshock was tried, and the woman was relieved of her pain.

A forty-six-year-old woman lacerated a finger and had the wound treated. It healed, but for some mysterious reason the finger became excruciatingly painful. A nerve-cutting operation on her chest lessened the pain in her finger, but was followed by chronic pains in her chest and arm. She began to take drugs, including codeine, and when unsupervised would take such large doses that her husband was afraid to leave her unattended. After a series of electroshock treatments, she made a complete recovery.

Theoretically, if the cause can be

found and treated, the pain should disappear. But in some cases the cause cannot be found, and in others treatment of the cause brings no relief. In such cases of intolerable, incurable pain, electroshock promises to be of great value.

The method by which electroshock relieves pain is not precisely understood. For many years the application of a small current of electricity to produce a convulsion has been widely used in the treatment of mental illness and has been especially effective in overcoming severe depressive states. It has been suggested, therefore, that electroshock works indirectly against pain by overcoming the depressive states that may be associated with it. Another theory is that electroshock interrupts the reverberating circuits in the nervous system that promote chronic pain.

Whatever the mechanism, shock treatment to relieve pain has been dramatically effective in the small number of

cases in which it has thus far been tried. It is at least worth trying, emphasizes a report to the American Medical Association, before subjecting patients with chronic, disabling pain to nerve operations or brain surgery, or abandoning them to drug addiction.

Relief from coughs has been obtained with a new type of medication called Tussionex. In trials reported by a District of Columbia General Hospital physician, the medication suppressed non-productive hacking without interfering with productive, purposeful coughing which raises secretions. The prolonged action of Tussionex ensures uninterrupted, night-long sleep after a single dose and eliminates the need for repeated doses during the day. In addition, the medication takes effect promptly.

Skull and scalp cancer is not incurable, according to three University of Pittsburgh Medical School surgeons, who report that radical surgery to remove it may help many patients. Of fourteen patients operated on within the past five years, twelve were helped for varying periods of time; ten are still alive. In each case, the necessary surgery was performed in a single operation, the excision of the tumor being followed immediately by reconstruction with a graft of skin applied directly to the outer brain membrane. Recovery was prompt; the average hospital stay was eighteen days. None of the survivors has been handicapped to any great degree by the surgery.

Some virus diseases appear to yield to lipoprotein-nucleic acid complex (reticulose), a drug previously used by the army to treat radiation injuries. Three Virginia physicians report that in fifty-one patients with virus diseases ranging from mumps and viral hepatitis to Asian flu, the drug induced a rapid reduction in fever and marked clinical improvement.

For exhaustion: A group of patients who complained of persistent exhaustion and weakness showed significant improvement after treatment with vitamin B₆, according to a British medical report. One woman who had been too tired to do her housework was able to do a washing after taking 20 milligrams of B₆ morning and evening for one week. **THE END**

For more information about these items, consult your physician.



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SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, General Music Director, NBC

JACQUES BARZUN, author and music critic

JOHN M. CONLY, editor of *High Fidelity*

AARON COPLAND, composer

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN, music critic of *San Francisco Chronicle*

DOUGLAS MOORE, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University

WILLIAM SCHUMAN, composer and president of Juilliard School of Music

CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH, chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library

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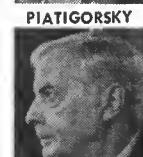
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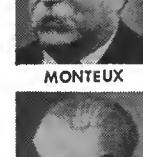
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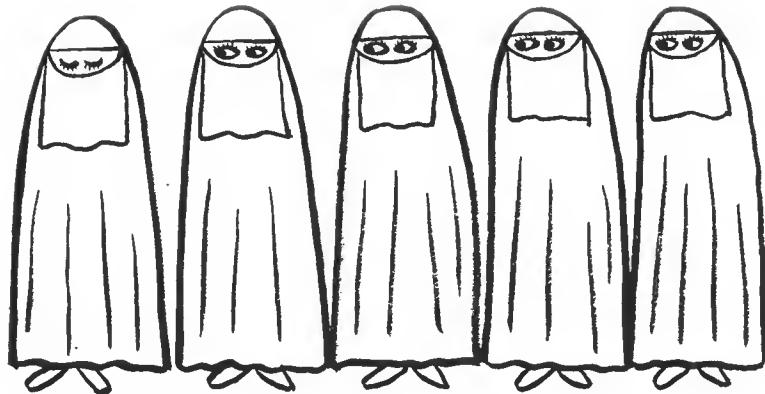
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Sheiks' Harems, Cupid's Slack Time, Nail Biting Cure, and Nix on Spinach

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Cupid's slack time. There are fewer marriages in March than in any other month, and only half as many as in June, the top marriage month. Metropolitan Life Insurance experts report further that the busiest marriage mill is in Nevada (225 marriages per thousand population per year), where the Reno divorce-court graduates jump out of the frying pan into the fire and the Las Vegas gambling spirit spurs the impulse toward matrimony. The lowest marriage rate is in Delaware (only 5.8 marriages per thousand population).



Sheiks' harem share-him plan.

Visiting polygamous Arab sheiks may have stirred curiosity as to how they divide attention among their wives. Is it entirely a matter of whim? Is it an eeny-meeny-miny-mo process? Neither, reports United Nations social scientist H. V. Muhsam, who studied married life of the polygamous Negeb Bedouins. He found that Moslem religious laws require a husband to divide his attention equally among his wives (though not his concubines) "by passing the nights with each of them to the same measure as with the others." Even if sexual relations are not possible for some reason, the law requires the husband to take turns in the sleeping quarters of different wives because "the

intention of spending the night is to keep company, and not [necessarily] to have intercourse, which is known not to be a duty." It is also stated that a man should not have more wives than he can handle equably.

"Digging" modern music. Have sophisticated friends told you that if you don't go for the unmelodic, dissonant modern music it's just because you haven't been educated to it? Psychologist Helen K. Mull (Sweet Briar College) tested this contention by trying out modern music selections (Schoenberg and Hindemith) on coeds. Sure enough, familiarity bred not contempt but approval—the oftener the girls heard the selections, the more they understood and appreciated them.

Nail biting cure. If you need it, here's a treatment which, says Dr. Max Smith (City College, New York), proved effective with several scores of college student nail nibblers: stand before a mirror as often as possible and go through the motions—but only the motions!—of biting your nails, while repeating, "This is what



I'm supposed *not to do*" for one minute. After three months of this, nearly two-thirds of the group were freed of their

habit or improved, and most of them stayed cured.

Nix on spinach. All of Popeye's propaganda on behalf of spinach hasn't counted for a bug-eyed barnacle among



Uncle Sam's young sailor men. When enlistees at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center were asked to rate fifty-odd dishes in order of preference, spinach with egg was at rock bottom. Runners-up for unpopularity were hot cornmeal mush and boiled black-eyed peas. Top favorite foods included milk, strawberry shortcake, apple pie, ice cream, and roast beef.

"Why, Daddy?" Be pleased, not irked, if your youngster peppers you with questions. It may signify that his I.Q. is going up. Fels Research Institute-Antioch College researchers checked I.Q.'s of 140 normal children at age six and again at age ten. Biggest I.Q. gains, averaging seventeen points, were among the thirty-five children who had shown the most curiosity. Among the least curious children there were drops in I.Q. averaging five points each.

THE END

A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN



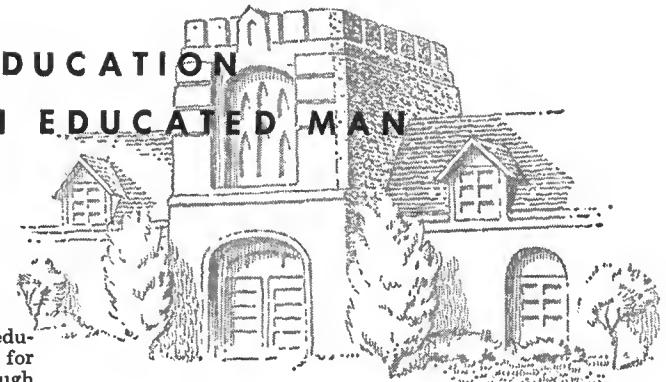
A message from Dr. Mortimer J. Adler,
EDITOR, THE SYNTOPICON

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

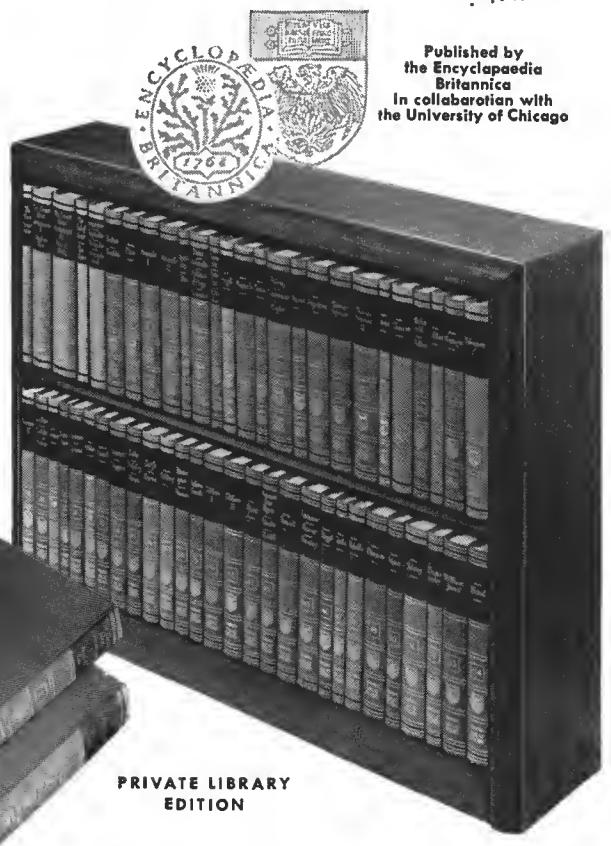
"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."



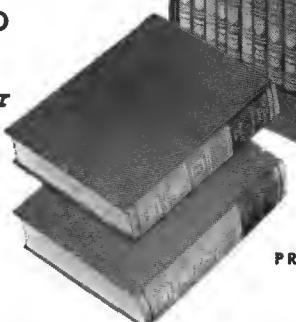
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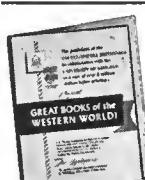
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Island Hoppers' Utopia

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

Not long after Utopia was born in a book by Sir Thomas More, Europeans were exploring the Caribbean in the hope of finding a real Utopia there. Today, people are still searching for that island paradise, and many are inclined to think the Caribbean is still the place to look. Like Utopia, the islands that dot this subtropical sea are remote but not far, rich but not expensive, soothing but not boring. And they're numerous enough to keep any paradise-hunter happy in the knowledge that, no matter how many of these trade-wind tranquilizers he's already explored, there's always another ahead or abeam.

The flight to paradise begins on a high note of aerial suavity. The British West Indian Airways plane on which you take off from New York's International Airport is a turbo-prop Viscount with two-abreast seating and large oval windows which permit passengers in the aisle seats to enjoy the seascape, too. You land at San Juan, Puerto Rico, crossroads of the Caribbean and real starting point for serious island hopping. Here the DC-3's, twin-engined Pipers, and single-engined

Cessnas begin their hop, skip, and jump safaris.

Your first, small, warm-up hop will take you to Vieques, only thirty-five minutes in a Cessna from San Juan's Isla Grande Airport. At the Vieques landing field a little concrete cubicle serves as air terminal for the Cessna's four passengers, and the airport manager rises from his hammock siesta to greet the new arrivals.

There is a neat little plaza in the town of Isabella the Second, Vieques' capital, with two surprisingly modernistic churches on opposite sides. The Hotel Carmen has sixteen rooms with tiled floors and baths and rates starting at \$3 single.

The Navy's Gift to Anglers

Salt water fishing is excellent, but visitors have to bring their own tackle. You can make arrangements with the local boatmen for a fishing trip, or fish off the mile-long jetty near the airstrip. The jetty was built by the United States Navy during the war. It was to have been part of a causeway spanning the eight miles

of ocean from Vieques to Puerto Rico and forming a harbor where the entire British fleet could be based in case the Germans invaded the British Isles. After a mile of causeway had been built, the project was abandoned and Vieques was left with what is probably the world's finest and most expensive (\$14,000,000) fishing pier.

The regular island-hopping plane out of San Juan is a BWIA DC-3 with fourteen double seats. The British, bless 'em, give it pomp and circumstance; this reliable old workhorse of the air takes off as regally as though it were the Queen Mary departing from Southampton. Cellophane-wrapped British candies are passed, and there is always hot coffee, tea or milk, biscuits and sandwiches.

The island of St. Kitts (British) is one hour and forty minutes from San Juan. Its name is a British abbreviation for St. Christopher, and no one is quite sure whether Columbus named the island for himself or for the patron saint of all travelers. After you have made the thirty-mile circuit of the island, stopped at the massive stone battlements of Fort George on Brimstone Hill (which you pay twelve cents admission to see), watched the monkeys and goats scurrying off the road, loafed through the little settlements of Challengers Village, Old Road, Middle Island, Newton Ground, and Bloody Point (where two thousand Carib Indians were massacred), it is time to take up the principal occupation of St. Kitts residents: sitting on the little wooden porch at Shorty's Hotel in Basseterre. There you gaze at the "Circus" with its gingerbread fountain and clock tower, sip a thirty-cent highball, and listen to the barnyard symphony going on in the courtyard below.

Sports on St. Kitts

There isn't much else to do at St. Kitts. There are a couple of beaches; tennis at the Lawn Tennis Club; hunting for migratory birds between June and September and for pigeons between October and December; cricket matches, March to September; and football, October to February.

Nevis, a member of the three-island Presidency of St. Kitts, Nevis, and Anguilla, is only two miles across the strait from St. Kitts, but the port-to-port trip on the afternoon boat covers twelve miles and takes an hour and a half. Round trip fare is just under sixty cents. Nevisers returning home after a selling-shopping trip to St. Kitts turn the crossing into a

(continued)



VARIETY AND ADVENTURE await the Caribbean tourist willing to explore. There are big islands and little ones, islands filled with plush resorts and islands untouched by civilization. Throughout the area, temperatures are balmy and hotel rates are reasonable.

Switzer & Bewley

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* * * *

Bob Switzer and Bill Bewley are both Union Oil research engineers.

Ordinarily, they work to find new ways to make our gasoline and motor oils constantly better.

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YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. Write: *The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 17, Calif.*



Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE (continued)

regatta. Scores of sailing vessels tack along with the passenger steamer, their decks piled high with a motley assortment of goods, animals, and humans. Any adventurous soul who feels the steamer is too tame can easily bargain his way aboard one of these little sailing craft.

Nevis has fine beaches, good fishing if you bring your own tackle, tennis at private clubs, hunting, horseback riding, hiking, mountain climbing and beach picnics. Most American visitors like to take a look at the ruins of the house where Alexander Hamilton was born. Other historic places include what's left of Lord Nelson's home; Fig Tree Church, where Nelson and Fanny Nisbet were married; Nelson's Spring; and the old Bath House Hotel, where it is still possible to take hot mineral water baths.

Anguilla, sixty miles north of St. Kitts, is linked politically to that island but is easier to reach via the daily boat from St. Martin-Sint Maarten, the tiny droplet of Caribbean territory shared by France and The Netherlands. Anguilla is a novelty in the Caribbean, being a coral island, non-mountainous, and blessed with fine sand beaches. It seldom rains there, and fishing and hunting are good. The only guest house is the five-room Anguillian, which charges \$4 a day, meals included.

Between St. Kitts and Anguilla are the odd little Netherlands Windwards. St. Eustatius and Saba and a part of St. Martin (or Sint Maarten, if you use the Dutch version). The Dutch part of the island comprises sixteen square miles and has a twelve-hundred-foot mountain called Sentry Hill. There are good beaches and one modern resort, the Little Bay Hotel, opened in 1955.

Fishing and horseback riding are the principal diversions, besides sunning and swimming. Guests at the Little Bay Hotel have the use of plastic dinghies from which they may view life beneath the waves, and small boats for close-in fishing.

A Little Bit of England

There'll always be an England, even if it is located in the balmy Caribbean. You become aware of this when you land in Antigua, forty minutes from St. Kitts via BWIA. Barbados is known for its British atmosphere, but Antigua matches it and tosses in an astonishingly plush American-style resort—the Mill Reef Club. This twenty-room resort has all the swank and swish you'd expect to find at Cap d'Antibes or Eden Roc. Perched on a high bluff, it has a long, curving white sand beach, a beach house where there is buffet and bar service during the day, a nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, a riding stable, a motor sailer for fishing and cruising, and almost perpetual sunshine. All the rooms have private baths.

Rates run from \$10 to \$21 per day single and \$20 to \$30 per day double, meals included.

Aside from Mill Reef, the atmosphere of Antigua is strictly British. Traffic keeps to the left, the stores are filled with woolens and doeskin and Royal Doulton china, and pipe-smoking British gentlemen in shorts and high woolen stockings drop everything promptly at 4 P.M. for tea.

The Parisian Touch

The island hopper takes only thirty-five minutes to fly from Antigua to Guadeloupe, but in that time you have traveled from Britain to France. The little colored girl in bright West Indian bandana and apron sings out her "*Oui, m'sieur*" as musically as though she had been brought up in Paris. She fetches oddly colored bottles of liquid with which you may concoct your own aperitif just as in any Paris sidewalk cafe. Breakfast reverts to *café au lait* and *croissants au beurre et confiture*.

Guadeloupe is really two islands, separated by Rivière Salée, which is crossed by a drawbridge. Grande-Terre (high land), which has the airport and Pointe-à-Pitre, is mostly flat, and Basse-Terre (low land) is rugged and mountainous.

You can have a beach almost to yourself at such places as Gosier and Ste. Anne, a few miles from Pointe-à-Pitre, but you'll need at least a smattering of French to get along. The mountains around Basse-Terre are covered with lush, tropical foliage, brilliant flowers, and cavernous glens with rushing waterfalls. The Chalet, in the mountain town of Matouba, is a remote eyrie accommodating seven persons at rates of \$8 to \$11, meals included.

The two things that everyone knows about Martinique, the other big French island in the Caribbean, are that it was the birthplace of Napoleon's Empress Josephine and that its Mount Pelée erupted in 1902, wiping out the entire city of Saint Pierre and its 40,000 inhabitants in three minutes. Just outside Fort-de-France, the capital, are such quiet resorts as the Berkeley and the Lido. The Berkeley specializes in an overwhelming French cuisine, including complete American-style breakfasts, at a rate of about \$12 per day.

St. Lucia (British) has the only drive-in volcano crater in the West Indies. It hasn't yet become a tourist center, although its residents would not be unhappy if it did. The two or three little hotels at Castries are neat and notably British colonial, and your fellow guests are likely to be a traveling British businessman from London, a Dutch island official from Curaçao and, perhaps, Noel Coward.

St. Lucia is a rugged island and the drive through the mountains to Mount Soufrière is a real adventure. The ride into the steaming cauldron of the volcano is something to remember, and you walk about gingerly, stepping over steaming cracks in the earth and being careful not to back into one of the boiling mudholes or springs.

Not to be outdone by its northerly neighbor, the little island of St. Vincent also has a Mount Soufrière, with a lake in the crater. The rim is 4,084 feet above sea level, and energetic muscle tourists go up there for the view. Other sights to see are the Baleine waterfall, reached via launch from Kingstown, the capital; the fishing village of Barraouallie; Mount St. Andrew, with a tropical forest on its slopes; Mesopotamia Valley; and the regular Saturday morning market at Kingstown.

One of St. Vincent's principal attractions for escapers is its proximity to the island of Bequia, northernmost of the Grenadines. Bequia has no electricity, no automobiles, and no movies. It does have fine beaches and the nine-room Sunny Caribee Hotel, with rates of \$3 per day, including meals. You can get to Bequia in any little sailing vessel putting out from St. Vincent, and the fare is about thirty cents. The government's auxiliary sailer makes the trip from Kingstown twice a week.

Last Stop: Grenada

The government boat goes on through the rest of the Grenadines: Mustique, Tobago Cay, and little Union, which has a "hotel" charging \$2 a day, meals included. The end of the line is Grenada, which can also be reached via BWIA's island hoppers from St. Lucia, Trinidad, and Barbados.

Grenada is a bit more of a tourist island than some of the other small splatters of real estate in this part of the Caribbean. The capital, St. George's, has a spectacular setting; it rises on three sides of what was once the cone of a volcano.

The road to the Grand Etang, a lake in an extinct crater, is a tropical symphony, winding up and down and around a lush, brilliantly colored countryside. Rivers and waterfalls punctuate the panorama until the Grand Etang itself, 1,740 feet above sea level, climaxes the journey. Honeymooners keep the government rest house at Grand Etang filled most of the time, but if you're lucky you might wangle a reservation.

There are scores of other bits of tropical greenery scattered around this cobalt sea, all of them reachable. One of them may be your Utopia. As Sir Thomas More did not say, the rule for finding it is "To each his own." **THE END**



"I'm Sorry Darling. You Were Right!"

A man never likes to admit to a woman that he's wrong... even a Commander* in the Antarctic

By JANET STEPHENS

"I'M GOING along on Operation Deep-Freeze—to the Antarctic."

When the Commander told his wife this news, Muriel received it with mixed reactions of shock and pride. She knew what his trip would mean to her: 18 months of separation— evenings alone, long waits between letters.

She knew what the trip meant to him, too: a rare opportunity to probe the mysteries of an almost unknown continent.

He would have to endure hardships... sub-freezing temperatures; raw, biting winds. All she could do was send him off with love—and whatever help she could give. She remembered this as he was packing, and when he said, "I haven't room for this," of something she had ready, she quickly replied, "You'll need it." He made an unkind remark about women always overpacking but grudgingly let her tuck in the two bottles. They were plastic because glass would freeze and break in the Antarctic.

Now his letter told her that she'd done more than help—she'd saved his men from intense suffering. The men on two preceding expeditions to the Antarctic, he wrote, had been severely injured by the cold. Their hands had become so chapped that the skin cracked wide open and bled. Faces were burned raw by cold, wind and glare—so badly that some of the men had to be hospitalized. They had grown beards, hoping to protect their skin, but this only made matters worse.

The Commander encouraged his men to stay clean-shaven. For he discovered that if they used the preparation Muriel had packed, their skin would be better protected than ever. But with everyone using it—how long would the supply last?

"I'm sorry, darling. You were right," he wrote. "Please send more. It's 50° below zero—and we need it! I had no idea it could do a job like this."

The preparation that saved the Commander's men was actually discovered in Canada, and has long been a standby

of Canadians. But it took a team of prominent doctors at a Boston Medical Center to write the latest chapter in the history of this lotion.

Two years ago, they began a clinical study of seven leading skin-care preparations. Hundreds of men and women, with severely sore and damaged hands, were involved.

Most of the men tested thought, at first, that a hand lotion was "something for the girls." But they changed their minds when the study was completed. Here's what happened: the lotion that won the test "hands down" was the same one that worked a miracle for the Commander in the Antarctic. In fact, it was 91% effective in completely overcoming chapping or dryness from all causes. You may recognize the name of this preparation: Campana Italian Balm.

In the tests, Italian Balm's remarkable superiority was not matched by the leading silicone lotion, nor the leading lanolin lotion. In fact, Italian Balm proved 3 times more effective for relieving chapping, dryness and roughness than even pure lanolin. (Copy of this clinical study available on request.) Yet Italian Balm costs about one-half as much as these so-called "wonder" lotions.

What does this mean to you? Well, cold, dry weather has the same disfiguring effect on hands as hot water and harsh detergents. In either case, lack of moisture causes skin to become dry, rough, cracked and sore. Moisture makes the difference and that's why doctors credit Italian Balm's unusual effectiveness to this exclusive formula: glycerin, a moistening agent, combined with TR-1, a "breathing-barrier" agent that holds moisture in the skin.

Count the times your hands are exposed daily to hot water and detergents. Just as a temperature of 50° below zero was a sure hazard to the Commander's hands, today's harsh detergents are a sure hazard to yours. When cold weather or detergents threaten the beauty of your hands, you can perform a "Miracle in Antarctica" yourself by smoothing on Italian Balm, the lotion proved under the most extreme conditions.

*U. S. Navy regulations prohibit use of actual names.

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Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT

Outstanding Picture to Come



agation"; "a thrilling human document."

The scene is New England; the time, the 1850's; the people, the land-obsessed Cabot family. The patriarch, Ephraim, is in his seventies, a man of unquenchable vitality, as rugged as the stony soil he has developed into a beautiful farm. Of his three sons, it is the youngest, Eben, who feels almost as strongly as does Ephraim a passion for this hard-won soil. But the old man ridicules his hopes of succeeding to the property, scorns him as a weakling, and brings home as his third wife a lush young immigrant girl whom he has found working as a waitress. The girl is greedy for the security the farm offers, and enters into a fierce struggle with Eben for precedence. When old Ephraim indicates that he may leave the farm to Eben after all, since he is his own flesh and blood, the girl seduces Eben to get a son of her own whom she plans to present to the old man as his, thereby making sure that she will inherit the land. But out of the illicit affair, a genuine passion arises, and with it are sown the seeds of the tragedy which sweeps down upon the household.

To translate this forbidding material to the screen, producer Don Hartman engaged the services of Irwin Shaw as scriptwriter, Delbert ("Marty") Mann as director, Burl Ives as old Ephraim, Anthony Perkins as Eben, and Sophia Loren as the Italian immigrant girl. They are all people of talent. (Paramount)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—In the long and impressive canon of Eugene O'Neill's works, none has the dark and violent colors of tragedy mixed more boldly than "Desire Under the Elms." When it was first produced on Broadway in 1925, critic Gilbert W. Gabriel wrote, "It is a story so grim it will sour the spittle in most persons' mouths." But the critics also declared that it was "marked from first to last with boldness and with im-

The Best in Your Neighborhood

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV—

Dostoevsky's great novel of nineteenth-century Russia is animated by a top-level cast. Yul Brynner plays the role of the reckless, impulsive Dmitri, whose trial for the murder of his depraved, sensual father (Lee J. Cobb) provides the climax of the story. Richard Basehart is the agnostic Ivan; William Shatner, the saintly Alexey; Maria Schell, the sensuous Grushenka; Claire Bloom, the aristocratic Katya; and Albert Salmi, the illegitimate son of old Karamazov. (M-G-M)

THE ENEMY BELOW—This tension-filled recounting of the cat-and-mouse game to the death between a German U-boat and an American destroyer escort is as suspenseful a movie as you are

likely to see in some time. Director Dick Powell deserves top praise for keeping the tension mounting to the straining point, and Robert Mitchum and Curt Jurgens are highly competent exponents of naval strategy. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

PEYTON PLACE—The tidied-up, but essentially accurate, adaptation of Grace Metalious' seamy, sensational best-seller stars Lana Turner as Constance MacKenzie, but gets its best effects from the exciting color photography and the acting of Hope Lange, Diane Varsi, and Russ Tamblyn. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

THE QUIET AMERICAN—Joseph L. Mankiewicz has given a taut and authentic production to Graham Greene's

rather ill-tempered novel of contrasting British and American attitudes in the recent war in Indochina, and in doing it has just about turned Greene's anti-American bias inside out while heightening the book's dramatic excitement. Audie Murphy plays the American; Michael Redgrave, the tortuous Briton; Claude Dauphin, an inspector of the Saigon Sûreté.

(United Artists)

PATHS OF GLORY—This is a grim, realistic, absorbing battlefield-and-courtroom drama in which Kirk Douglas does a fine job in the role of the World War I French colonel who is forced to lead his men into a senseless, hopeless attack and later to defend them from a charge of cowardice in a court-martial. Adolphe Menjou, George Macready, and Ralph Meeker are excellent in supporting roles.

(United Artists)

ALL AT SEA—Alec Guinness is back in the mood of "The Lavender Hill Mob" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" as an ex-Royal Navy captain who is allergic to the sea and desires only a quiet life running a seaside amusement pier. He is opposed on every side by a grafting mayor, disgruntled employees, and a host of other bedevillers.

(M-G-M)

BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—A truly great motion picture, excitingly written, beautifully photographed, and directed for maximum suspense and effect by David Lean. Alec Guinness is brilliant in a subtly woven performance as the commander of a battalion of British prisoners of war sent into the jungles between Rangoon and Bangkok to build a vital railway bridge for the enemy.



William Holden as Shears, Jack Hawkins as British Major Warden, and Sessue Hayakawa as Japanese Colonel Saito are stalwart co-stars.

(Columbia)

PAL JOEY—The excellence of Frank Sinatra in the title role will tend to make you forgive the liberties that have been taken with the plot and the score of this great Rodgers and Hart musical about a small-time night-club heel and his way with the chicks. The latter are portrayed, if that is the word for it, by Rita Hayworth and Kim Novak.

(Columbia)

SAYONARA—The old tale of "East is East and West is West . . ." is given a lavish whirl in this Joshua Logan production of the James Michener novel. Marlon Brando is splendid as an American jet ace on leave in Japan who throws over his inherited Southern prejudices and flouts his family's military tradition by breaking the regulation (since repealed) against consorting with Japanese women. Miiko Taka is the lovely dancing girl at the bottom of it all. Red Buttons the tough G.I. whose marriage to another Japanese lass triggers the film's explosive climax.

(Warner Bros.)

WILD IS THE WIND—And wild are the passions stirred up on screen by Anna Magnani as an Italian second wife brought over to the wilds of Nevada by sheepherder Anthony Quinn to succeed his first wife, whose memory still obsesses him. Anthony Franciosa forms the third side of the triangle as the adopted "son" of rancher Quinn.

(Paramount)

BITTER VICTORY—A grim and ironic World War II commando adventure in the Sahara Desert pits Curt Jurgens and Richard Burton against one another as leaders of a British force striving to capture vital documents from a Nazi headquarters. Both have loved the same woman (now Jurgens' wife) and their personal struggle is as desperate as their military one.

(Columbia)

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER—Life among the war correspondents and the public relations officers at a Navy headquarters (bearing a strong resemblance to Guam toward the end of World War II) provides some very funny moments and a few which are prettily romantic. Glenn Ford plays the wryly humorous P.R.O. hero. Gia Scala is the island lass he falls for. Keenan Wynn, Eva Gabor, Fred Clark, and hilarious Mickey Shaughnessy are among the sailors and civilians he must contend with.

(M-G-M)

OPERATION MAD BALL—The officers and the enlisted men are at it again, with the E.M. (led by Jack Lemmon) trying to subvert regulations by running a dance with officer-nurses as partners, and the officers (quarterhacked by Ernie Kovacs) putting up roadblocks. Kovacs makes a brilliant movie debut, and Lemmon, Mickey Rooney, Arthur O'Connell, Dick York and the others provide him with good company.

(Columbia)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—The trickiest and slickest mystery melodrama in years is this Agatha Christie thriller, whose concluding triple-whammy will keep you guessing right to the last second. Charles Laughton has a field day as the defense attorney, with Tyrone Power and Marlene Dietrich as the chief suspects.

(United Artists)

THE END



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- ③ **CALIFORNIA**—Oregon—Washington—see all the Pacific Coast.
- ④ **PACIFIC NORTHWEST**—Yellowstone.
- ⑤ **COLORADO ROCKIES**—Salt Lake City—Idaho—Yellowstone—Montana Rockies.
- ⑥ **CANADIAN ROCKIES**—Victoria—Vancouver—Pacific Northwest.
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On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe **BY DAVID E. GREEN**

RIO DE JANEIRO . . . To separate enthusiastic spectators from the football players in the Maracano (world's largest football stadium), the builders hemmed the field with a nine-foot moat.

MT. ATHOS, GREECE . . . Here is a mountain for men only. No women visitors are permitted.

PAARL . . . The largest wine cellars are not in France, Germany, Italy or California, but near Capetown, in the Union of South Africa.

GUATAMALA CITY . . . The Church of Santo Domingo's whiter-than-white color is the result of the milk and egg whites mixed in the mortar that coats the outside of the structure.

AUSTRALIA . . . The temperature in aborigine territory can range from 90 degrees by day to 10 degrees at night. Natives keep warm by having dogs cuddle near them, and frigid nights are known as one-, two-, or three-dog nights.

SPAIN . . . Are you a car enthusiast? Take a look at the most expensive car in the world—the Pegaso. A modest two-door sedan sells for \$27,500.

SCOTLAND . . . If you happen to be in Glasgow, knock on the door of Mr. John Roy, who has the longest moustache in the world—sixteen and one-half inches. And you won't be too far from Middlesex, England, where Mrs. Irene Pauls of Staines owns the talking bird with the

largest vocabulary in the world. "Sandy Paul" knows twelve nursery rhymes straight through and has a vocabulary of over three hundred words.

WORLD-WIDE . . . To the well-heeled with sand in their shoes, we suggest:

March, the wine-tasting festival at Walenstein, Luxembourg, or the International Winter Games at Rovaniemi, Finland.

April, the kite-fighting contest at Nagasaki, Japan, or the Shakespeare festival at Stratford-on-Avon.

May, to Copenhagen for the Royal Danish Ballet or Honolulu for outrigger canoe races.

June, the derby at Epsom Downs, Surrey, England, or the Sibelius festival at Helsinki. (I'll be at the shrimp festival in Biloxi, Mississippi.)

July, Bastille Day celebration on the fourteenth in Paris, and on to Salzburg for the opening of the music and arts festival on the twenty-third.

August, the horse show in Dublin on the fifth, and then to the hula festival at Waikiki Beach, Hawaii.

September, to Stockholm for the world-championship weight-lifting contest.

October, to Brussels for the closing of the World's Fair.

November, the annual Gastronomic Fair at Dijon, France, and then to Copenhagen for the toys and hobbies exhibit.

December, the gala opening of the opera season at Milan and Naples, then to Madeira, Portugal, for the world's most spectacular fireworks display on New Year's Eve, after dropping in at home, U.S.A., for Christmas.

JAPAN . . . Don't shoot a burglar unless you can prove he tried to injure you personally; if you can't prove this you'll

go to jail. The offense of stealing is not considered serious enough to justify shooting. If you expect burglars, don't carelessly leave valuables lying around. If the burglar trips and suffers injury, he can sue and collect. You're really in trouble when your house burns. The fire department is never considered delinquent; yet you may be arrested for permitting your property to catch fire.

SANTIAGO . . . Chilean Indians, on leaving your company, say, "I shall come again, for I like myself when I am near you." Know any nicer compliments? We'll print them.

POSTAL ZONE . . . Picture cards from foreign lands with bright sayings on the back have charmed and bored receivers and taxed senders. Favorites at our house include Joe Bryan III's picture of the Grand Canyon with "Water did this—stick to liquor"; and the notation, "This quaint, cobwebby old corner is the *real* New York—the New York you tourists never see." on the back of a postcard picturing the Empire State Building. Hugh Troy likes to send plain postcards with these instructions: "Put half a cup of vinegar in a pan of water and soak this card overnight. Surprise!" The surprise is the number of dopes he hooks. My favorite postcard trick is to take a photograph of some Paris landmark, rub it on the outside sill of the hotel window until it is smudged with Paris soot, and add the notation: "Here's an authentic dirty French postcard."

THE END

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Planned for release in 1961, research showed so great a need that our Company has made Form 39 immediately available—

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Compare any policy you now have with this advanced new type of insurance. As we issue both types of policies we can invite comparison without being unfair to other companies. Present policy-holders may apply for Form 39 as extra protection.

OLD

All of the older types of accident and health policies have one, several or all of the following restrictions, exclusions, or specific exceptions.

NEW

In this column compare the way in which Form 39 eliminates waiting periods, restrictions; and extends payment to almost a full year.

WAITING PERIODS

Most old policies had waiting periods of 30 days for all diseases—and six months to a year for serious disorders.

LIMITED ROOM RATE

Almost all old policies limit the amount paid for hospital room (as low as \$4.00 a day) an amount wholly inadequate for 1955 costs.

PLAN HOSPITALS

Many group policies cover you only in "Plan" hospitals.

PRO-RATING—Pay only Part

Many policies paid nothing or only part if you had Workmen's Comp. V. A., or other insurance.

30-60- or 100-DAY LIMITS

Most old policies limit time to 100 days, some limit full payment to 30 days, half payment for the next 30—after that nothing!

PAYS DOCTOR OR HOSPITAL

Almost all old policies paid the money to your doctor or the hospital for only the actual costs.

MANY SICKNESSES EXCLUDED

Many older policies exclude from 10 to 20 different sicknesses.

ACCIDENTS AT WORK EXCLUDED

Many older policies exclude accidents that take place at work.

NO WAITING PERIODS

Form 39 has no waiting periods for any disease. Any disease originating after the date on your policy is covered.

NO LIMITS ON ANYTHING

Form 39 does not limit your payments. If private room is needed at \$15.00 a day, the \$100 will pay all but \$5.00 of the weekly cost.

ANY HOSPITAL YOU CHOOSE

Form 39 covers you in any regular hospital in U. S. or Canada.

NO PRO-RATING—Pays in Full

Form 39 pays in addition to any and all other payments or benefits you get from any source.

PAYS 350 DAYS—50 WEEKS

Form 39 pays for a full 50 weeks—or up to \$5000.00 if you are in the hospital for a year. Might be a godsend if you had a long illness.

MONEY PAID TO YOU

Form 39 pays you \$100.00 a week, even if actual costs are less—and it pays the money to you.

ONLY TWO EXCLUSIONS

Form 39 excludes only mental illness and normal childbirth.

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Form 39 pays for all accidents—even those occurring at work.

for every week you are in the hospital OVER and ABOVE any money you collect from Workmen's Compensation, Veteran's Administration, or other insurance

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It guarantees payment for every sickness except mental illness or normal childbirth—any sickness which originates after the policy is issued. Otherwise there are no waiting periods—no exclusions.

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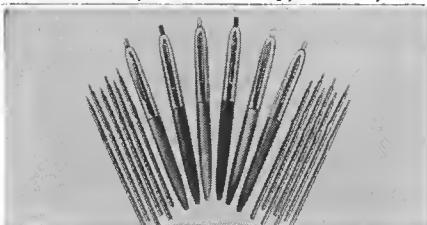
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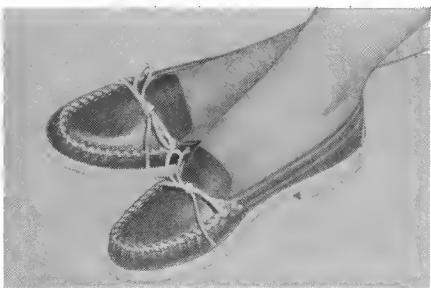


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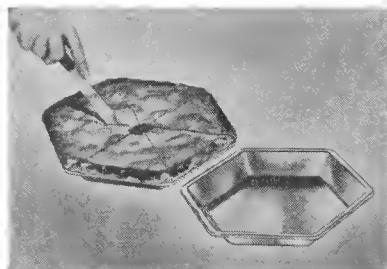
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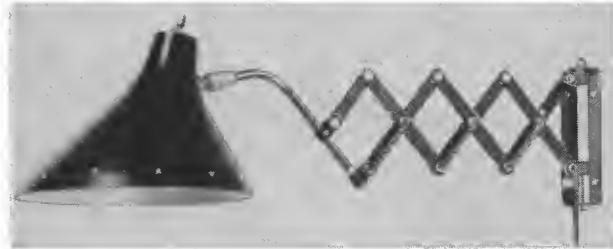
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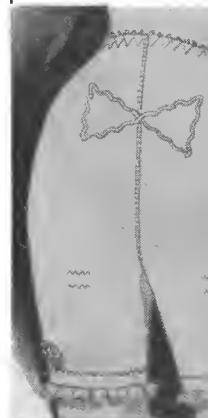
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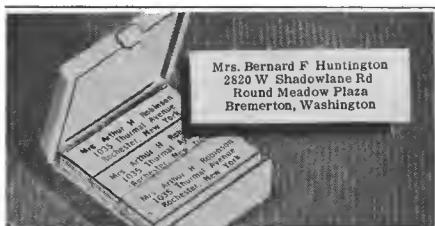
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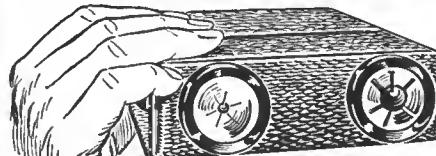
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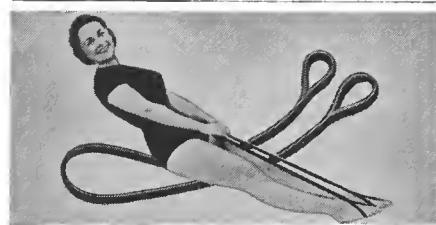
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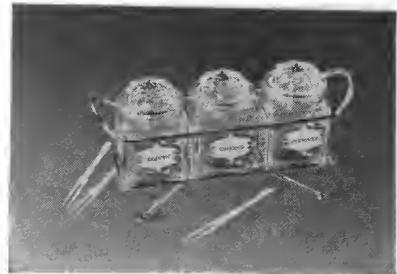
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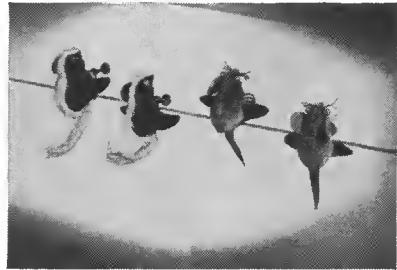
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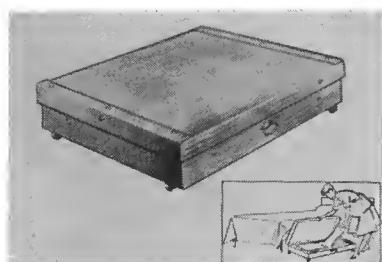
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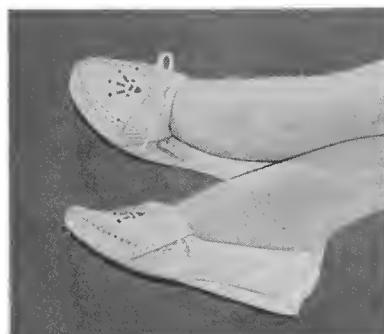


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The Romantic Places to Go

Phil Burchman



CLARK GABLE, to many the personification of the word "romance," and his wife, the former Kay Spreckels, vacation at Palm Springs, favorite hideaway of moviedom's upper crust. Only four hours from the studios by superhighway, this plush resort glitters with film stars, particularly during January, when the weather lingers in the seventies. On New Year's Eve, its fantasia of lavish gowns, Cadillacs and champagne out-whoopees Hollywood.

BY JACK SCOTT

"Romance, like a ghost, eludes touching," said the noted American essayist and editor G. W. Curtis. "It is always where you were, not where you are." Almost every well-traveled person has a favorite spot of earth somewhere—a place he regards as supremely romantic. But, fortunately, it is not necessary to be a world traveler to have a favorite romantic place; these

days, thanks to movies, television and magazines, we can tour the world vicariously and search for Shangri-La in our own living rooms.

Most people agree on the qualities that make a place romantic. First, it must possess breath-taking beauty. Some of us find the New York skyline the most beautiful sight in the world; others are delighted by the serene beauty of a

village in the Swiss Alps. Secondly, it must be a place where we can do the things we enjoy doing. Some vacationers prefer a quiet Caribbean beach where they can bask in the sun all day long; others enjoy a place which is full of people, noise and excitement. Cyd Charisse said she and Tony Martin found Monaco romantic because "it had a wedding cake quality—and in the evening we could indulge in the fabulous night life." Lastly, the places we remember as romantic are invariably those we associate with memorable people or circumstances. For instance, M-G-M's Glenn Ford says, "The Italians are such warm people—gracious, understanding and kind—that I find I think of Lake Como as the most romantic place I have visited. Besides," he adds, "they make the greatest ravioli in the world at the Villa d'Este Hotel!" One young couple who have traveled extensively in Europe claim the most romantic spot in the world is Sea Island, Georgia. Reason? They spent their honeymoon there.

To attempt to name the most romantic place in the world would seem to be as presumptuous as attempting to define love or beauty. Each person has his own reasons for finding a place romantic—reasons involving setting, people and circumstances. In the end, each of us must find his own Shangri-La.

This is exactly what more and more Americans are doing each year. With jets spanning the Atlantic and Pacific in a few hours, "those faraway places with strange-sounding names" are becoming as close as the next city. Vast areas of previously unexplored territory in the Caribbean are visited by American tourists annually; last year almost a million went to some Caribbean hideaway. Mary Martin and her husband have built a home in the Brazilian jungle. Cook's Travel Service reports that over a million Americans visited Europe as tourists last year, and the number will increase by 15 per cent in 1958. The search for romantic places is taking Americans all around the world, and making us the most travel-conscious people in history.

(continued)

Biarritz, Montserrat, Fiji, Samoa, Acapulco, Lucerne, Estoril, Banff—somewhere, for everyone, there is a place where the grass is always green, the house never depreciates, and love flourishes in the moonlight. This year millions of Americans will tour the globe in search of it. But even if you never get out of your armchair, it will do your dormant corpuscles good to pick your paradise from this glittering array of Shangri-Las



ABOARD THE "ZACA" with a crew of twelve, Errol Flynn and his wife have sailed almost every major sea and all the oceans of the world. Flynn hails from Australia, and for him the South Seas, dotted with countless exotic islands such as Tahiti, Samoa and Fiji, are the essence of romance. Australian-owned Norfolk Island, already a haven for tourists, has a lure which to

many Americans makes it even more fascinating—its inhabitants pay no taxes. Australia itself is rapidly becoming a major tourist attraction. Its six "capital" cities boast of more than six hours of sunshine daily throughout the year, and its Great Barrier Reef encloses eighty thousand square miles of warm tropical seas liberally sprinkled with coral atolls and palm-fringed islands.

Phil Burchman



Phil Burchman



GRETA GARBO and the American-Roman tailor George Schlee stroll along the canal in the tiny fishing village of Portofino, Italy. Long a favorite haven for those in search of the quiet and quaint, the town is as old as Rome. In ancient times it was called Portus Delphini (port of the dolphins), and large numbers of these playful fish still cavort in its bay. Italy abounds in romance. The famed Isle of Capri, with its dark oak woods and rocky cliffs above unbelievably transparent blue waters, has attracted writers, artists, and tourists since English vacationists discovered it in the early years of this century. The city of Venice—laced by the Grand Canal, which twines among its three thousand alleys, three hundred squares and countless churches and palaces—prompted the poet Lord Byron to write: "I loved her from my boyhood; she to me was as a fair city of the heart, rising like water columns from the sea, of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart."

Romantic Places (continued)

You can buy a palace in Mexico for \$1,000. A servant on St. Kitts costs \$9 a month

AVA GARDNER, one of many Americans in love with Spain, has a house outside Madrid. The drama of the bullfight, the enchanting music and dances, the darkly passionate fatalism of the Spanish soul have fascinated writers from Washington Irving to Hemingway. Spain is also rich in history and art. The larger cities—Madrid, Barcelona, Granada—abound in museums, art galleries, medieval churches, and Moorish castles. Off the coast the Canary Islands, with a sixty-four-degree temperature the year round, have been gaining favor with knowing tourists.

BANFF, high in the Canadian Rockies, has been a mountain lover's definition of paradise since it was established in 1885 as part of a 2,564-square-mile national park. Among its attractions are mineral springs which keep an outdoor swimming pool simmering at 100 degrees F. the year round, some of the best winter sports sites in the world, and a spectacular chair lift in which visitors soar seven thousand feet in ten minutes for a breath-taking view of the Bow River Valley, with Lake Louise, another favorite resort, shining in the distance.

(continued)



Phil Burchman





Romantic Places (continued)

Phil Burchman



COLORFUL TRADITIONS, recalled here at Sweden's annual Visby Festival, and scenic grandeur make Scandinavia a major attraction for tourists in search of romance. Norway's pride is its western coast, where majestic fjords penetrate into the mainland as deep as one hundred miles. Denmark offers the charm of its capital, Copenhagen, "The Paris of the North."

Phil Burchman



ACAPULCO, on the Pacific Ocean, rivals Miami Beach as a winter playground. Mexico's exotic blend of Spanish, Indian and modern culture attracts more and more Americans each year. Lake Chapala, where a couple can live for \$150 a month, and Guadalajara, the very Spanish "city of aristocrats," are also popular. Accommodations are reasonable all over Mexico.



REX HARRISON and Kay Kendall vacation in Jamaica's Montego Bay, swishest of the countless island paradises on America's Caribbean doorstep, each a unique blend of native and European culture. Now being discovered are the more southerly islands, such as Martinique, with its black sand beaches, and St. Kitts, where a couple can live on \$1,800 a year.

SWITZERLAND has three distinct cultures (French, German, Italian), four languages (the extra one, spoken in the mountains, is called Romanch), and the most thriving tourist trade in Europe. Its magnificent Alps boast a dozen world-famous winter resorts, among them St. Moritz, Gstaad, Zermatt and Pontresina—all "must" stops on the international circuit.

(continued)

Romantic Places (continued)

Phil Burchman



MONACO, a minute principality on the southern border of France, became synonymous with romance when its ruler, Prince Rainier III, married Grace Kelly. But its authentic charm has survived the hack exaggerations of the press agents. Best known for its gambling casino, which attracts thousands

of celebrities annually, Monaco also has magnificent gardens, numerous festivals and sporting events (among them the Grand Prix Auto Races) to enhance a visit. Nearby, on the equally famous French Riviera, are the exclusive playgrounds of the international set—St-Tropez, Eden Roc, Cannes, and Nice.

Phil Burchman



ESTORIL, the Riviera of Portugal, is an exquisite resort with magnificent squares and beautiful beaches, approximately fifteen miles from Lisbon. Many of Europe's displaced royalty own homes here, including King Umberto of Italy and Don Juan of Spain. The Palacio, its major hotel, has spacious rooms,

marble baths, ornate balconies, and superb service for as little as seven dollars a day. Other Portuguese attractions include Obidos, a walled city forty miles from Lisbon, and the old Moorish section of Alfama in the hills above Lisbon with its many small *cantinha* (cabarets).

THE END



Wilshire Blvd. curves west to the Pacific, past backdrop of Hollywood Hills

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At nearby Hollywood watch for stars at a drive-in. Drive past celebrities' swank homes. (See map offer.)

Los Angeles is a botanist's dream.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VACATION



GREEN-UNIFORMED Shamrock Girls, as they are called by travelers, greet all Shannon arrivals, steer them to shops, restaurants, help with special problems. During the summer Shannon has planes landing every four minutes, handles two

thousand passengers a day. Shannon was first airport to provide overnight hotel service for those who are delayed or wish to break their journey. There are over two hundred bedrooms in nine chalets overlooking River Shannon (cost: \$3.60 a day).

Flight into Shannon

Gateway to Europe, this "touch of the old sod" is also the world's most unusual airport, famed for its Irish hospitality and the fabulous buys in its duty-free shops. Last year, sixty thousand Americans also discovered it was the open sesame to the special pleasures that only modern Ireland can offer

Selected by Charles Lindbergh in 1935 as the ideal place for planes to refuel after their 3,073-mile leap across the Atlantic from New York, Shannon Airport has, thanks to Irish ingenuity and tourist enthusiasm, become a must stop for planes of every airline, whether they need gas or not. The reason is the fabulous bargains to be had in Shannon's shops, which under the Customs Free Airport Act of 1947 sell German cameras, Swiss watches, Irish tweeds, French perfumes, and other goods from all nations of Europe at about half the American retail prices. Liquor sells for about one-third its stateside price, and few Americans pass through Shannon without buying the gallon they are allowed to import duty-free. Most of the buying (and eating—since 1945 Shannon's excellent restaurants have served four million passengers) is done in the hour it takes the big planes to gas up and check out their engines. But more and more Americans are discovering that Shannon is also in the very heart of a tourists' paradise known as western Ireland, and that some of the best scenery and sport in Europe is within a half-day's drive of the runways. The storied lakes of Killarney, the Blarney Stone, and Dublin's famed Abbey Theatre can all be included in a three-day trip in a self-driven car. Food prices are the most reasonable in Europe, and the hotels are thoroughly modern. But the best part of Ireland is the people. Stand in a Dublin pub for five minutes, and you will hear



BOTH WEST- AND EAST-BOUND flights stop at Shannon. When one line began direct service from England to States, complaints forced company to restore the stopover.

more wit and wisdom than you would hear in a thousand hours of television viewing. Sample: "Sure. I've never had any luck at all; if a mermaid were cut in two, I'd get the fishy half." Friendship is another Irish gift, and Americans are particularly favored. ("Ask your way in Ireland, and you won't be shown, but brought.") Irish good cheer is at its peak in May, when the nation celebrates its

annual "An Tostal" festival with games, pageants, fairs and dramas which display a rich and varied culture at its best. For the traveler with a few days to spare, the flight into Shannon can be an opportunity not only for bargain-hunting, but for a taste of the simple, unspoiled, unhurried way of life which Ireland has miraculously preserved in the midst of the fast-paced modern world.

(continued)

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EIGHTY MILES from Shannon (about two hours by car) is Clifden, the capital of Connemara, Ireland's "west country." This area has inspired many of Ireland's greatest poets and novelists. The west country has thousands of thatched white cottages, bare

hills, pond-speckled bogs, and brilliant summer flowers. Its scenery provided the background for John Ford's film, "The Quiet Man." It was here that Alcock and Brown made their forced landing after their pioneer west-to-east air crossing of the Atlantic in 1919.



Shannon (continued)

Galway Bay, the Blarney Stone, Norman castles and Kerry dancing—all are within a day's journey from Shannon. And Americans are favorite guests



A "JOG TROT" from Shannon, ancient and modern Eire meet on the highway. Most farmers still rely on horse and cart to get their produce to market. Irish roads are good, and directions, in Gaelic and English, are posted at frequent intervals along the way. Car rental is about eight dollars

a day; gas costs fifty cents a gallon. The Irish State Transport Company also runs coach tours to all parts of the country. Many Shannon travelers stop over at the Old Ground Hotel in Ennis, only fourteen miles from the airport, to enjoy the excellent hunting and fishing in the surrounding countryside.

IRISH PUBS like the one run by Mrs. O'Mahoney, in Cong, specialize in porter and Irish whiskey, but may also sell shoes, plows, and other necessities. Mrs. O'Mahoney has seven brothers and sisters who migrated to America. In country towns community life centers around the pub, and

people gather there nightly for cards, "sing song," and that favorite Irish pastime, good talk. Near Cong is Hen's Castle, where, as any good pub spellbinder will swear, a witch's hen, gift to The O'Flahertie, laid enough eggs to feed an entire garrison held there during a medieval siege of the castle.





HURLING and Gaelic football are national sports. Sometimes called "hockey without skates," hurling is one of world's fastest games. There are no professional athletes in Ireland, but the Gaelic Athletic Association has 250,000 members. Championship teams such as the Limerick and Tipperary squads (here clowning with photographer Max Coplan) draw crowds of more than 100,000.

CLIFFS OF MOHER, seventy miles north of Shannon, run for five miles along the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. Several galleons of the Spanish Armada were smashed on these eight-hundred-foot-high precipices, which now provide a sanctuary for sea birds.



IRELAND'S eight hundred rivers and lakes abound in game fish. Hunting season (November to April) brings gunners from Europe, America in search of woodcock, duck, pheasant. Here fisherman displays trout just caught in Mayo's Lough Corrib, at Ashford Castle, which has been converted into one of Ireland's outstanding hotels.

South from Shannon, around Limerick, is the center of Irish horsebreeding. Ireland ships bloodstock to stables all over the world. A travel agency in Limerick offers a week's fox hunting, with all fees included, for \$215 per person.



All Ireland is a stage. Here two pretty colleens recite "My Dolly"



"I love my little dolly,
For she is sweet to see—



Her eyes as blue as hyacinths
Upon the windy lea.



Her hair is gold as sunbeams,
Her cheeks are white and red,



She has a dress of pretty blue,
And such a tiny bed!



I dress her every morning
And put her to sleep at night.
To see my dolly in her bed
Is such a pretty sight.



My daddy says when I was small,
Just a baby wee,
That I was sweet as dolly,
But that could never be.



Oh yes, my darling dolly,
You cannot know your worth,



You are my little darling,
You're the sweetest thing on earth!"



SHOPKEEPING is a family tradition in Ireland. Mrs. Ryan, proprietor of this general store in Killaloe, purveys everything from magazines to doses of her bright Irish wit. Shopkeepers will often invite the American visitor to sit down and have a cup of Irish tea.

"strong enough," according to its admirers, "for a horse to trot on." Near Killaloe are the ruins of the palace of Brian Boru, who freed Ireland from Danish tyranny in the eleventh century and became first High King.



QUIN ABBEY, only ten miles from Shannon, was built in 1402, and was first Franciscan monastery in Ireland. The tower is part of an earlier Norman castle, which was included in the design. Like many other Irish monasteries, Quin was plundered by Cromwell's soldiers.



THATCHED ROOFS and limestone walls of farm cottages have been Irish landmarks for centuries. Ireland is still an agricultural nation; about 70 per cent of her seventeen million acres are devoted to crops and pasture.

(continued)

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HANDWOVEN TWEED, Irish specialty, attracts Frank Sinatra in Shannon shop. Tweed sport jackets sell for \$24.75, cashmere cardigans for \$18.50. Duty-free airport operates a \$100,000-a-year mail-order business.



WHISKEY SHOP sells Scotch, cognac for three dollars a bottle. Irish whiskey, selling for \$1.50, is the favorite. Americans bought 84,000 bottles in 1957. Self-service facilitates handling of crowds. A staff of six hundred keeps airport shops open twenty-four hours a day.

Shannon (continued)

Bargains in liquor, perfume, cameras,



PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE at Shannon restaurant is Irish coffee, here being sampled and approved by Marilyn Monroe and her husband, Arthur Miller. The recipe: "Cream rich as a brogue, coffee strong as a friendly hand, sugar sweet as the tongue of a rogue, whiskey smooth as the wit of the land."

GALLON liquor packages and other purchases in hand, departing shoppers are escorted to plane. Delays are rare at Shannon, which is fog-free year round. The government is spending \$2,800,000 to ready runways for jets, which will cut transatlantic crossing time to five and a half hours in 1959.



PRECISION SHOP sells German cameras, Swiss watches at 70 per cent below New York prices. Irish specialties—linen, Belleek china, Waterford glass—are also popular. Last year Shannon shops earned over \$2,000,000—more than any other single Irish industry.



CUSTOM TAILORING SERVICE enables travelers to order tweed suits on way to Europe, get them on way home. Perfume is a bargain, too: Patou's Joy costs \$25 an ounce in Paris, \$45 in New York, \$19.50 in Shannon. **THE END**

clothes—there's something for everyone in Shannon's crock of gold



Excitement Capital of the World

Broadway smashes, movie premieres, swank cabarets and great hotels, restaurants that rival Rome or Paris, the loveliest women and the latest fashions, symphonies under the stars, square dancing in the streets, Coney Island and the opera—whether you want your shindig simple or splendid, New York City has it

BY RICHARD HARRITY

Last year fourteen million people from five continents, scores of foreign countries and the forty-eight states came to New York, the world's greatest vacation city, where something is always going on and sightseeing knows no season. They came in ocean liners and planes, buses and trains and in their own cars. Some of them blew bankrolls painting the big town as red as a visiting fireman's suspenders, while others took the trip on a shoestring; but altogether they spent a billion dollars, making the tourist trade the city's second largest industry. And most of them had a wonderful time.

New York is several cities rolled into one. It has the gaiety of Paris, the grandeur of Rome and the sweep of London. It is a world within a world, where a couple can go around the globe on a two-week vacation without straying more than a few miles from their hotel room.

Echoes of the Old World

When Hungarians look at the many river bridges which link Manhattan Island and the other boroughs, they think of their once-beautiful Budapest, also stitched together by a series of spans. Italians who visit gaily decorated Mulberry Street on *festa* days almost believe they are in Naples, and the huge harbor of New York recalls for them the port of Genoa, where Columbus was born. Parisians entering the proud old Plaza Hotel are reminded of their own city's great hotels, and Central Park just across the way brings to mind the Bois de Boulogne. The city is dotted with delightful courts, short dead-end streets, and cozy squares in which Londoners feel at home—places like Sniffen Court in the Murray

Hill section; Patchin Place in Greenwich Village; the small lane hardly a hundred yards long behind Sutton Place, with its neat row of small but *de luxe* dwellings; and Gramercy Park, a charming patch of greenery which only people with keys can enter. A stroll through the narrow, twisting streets of Greenwich Village and the little parks in which the area abounds is like a walk through Madrid. And on St. Patrick's Day, when the Irish take over, Manhattan is transformed into an emerald isle, the city's battle hymn becomes "Come Back to Erin," and the whole town turns green with admiration for the sons and daughters of Mother Ireland.

The food offered by New York's restaurants is as international as the United Nations building. It ranges from Chinese bird's nest soup to Swedish smörgåsbord, a Rabelaisian repast consisting of dozens of dishes spread out on a king-size table. The prices go from here to heaven, depending on where you tuck in your napkin. At the Colony, Le Pavillon and the Twenty One Club, which are on a par with the great restaurants of France, and at Quo Vadis and Mercurio's, restaurants which are every bit as good as Il Passetto in Rome and the Quadri in Venice, the *haute cuisine* is matched by high prices. But there are French bistros off the beaten track, small Italian cafes on side streets, and scores of other restaurants in the foreign sections of the city where the food is as excellent as the price is reasonable. For example, here are comparative prices of two French restaurants in the city—the elegant Chambord, gathering place for well-heeled gourmets on the fashionable East

Side, and the always-crowded, friendly Cafe Brittany, at 807 Ninth Avenue:

CHAMBORD	BRITTANY
Hors d'oeuvres ...\$1.25	.35
Soupe a l'oignon .. 1.50	.30
Coq au Vin 4.75	1.60
Salade 1.00	.25
Cheese75	.30
Coffee75	.15
Half bottle of	
French wine ... 4.00	1.25
	—
TOTAL14.00	4.20

A Neapolitan Feast

La Scala, at 142 West Fifty-fourth Street, serves a dinner which includes hot antipasto, baked clams and shrimps *alla marinara*, spaghetti with white clam sauce, chicken *arreganata*, fried zucchini, potato croquettes, *caffè espresso*, and a half bottle of Chianti wine. The meal is so typical of the best Neapolitan cooking that on stepping outside you half expect to see Mount Vesuvius in the distance. The cost runs about \$5. For those who prefer oriental food there is Moto Saito's Japanese restaurant at 70 West Fifty-fifth Street. Here, patrons sit on silk pillows placed on the floor and eat *sukiyaki*, a savory stew consisting of fish, beef, chicken or pork, onions, Chinese cabbage, bean cake and noodles, cooked right before their eyes on portable hot plates. Hot *saki* wine or Japanese beer accompanies the meal. The only things missing are geisha girls and your shoes which, according to Japanese custom, must be removed before you squat down to dinner. The bill usually comes to about \$5.

T. J. Sokol Hall, 420 East Seventy-first Street, offers a grand Czech dinner of lentil soup, roast duck, dumplings and gravy, sauerkraut, dessert and coffee plus a twelve-ounce seidel of imported Pilsener Urquell, the queen of beers, for \$2.50. If you dine there when there is a big wedding party, which is practically every night in the week, you will be a welcome guest, and will probably get a chance to dance with the bride. But the best bargain in town is at the Albert Restaurant, 42 East Eleventh Street, where customers are served all the sirloin steak they can eat for only \$2.35. One evening last fall, during the World Series, five Pennsylvanians descended on Albert's, and from 6 to 10 P.M. devoured forty-four sirloin steaks among them. They also consumed sixteen bottles of beer, but limited themselves to one dessert apiece. The total tab for this Falstaffian feast was \$19.25. As the triumphant trenchermen from Pennsylvania left, each man gave Ashure, their hard-working waiter, a lordly tip of \$1.

A Paradise for Shoppers

People who come to New York want to buy the wares offered by the merchants of Manhattan as well as see the sights and be fed and entertained. They go to the great department stores on Herald Square, flock to the fashionable shops and boutiques lining Fifth and Madison Avenues, bargain hunt in Brass Town on the lower East Side, and shop for rare paintings at the great art galleries which display their treasures on Fifty-seventh Street. They buy stylish frocks for a song at Klein's on the Square, or select a new wardrobe from the latest collections of the city's couturiers, who have made New York as great a fashion center as Paris. The window displays which adorn Gotham's grand bazaar are shows in themselves, and always elicit "oh"'s and "ah"'s from feminine passersby. Visitors spent \$250,000,000 in the city's shops and stores last year.

New York City is the international headquarters of show business, and it offers visitors every type of entertainment from concerts of the famous Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra to the flea circus in Times Square. Show trains, show planes, show buses, and cars bring a constant stream of theatre-lovers to Broadway. The New York theatre is again aglow with good health thanks to a series of recent hits—"My Fair Lady," "The Music Man," "Auntie Mame," "Bells Are Ringing," "A Long Day's Journey into Night," "Li'l Abner," "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," "West Side Story," "Look Back in Anger," and "Look Homeward, Angel," among others.

Off Broadway, where, as Irvin Cobb once said, it isn't safe for a woodpecker to leave its nest lest someone build a small theatre in it, the biggest little-theatre boom in history is taking place.

(continued)



FESTIVAL OF SAN GENNARO, patron saint of Naples, begins on September 19 with parade, continues with feasting, fireworks, bands and dancing for rest of week.

Joel Sherman



ALBERT RESTAURANT, in Greenwich Village, serves all the steak you can eat for \$2.35. The average visitor to New York stays five days and spends \$156.56.

Excitement Capital (continued)

F.P.G.



Indian curry is popular at Hotel Pierre.

Twenty well-trained theatrical companies are currently offering productions of Shakespeare, Tennessee Williams, Ben Hecht, O'Casey, Strindberg, and other world-famous playwrights. The prices for tickets at these off-Broadway theatres are often lower than in the Times Square area, and the quality of the acting is sometimes higher.

New York is the city where motion picture pioneers first made films for a paying public, and today it is the scene of many world premieres of Hollywood epics. At these screenings, batteries of searchlights and galaxies of star performers give extra sparkle to Broadway's Great White Way.

Two Shows in One

While tickets cost more at New York's first-run movie houses than in the smaller theatres, in some of them the audience can see a grade-A motion picture plus a stage show with name bands and stars for one price. The spectacular pageants produced at the Radio City Music Hall draw as many patrons as the filmed entertainment offered on its wide screen. There are also several art theatres which present special films aimed at the discriminating few, foreign language theatres offering motion pictures in practically every tongue, including Greek, and the Museum of Modern Art, where motion picture classics of the Twenties and Thirties are regularly shown for a small admission fee.

The Stork Club, El Morocco, and other swank night clubs feature famous dance bands, the supper clubs in the spiff hotels present well-known singers and dancers, and at gay cabarets like the

Copacabana, Latin Quarter and Chateau Madrid, international entertainers display their talents and scantily clad chorus girls their torsos. Then there are the honky-tonk joints, where the joy and the clipping are unrestrained.

Gotham's Social Whirl

New York is a party town, the scene of an endless series of shindigs from simple to splendid, held everywhere, from Park Avenue on the East Side to Hell's Kitchen on the West Side and from Washington Square down in Greenwich Village to Harlem up towards Spuyten Duyvil. During the winter season, brilliant balls are given in palatial homes and in the gilded ballrooms of the great hotels—the Waldorf-Astoria, the St. Regis, the Ambassador, the Pierre, the Sherry-Netherland, and the Plaza. These fabulous affairs are virtual fashion shows at which great beauties of the day model the latest styles created by the great couturiers of two continents.

In the good old summertime, block parties bust out all over, from Brooklyn to the Bronx, with square dancing in the streets and rock 'n' roll on the rooftops. Folk festivals are held in all the foreign sections of the city and there is music wherever you go—symphonies under the stars in Lewisohn Stadium, super jam sessions in Carnegie Hall, band concerts beneath the trees in Central Park, the shrill but cheery cheep of massed calliopes on Coney Island, the plaintive strains of street-corner violin virtuosi, and the rhythmic roar, furious and fascinating, of the town itself.

Visitors present an interesting spectacle, and New Yorkers willingly pay to see them. Last year more than 2,413,000 people paid to watch the 360,769 planes which arrived at the great airports of the city, and this figure does not include children under twelve, who were admitted free. Another 626,326 paid to see 400,000 passengers who came and went on 600 ships. There is no way of estimating how many viewed arrivals on the 12,106 other ships which steamed into New York harbor during the year, and, of course, it is difficult to say how many natives watched visitors arriving on the 285 buses, 1,240 trains, and 250,000 cars which stream into the city every day.

The average visitor stays in the city for five days and spends \$156.56. Last year over a million tourists took Rockefeller Center and NBC guided tours; 794,010 visited the United Nations building; 1,251,501 paid to go up to the top of the Empire State Building for an eagle's eye view of the city; 1,072,222 sailed around Manhattan on the Circle and Hudson River Day Line ships to view Manhattan's ragged skyline, the sweeping Hudson, and the crowded East Side, where many successful Americans—among them Irving Berlin—were born. The greatest attraction of all is on an island in the harbor. It is a large statue of a woman holding aloft a torch to guide the oppressed and the persecuted to freedom. Millions looked at the Statue of Liberty from land and from the decks of thousands of ships entering the port; 820,015 went to see it on special ferryboats; and 794,101 paid to go inside the great monument, which was a gift from France.

Legions of sports fans come to the city to watch the World Series and see big football games, championship fights, hockey matches and basketball tournaments in Madison Square Garden, and the sport of kings at the famous Belmont Park race track. And all year long the city holds its own private Olympic games, with old Italians rolling *bocce* balls on vacant lots down in Little Italy, Irishmen cracking one another's skulls with sticks up in Van Cortlandt Park in a homicidal pastime known as hurling, husky Scotsmen tossing heavy tabs in the stadium on Randall's Island in the East River, Englishmen politely swinging croquet mallets near the Mall in Central Park, and children from many nations playing stickball, hopscotch and One O'Leary in the streets.

Where the Champs Gather

The nation's living sports hall of fame is located in a wonderful saloon on Fifty-first Street called Toots Shor's. Mr. Shor is a big, booming, barrel-chested man who alternately belts a brandy bottle and blasts his customers with affectionate



La Scala: authentic Neapolitan cooking.

abuse. Through the restaurant's revolving doors pass many of the great sports champions of our time—Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Red Grange, Joe Di Maggio, Hank Greenberg, Eddie Arcaro, Don Budge, and Bob Cousy. Another frequent customer is the world's champion at lifting liquor and losing horse races and provoking laughter—his mischievous majesty, Joe E. Lewis.

Cathedrals of the Arts

When New York lost two of its major league baseball clubs last year, the Giants and Brooklyn's beloved Bums, there was moaning from Flatbush to Fordham. But New Yorkers took some consolation from the thought that they still had their two mighty Metropolitans—the Metropolitan Opera, home of one of the world's finest opera companies, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which houses a collection of art masterpieces that rivals and perhaps even surpasses those in the Louvre in Paris and the Prado in Madrid.

New York has more churches and synagogues than either Rome or Jerusalem. The better-known places of worship, such as the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (the largest on the continent), St. Patrick's, in mid-Manhattan, and



Third Avenue: antique hunters' paradise.

Temple Emanu-El, attract hosts of religious sightseers.

One of New York's greatest attractions, for tourists, is its aura of romance. On Manhattan Island, romance is always around the corner, down the block a bit, or just across the street. It shimmers

through the city like a shower of stardust or is caught in the frozen rhythm of a fabulous skyline. You can find it in a plush-lined box at the opera while listening to "Tristan und Isolde" or in the Tunnel of Love at Coney Island; at night, on the garden terrace of a penthouse apartment overlooking a winking city, or on a tenement roof which has been transformed by the moon into an idyllic setting for tender young love; on a park bench along Riverside Drive facing the star-dappled Hudson and the Palisades, or in a horse-drawn hansom cab clopping along Fifth Avenue in the wee hours.

Wonderland on the Hudson

New York has more dazzling facets than a deftly cut diamond. It is a man-made marvel whose topless towers and shining spires challenge the stars, a burgeoning thing of beauty full of magic and majesty, sweep and swirl, as colorful as a row of rainbows. It is the only town in the world that can wear a blizzard like an ermine robe, or shimmer in the sunlight like a sea of semi-precious stones. It is the only town in the world that can glisten in the rain like a child's vision of Wonderland created by a fairy tale. Maybe that's why, for millions of people, it is the only town in the world. THE END

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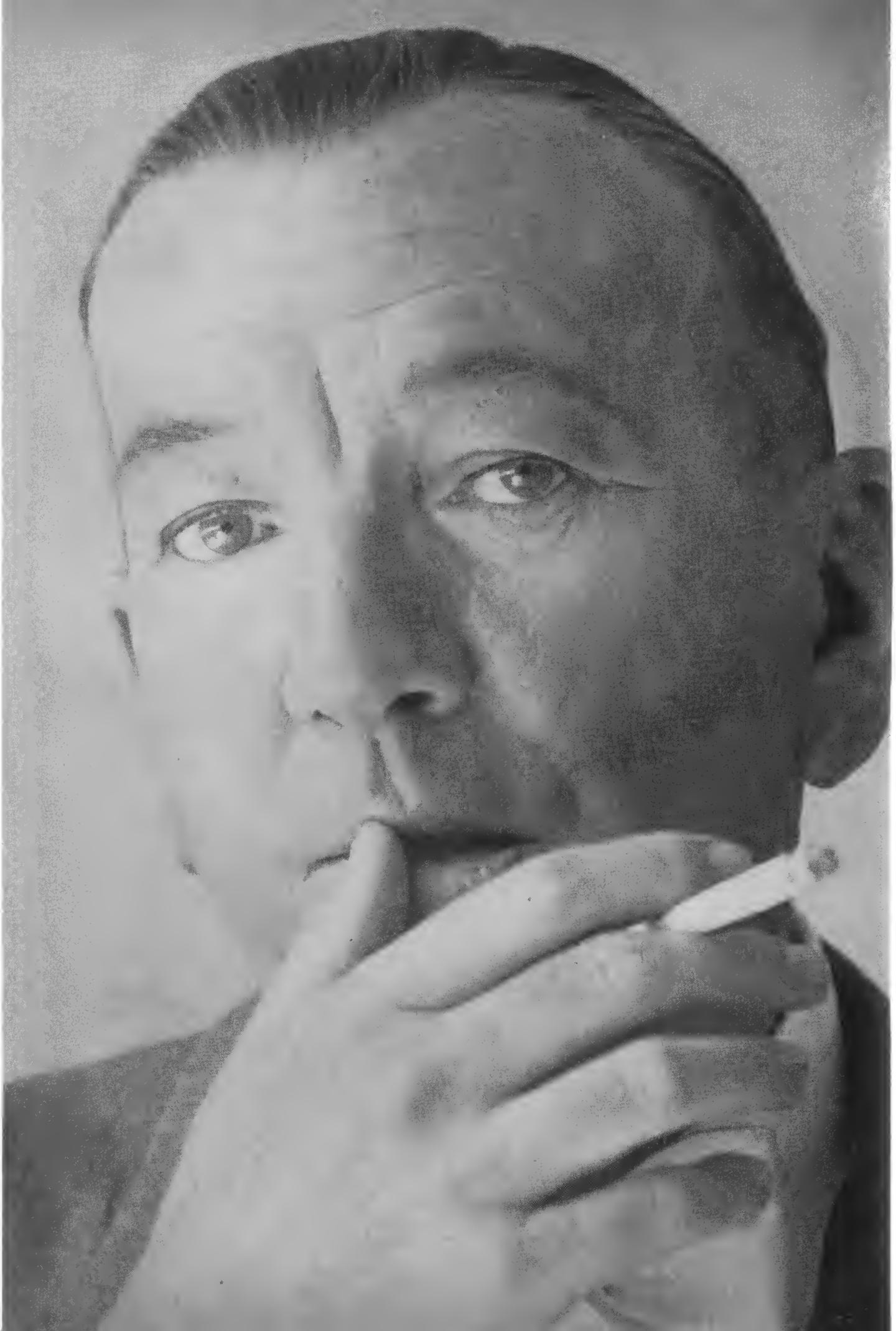
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The Legendary Noel Coward

This blithe spirit, the toast of the international set, has been making the entire world a more romantic place for nearly forty years

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

"I met him first in 1920," said Miss Elsa Maxwell recently in discussing a dear old friend, "when I was a songwriter and the rage of London. I found him utterly divine then, as now—so young, so unspoiled, so uninhibited. I was playing and singing away at a ball that Lady Colefax—the Lady Colefax—was giving, and all at once I saw this rather Mongolian-looking face staring up at me. It was he. He came over and said, 'Oh, how I long to be a popular songwriter and performer, like your George M. Cohan in America.' He was utterly captivating. I said, 'Come along to Paris with me tomorrow.' He said, 'You must be rich to invite me.' I said, 'No, I'm poor. That's why I'm inviting you.' Well, he came along—he was wonderful. Everyone on the Continent loved him. *Everyone*. And they still do."

The subject of this typical Maxwellian burst of enthusiasm was Noel Coward, the author, playwright, songwriter, performer, director, producer, night-club entertainer, and international *bon vivant*, one of those rare birds who has never had any real need of a last name. In Miss Maxwell's set, the members of which spend most of their time in the world's most romantic places, there is only one Coward, but he is never called that. He is known either as "Noel" or "Dear Noel," and anyone who dared ask "Noel who?" would be required immediately to turn in his platinum-plated swizzle stick.

Everybody Knows Noel

Even people who are not invited to Miss Maxwell's parties have heard of Noel's charm, wit, chic, sophistication, and urbanity. But comparatively few of us were exposed to it until the fall of 1955, when he made his television debut and demonstrated that, after nearly forty years, his magnetism is still as strong as it was that night at the Lady Colefax's when he turned his slightly Oriental face toward the ebullient Elsa.

In his TV show, Coward (people who are not in the Maxwellian orbit may refer to him by his last name) simply came on camera with Miss Mary Martin. The two of them, aided by practically nothing more than an orchestra and a sofa, captivated not only those people who think that "international set" is a brand of silver service, but also the critics, who unanimously agreed that it was one of the most dazzling exhibitions ever sent winging on the cables. The networks still get letters asking when he is going to be seen again.

That is problematical. Coward has no definite television plans for the future, although he periodically considers putting on a cycle of one-act plays, perhaps those he did on the stage in "Tonight at 8:30" with the late Gertrude Lawrence (who once described him as "the most devastating" man she had ever met). Currently he is busy touring with his own play, "Nude with Violin," which he opened last fall in New York to considerable acclaim for his own performance and then took to San Francisco for a one-month run.

After he concludes this tour, he plans to go off to some far-flung place, possibly India. He always has been drawn to exotic places, and that is another part of the Coward legend. He seems to be constantly in motion, which makes some of his friends wonder how, with all the traveling he has done, he has written so many plays. He has done forty-two (actually, if the nine plays of "Tonight at 8:30" are counted as individual pieces, he has written fifty). "Noel used to disappear for a few days," says his friend Bea Lillie, "then return after a while with a whole collection of new pieces." "I can work anywhere," says Coward. He neglects to add that he also can work at what, to another writer, is blinding speed. He wrote the hit "Hay Fever" in three days, "Blithe Spirit" in six. He has composed songs and sketches on the spot at

parties. In addition to the plays which have been produced, he also has written eight other plays, two novels, two volumes of autobiography, and more than two hundred songs.

Yet it is not entirely for his talent that his friends celebrate him. "He has inner serenity and confidence," says Elsa Maxwell, "that always emerge as unshakable politeness and charm." Coward is always self-contained, always smilingly polite; he can be more at ease in a dressing gown and socks and slippers than most men could be in the finest suit from Grafton Street. "I have never seen him off guard," his friend Alfred Lunt has said.

How to Irk the Critics

Coward's built-in gyroscope of good humor sometimes spurs him to make remarks that others interpret as arrogance. Speaking of his "The Vortex," the play in which he made his American stage debut in 1925, he says, "It was an immediate and unbelievable hit. In New York. I became the belle of the ball." That same year he had five plays running simultaneously in London, a record no other modern playwright has equaled. He made similar laudatory comments about those pieces, thereby sending some English critics into rages that turned their faces the color of rare beef in Simpson's-on-the-Strand.

It was probably inevitable that the English people should react. And so they did, in 1927, when Coward's "Sirocco" was produced. The stars were Ivor Novello and Frances (Bunny) Doble. Coward later described the disaster as follows: "The storm broke during (their) love scene. The gallery shrieked with mirth and made sucking sounds when he kissed her, and from then onwards proceeded to punctuate every line with catcalls and various other animal noises. The last act was chaos from beginning to end. The gallery, upper circle, and pit hooted

The Legendary Noel Coward

(continued)

and yelled. . . . The curtain finally fell amid a bedlam of sound."

Coward then proceeded to prove that his last name is not in the least descriptive of his character. He stepped onstage to take an author's curtain call. "I stood in the center," he says, "bowing and smiling my grateful thanks to the angriest uproar I have ever heard in a theatre. They yelled abuse at me, booed, made what is known in theatrical circles as 'raspberries,' hissed, and shrieked. People stood up in the stalls and shouted protests; and, altogether, the din was indescribable.

"It was definitely one of the most interesting experiences of my life and, my anger and contempt having reduced me to a cold numbness, I was almost able to enjoy it." As he left the theatre, someone spat on him. Nor did that especially vex him: "The next day," he says, "I sent my evening suit to the cleaner's." He also went proudly to lunch at the Ivy, London's best-known theatrical restaurant. Shortly afterward, he trotted off for a holiday in France.

After appearing in S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man," he got to work on a new musical revue, "This Year of Grace," to which he contributed book, lyrics, and music. It was with this that he came triumphantly into his own.

Self-praise, but True

When Coward speaks favorably of his own work, he is only echoing what others have said. And they have said it in a long, swelling chorus. Such items as "Hay Fever," "Bitter Sweet," "Private Lives," "Cavalcade," "Words and Music," "Design for Living," "Conversation Piece," etc., etc., have enchanted audiences around the world. Even the new "Nude," which some critics regard as one of the fluffiest of his efforts in recent years, has been playing to capacity. As might be expected, Coward is characteristically objective about this new one.

"It's amusing, I think," he said recently. He paused, as though searching for some flaw but finding only minor ones. "But if I had it to write over, I'm not entirely certain I would do it the same way. For some reason which I cannot explain, I put in scenes where I must stand *absolutely rigid* for what seems hours at a time." Coward's friend Vera Zorina, the ballerina, recently showed him how to rest his weight first on one foot, then on the other, but he is still annoyed at himself. However, he is pleased when he reflects that his role, that of a wily valet of—as Coward says—"very, very, *very* mixed parentage," provides him with an opportunity to demonstrate his amazing lingual versatility. It permits him to speak French, German, Italian, Spanish, Yiddish, Russian, and Chinese.

Coward himself speaks five languages

"with temerity if perhaps not fluency," and is learning some of the native dialects of Jamaica, which in recent years he has decided is the most romantic spot on earth. He bought a house there five years ago and now tears back whenever he can.

Tons of Dollars and Devotees

Coward has earned tons of money and has spent tens of tons. "I think," one close friend says, "he is always hard up because he so loves a good time." He is not hard up for friends; Cary Grant and others continually turn over limousines, servants, and other conveniences for his use in his global gallivanting. And they provide additional services. In volume two of his autobiography, Coward notes that President Roosevelt once mixed him "a very good Martini." He reciprocated by singing "Mad Dogs and Englishmen." Coward, incidentally, prefers Martinis to the favorite drink of his crowd—champagne. The wine upsets his stomach, he says. He drinks very little—less, in fact, than most of the people he carouses with (a list of whom would read like the *Almanach de Gotha* of the entertainment world). The year before last, when he made his first night-club appearance in this country at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, such stars as Frank Sinatra, Lauren Bacall, Judy Garland, Jane Powell, and others trooped down from Hollywood and behaved as teenagers used to behave when Sinatra first sidled lankily into the national spotlight in the late Thirties.

Coward is not surprised by this adulation. "I have one great pride," says he. "I never lose old friends." He adds, "And I'm sort of classless: I know everyone from the Queen on down. I knew the Queen when she was a little girl." Again, he is only stating the facts. Outside his dressing room there is a framed testimonial from the Board of Directors of the National Association of Plumbing Contractors, citing him because in a play he once said that first-rate plumbing is one of the three things to be desired for good living. Coward cannot recall, off-hand, what the other two necessities he mentioned were.

Another reason people love Coward is because he is so much like a Noel Coward character. When he speaks, sentences come with the effect, if not always the content, of epigrams. When he was about seven, his parents sent him to a day school kept by a teacher he detested. "I did not care for her," he says. "On one occasion when she was irritating me over some small question of English grammar I bit her arm right through to the bone, an action I have never for an instant regretted."

Another, perhaps even more valid, reason for Coward's popularity among the glitterers is that he is something alto-

gether unique: he is a throwback. The times have treated the English-speaking world like a huge sponge, wringing out much of the laughter. In this country the gaiety of the Twenties was silenced by the Depression, after which the war all but finished the job. Many of our humorists—and the first three decades of the century had fostered an impressive-parcel of them—hesitated to speak as they had formerly. The kids who came along behind them were largely imitative. Through all this, Coward remained himself, greeting each dreadful new crisis with quips that placed the human condition in a humorous perspective. Although he did his bit in World War II, he emerged with his cheerfulness intact, a claim that few contemporaries could make. Because he has never lost his spirit, he seems almost prehistoric. In these days, when actors bear last names that sound like hacking coughs or the noise a buzz saw makes, and the wearing of clean fingernails is enough to get the wearer expelled by the acolytes of the Lee Strasberg cathedral, Coward stands out like a well thumb in a sick, broken hand. He always appears to have taken a bath in the previous hour. To him, "jeans" is the name of an astronomer and never, under any circumstances—not even in Las Vegas—an item of apparel. His speech is Mayfair only in inflection; even his mumbled asides can be heard distinctly in the third balcony. Most of those who run with the Actors' Studio pack must torture themselves into moods and consult their analysts before they can set foot on the stage. Coward prepares by putting on his wig (a remarkably realistic crew-cut in "Nude") and making up his face, meanwhile smoking and chatting amiably and perceptively with whatever friend happens to drop by his dressing room. The make-up gives his already Oriental-looking face an even more pronouncedly Eastern appearance. It is as though the process eases him gently into his part, and the transformation is complete before the viewer is aware of it. "He is essentially the man of the theatre in all its aspects," says *The Oxford Companion to the Theatre*. He communicates his theatricality with such overpowering authority that people often overlook the fact that his material is sometimes slight.

A Serious Side

This charge is frequently aimed at him by the higher-browed critics. It is not altogether justified. Coward is capable of profound feeling. "In Which We Serve" is regarded as one of the most moving films of World War II, and "Brief Encounter" ranks as one of the saddest, most touching love stories ever made. But his wit, vivacity, readiness to laugh, and gay manners have made the

public forget his sober side. In reality, his dedication to work is that of the cloistered monk.

Although it seems inconceivable, Noel Coward once was a baby. He did not simply materialize, pristine in tails, with a long cigarette-holder waving jauntily in the wind, on a stage in the West End of London. He was born, like the rest of us—in his case, on December 16, 1899, in suburban London. Apparently he was somewhat retarded as a tot, since his talent did not show itself until he was about three when, carried to church, he was carried away by the music. He stood up and danced in the aisle until his mother hauled him back.

From the age of five on, he was taken to the theatre on his birthday. When he was eight his family moved to Battersea Park, which gave him a more direct shot at the London theatre. He sang in church choirs, took dancing lessons, and played hookey "flagrantly." Coward's debut (like all mummers, he has an antiquarian's memory for the dates of his appearances) was on July 23, 1907, at the public hall in Sutton, where he sang a song called "Coo!" and followed it up with an encore, "Time Flies." In 1911 he answered an advertisement in a newspaper and got a job singing in a fairy tale called "The Goldfish." He had a solo, was mentioned in a review, and from then on was lost to all life but that of the theatre. When he was not appearing professionally, he was organizing his playmates in parlor productions.

The Legend Begins

Coward spent two years in the army, mainly in sick bay. After his discharge, he began singing his own songs at various auditions in London, without too much success. Toward the end of 1918 he wrote a play, "The Last Trick," which he showed to Gilbert Miller. The producer thought it had merit but did not produce it. Of his writing in those days, he says, "The plays had excruciatingly sophisticated dialogue of which, at the time, I was inordinately proud." In 1920, "I'll Leave It to You" was presented by Miller. "I manufactured it for him," Coward says. He has been manufacturing them ever since, both the plays and the Coward legend.

The man behind the legend is something of an enigma to his friends, not all of whom are certain that they really are his friends; his ineffably perfect manners keep even his enemies in ignorance of their status. He is almost as elusive as the lady ghost in "Blithe Spirit." "He will drop by for dinner before the theatre," says one acquaintance. "chat away, dine, and depart. Then one may see him the next night or not again for six months or two years." It may be that only Coward knows Coward, and that, as Joseph Wood

Krutch once suggested, he is a bit baffled by Coward. It may be, too, that his ceaseless quest for romantic places, new scenes and new faces may be part of his desire to know more about himself.

And yet, he seems to know himself exceptionally well. He says, "My importance to the world is relatively small. On the other hand, my importance to myself is tremendous. I am all I have, to work with, to play with, to suffer and to enjoy. It is not the eyes of others that I am wary of, but my own. I do not intend to let myself down more than I can possibly help, and I find that the fewer illusions I have about myself or the world around me, the better company I am for myself."

In one sense this sounds selfish; in another, it epitomizes the classic philosophy of the great clown. Coward has never lost his ability to see himself in the same sardonically humorous way he sees every-

one else. There is evidence to prove that he has tired of being regarded as the popular man of the world. Noting, recently, that a number of his more thoughtful efforts had "scratched a little gloss off the legend," he also noted that "it was not damaged irreparably."

It's Been Fun

He added, "I am now an aging playboy, still witty, still brittle, still sophisticated.

... It is a depressing thought to be a shrill relic, but there is still some time left and I may yet snap out of it." He adds, "One thing, I should like to do another film before the grave closes over me." Then he leans back and squints mischievously through the smoke from his ever-present cigarette. "I've enjoyed most of my life very much indeed," he says. "There've been a few black moments, of course ... but on the whole, I've no complaints."

THE END

Phil Burchman



Coward is one of the few living humans who can be impeccable even when wearing shorts. His Las Vegas playmate here is Jane Powell.



Sketchbook of the Orient

DRAWINGS BY MARTHA SAWYERS

TEXT BY BILL REUSSWIG

At a coffee-shop in Tokyo, a pretty "Japette" in a low-cut evening gown crooned sultry South American rhythms. And down the street, we saw duck-tailed rock 'n' rollers queued up in front of a modern movie palace to see you-know-who.

These examples of the Far East's surprising inclination to adopt Western culture are only two of the many that my wife, Martha Sawyers, and I saw during our recent round-the-world sketching and jotting trip. We bought two first-class airplane tickets at \$1,901.35 apiece, packed two suitcases of early spring clothes weighing sixty-six pounds each, and allowed \$30 a day to cover expenses for the two of us. On previous trips we had learned something about weather in the Far East, so we took off in December to avoid the monsoons and be on hand for the Orient's most comfortable seasons, winter and spring. It took a mechanized rickshaw, sampans, a dromedary, an assortment of ancient cars, and a hand-painted elephant to transport us within sketching range of the new and old Asia. In Katmandu in February (temperature 65°), Tibetans in long robes, fur-trimmed hats, and boots with turned-up toes came down from the snow-fields around Everest and giggled at our strangely white faces; they tugged

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TOKYO, JAPAN. Palace grounds and shrines (in sketch at the left) flutter with gay color, and people trip about shooting each other with their Canons (Japanese cameras) during the New Year season. The lacquered coiffures are so expensive that their owners sleep on wooden neck pillows to preserve them—but the traditional hairdos and *haoris* are donned only for the two-week holiday. The humpbacked look is caused by the *obi*, or sash, which the girls are wearing under their *haoris*. The cautious fellow in the background is wearing a mask to guard against flu and atomic fallout (many Japanese wear such masks all winter), and for further protection he carries a New Year's "devil-exorcising arrow."



CHIENGMAI, THAILAND. With her net, a Thai fisherwoman comes to market to sell her catch of tiny fish netted in the shallow river. In Chiengmai, up in the hill country, the houses are on stilts, the whiskey called "Mekong" costs one dollar (in American money—a bottle of Scotch costs ten dollars here), and people like to relax in bamboo chairs. Down the hill is the capital city of Bangkok, beautiful with ancient temples, but there are modern touches too—an exhibition of the famous classical Thai dance in a night club we visited was followed by a half-hour show featuring a Brooklyn belly dancer who was so good she filled the joint.

HONG KONG, CHINA. High-pooped ancient junks and sampans with patched sails jam the harbor—but wealthy merchants dart among the freighters in snappy motor launches. And down from Victoria Peak, where the rich merchants live, came this "upper-crust" girl (at right) to spend an afternoon and a lot of her daddy's dollars at Happy Valley Race Track. Notice the transparent plastic heels on her shoes and the slit in her skirt that, like everything else in Hong Kong, is going up.





LAMPOON, THAILAND. Long renowned for its beautiful women, this northern hill town produced the one shown above, Suchira by name. She became Miss Thailand of 1955, and, during her reign as national beauty queen, won enough "ties" (fringe benefits) to set her relatives up in the business of selling parasols, tie-silk shirts, and hand-woven cloth. At the moment, the rice bowl is beginning to claim her figure and she hasn't yet found the right local boy to marry.

Sketchbook of the Orient (continued)

at Martha's nylons and wondered aloud at the foreigner's loose skin. In Hong Kong, where we picked up Asiatic flu, the Chinese doctor kindly reassured us, "Do not worry, I have a degree from Harvard Medical School."

In Chiengmai, we ran into a small-scale war between the Thai police and dope-smuggling tribesmen. In Bangkok we were engulfed by Russian tourists. And in Rangoon we were enchanted by the red, white, and gold temples. In Katmandu, our enormous room had an enormous bathroom with a different porcelain gadget in each corner—none of them working. But we should crab—there were crystal chandeliers and marble floors and a little guy who came running in at just the right time with an oil stove! Hilltop Hindu temples, painted with huge eyes and guarded by handsome brass lions and live monkeys, surrounded the town, and husky Mongolians and mule caravans descended into Katmandu from the isolated top corners of the world.

Driving a Chevy relic, we reached the "pink" city of Jaipur, where the buildings *really are* pink, and the natives have a holiday every day, dipping their saris and turbans in buckets which hold brilliant cerise, magenta, turquoise blue, and lemon yellow dyes. And in Karachi, where the lamb you eat is strictly goat, we found tall, bearded tribesmen from the Khyber Pass region, and women still living in purdah. In the East, everything looks, sounds, tastes, and smells different. It has a flavor all its own. Gaze at these sketches for a while, and get the "feel" of the Orient.



KATMANDU, NEPAL. These tiny Nepalese are putting on the annual "Spring Festival" to celebrate the production of crops. The commixture of Mongolian and Indian blood is responsible for the high cheekbones and the delicate chins of the people. Katmandu, only recently opened to the Western world, is the nearest thing we found to Shangri-La. It sits in the center of a high, fertile valley, completely surrounded by temple-topped mountains and snow-capped peaks. Nepal has two great distinctions: Gautama Buddha was born here, and the British army's fierce-fighting Gurkha regiments were Nepalese.



BOMBAY, INDIA. Here an Indian girl guide will show you the famous Elephanta Caves, where great temples to Siva are carved out of living rock. Or, if your stomach can stand it, she'll take you to the Tower of Silence on Malabar Hill, where a flock of vultures floats down to the open tower to dispose of the girl guide's departed

friends and relatives—if she belongs to the Parsee religion, that is; the Hindus burn their dead. Shopping for raw silk in a Bonbay department store, we ran into these two Indian movie queens picking out saris. Like many present-day Indian girls, the beauty on the left carries an American plastic pocketbook, and her make-up is strictly Hollywood.

Thirty-eight Pounds of



High Fashion

Here it is—Cosmopolitan's travel-tested "wonder" wardrobe that will take you on a vacation that can be carefree and glamorous

BY HARRIET LA BARRE

FASHION COORDINATOR—BRUCE CLERKE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAXWELL COPLAN

Go by ship, or soar there by plane—either way, this two-suitcase, thirty-eight-pound wardrobe is the answer to your travel problems. There's no vacation time limit on this wardrobe: *every* hat you take is packable. All the cotton knits in these pages are treated for wrinkle resistance—unpack them, hang them up, and wear them. All the clothes pack flat, but remember to fold them as if they were sweaters. And all of them have an easy fit, good for plane, train, and taxi travel. More than that, the wardrobe is for an any-season vacation—it will take you through a spring vacation, a summer trip, or a fall or winter in the Caribbean.

To avoid bulk and to keep clothes smooth and un-wrinkled on our four-week *COSMOPOLITAN* trial trip with this wardrobe, we eliminated tissue-paper packing; pliofilm was used to wrap clothes, shoes, gloves, stockings. Everything was weighed in except the coat and handbag, which were carried.

Our thirty-eight-pound wardrobe leaves you free to add a few pounds more for glamorous shipboard or resort evenings and still be comfortably under the forty-four-pound limit if you choose to travel by tourist plane. Recommended additions for dress-up evenings: one evening gown; one crushproof evening skirt and three evening tops to go with it; one pair of evening slippers. There's room in the bags to add them all.



WITH ROOM TO SPARE, two suitcases hold an entire all-weather vacation wardrobe, including four pairs of shoes. Center shoes, by Wohl, are priced at \$10.95 and \$12.95. Shoes at left and right, by Tweedie, both \$15.95. Suitcases by American Tourister.



CHIC LOOK ON SHIPBOARD. This two-piece, pure silk dress also goes to lunch, dinner, cocktails ashore. It has easy-fit elbow-length sleeves, bow at the natural waist. In emerald green, by Kasper of Arnold and Fox Couture, \$70. Draped print hat folds into the suitcase without crushing. The hat by Emmé. Pearls by Marvella.

VACATION CLIMATE natural for sports or spectating. The cashmere cardigan is color-coordinated with the silk, three-quarter-sleeved shirt and with the checked blue and white wool skirt. The ensemble comes in a wide range of colors—cherry, pink, green ice, brandy cream, powder blue. Cardigan \$32.95; shirt \$14.95; skirt \$29.95. By Dalton.

Thirty-eight Pounds of High Fashion

(continued)

BREAKFAST in these one-piece patio pajamas, go comfortably through the afternoon in them. Of printed cotton, in white, orange, and red, the pajamas have a scoop neck, bell-bottom pants and a wide belt. Add a rope of pearls and you can wear them through cocktails. By John Weitz, \$22.95. Slippers by Capezio, glasses by Lugene.

INDIAN COOLIE SHIRT in smart new chrome yellow, and black pants, both of linen, provide protection for the sun-wary vacationer at the pool or on the patio. Loose and cool, this lounge-about is also good camouflage for the less-than-perfect figure. The pants are \$10.95, the top \$17.95. Both by Jeanne Campbell of Sportwhirl.



SLIM-WAISTED LOOK is biggest asset of this wrap-around-top playsuit in Fuller cotton. Since it's one-piece, it takes less space in your suitcase than conventional shorts and shirts. Perfect for women who like a neat, put-together look in sportswear. The print is red, pink, and white. By John Weitz, \$13.95.

SIGHTSEEING CHEMISE. Made to order for wriggling in and out of tiny foreign taxis. Comes in gold linen, also sand beige, brass, black, blue; has brass buttons, paisley scarf. By Geoffrey Beene of Harmay, \$39.95. Crushproof paisley turban is by Emmé. White gloves double for shipboard evenings.



THE BOUCLE LOOK. Matching bathing suit and swim cap in rippled print has high halter neck, low back, gets its bouclé knit look from a clever handling of Latex. The set comes in blue-and-white combination, also pink-and-white and brown-and-white. The suit is \$16.95; the matching bathing cap is \$5.98. By Jantzen.

MOST VERSATILE DRESS. Wear this sleeveless dress of Irish linen with its jacket of multi-striped (orange, blue, green, and saffron) Indian raw silk during daylight hours. For evening, shed jacket, add bibs of pearls. By Donald Brooke, \$70. Matching hat is a John Frederics Charmer which packs flat in your suitcase, will not lose its shape.



T-SQUARE dress is of knitted cotton, and it is completely unmussable. Just shake it out of the suitcase, put it on, go anywhere. In gray-and-white stripe, it's by John Weitz, \$19.95. To do justice to its new, slim lines, wear it over a lightweight chemise girdle by Fortuna Foundations, \$7.50.

THE ALL-CLIMATE suit-or-dress in cotton knit has drawstring waist. Add a blouse underneath the lined jacket and it becomes a suit. In houndstooth check, it's by Jeanne Campbell of Sportwhirl. Price, \$29.95. Shoes by Tweedie. Dashing white felt hat, by Emmé, is packable. Travel bag by MacArthur.

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Thirty-eight Pounds of High Fashion

(continued)

EASY CHIEMISE, ready for anything short of a ball. The dress is double-breasted, made of silk surah, and has a swathed, young look. In yellow print, by Edward Abbott, \$89. For accessories, some sand-colored shoes to add long-legged look, gloves to match. Under the dress, a Nemo girdle, \$5.95.

FOR THE GOOD SWIMMER who wants a suit with perfect classic lines, this is the answer. It comes in Helanca nylon jersey; colors are red, bright pink, gold, blue, brown, and black. By Jantzen, \$25. The head scarf is an Indian print, a souvenir-of-the-trip that packs like a handkerchief.





THIS IS THE GO-OVER-EVERYTHING coat that completes your trip wardrobe. Full but not bulky, it has roomy arm-holes that allow for any clothing under it. In white tweed, by Dan Millstein. About \$100. Beneath the white coat, the green knit dress is cotton. By Sportwhirl, \$17.95. Emmé's white felt hat with a roman stripe band

sets off the coat and dress. The final touch: the perfect travel bag. Cosmetics go into compartments on one side. The other side takes travel slippers and a light sweater. Tuck in a nightgown, robe, folded plastic raincoat, slip in your passport, fit the umbrella through the slot, and you're off again. Travaliere by MacArthur, \$59.50.

Send Your Teenager Abroad

"It's equal to a year in college and gives a sense of responsibility and maturity that cannot be gotten any other way," say the parents of one seventeen-year-old who went abroad last summer

BY FREDERICK CHRISTIAN.



Maxine (right) and Susie Colomb pose in rented costumes at Volendam, Holland.

"One of the most important experiences in my life," the distinguished writer I. A. R. Wylie said recently, "was being allowed out on my own at a relatively tender age. I owe it all to my otherwise completely erratic father. When I was eleven, he came into my bedroom one morning and said, 'How would you like to go off for a week on your bicycle?' Off I went, completely on my own. I bicycled about for a week—that was in 1896—met all sorts of improbable people, had a wonderful time. When I was fourteen I went to Norway by myself for the summer. There's no doubt that those two holidays, in which I was completely on my own, were among the most meaningful in my growing up."

In the summer of 1958, parents of around 120,000 boys and girls in the United States will be giving them the same privilege Miss Wylie's father gave her. Some will go as individuals, some as members of tours, some as members of organizations.

Many parents of teenagers view this annual migration with dread. They conjure up wild visions of their Alice meeting rack and ruin in Paris at the hands of a gigolo, or of young Harry becoming a lush in London. Other parents are concerned over the cost of sending a child on a three-month European holiday.

These fears are groundless. Educators and youth workers, members of religious councils and scientific bodies are wholeheartedly endorsing summers of independent travel for the teenager, and even, in some cases, for the child under twelve. Student tours are carefully, but not sternly, supervised. Tour directors and guides keep track of their charges at all times, even on "free" days. And according to a Pan American Airways spokesman, "even the child who travels by himself is as safe as he would be if he were accompanied by his parents."

Some colleges have instituted a year in Europe as part of the regular schedule of studies. At Fordham College in New York City, honors-program students are sent to live with European families for their entire junior year. According to Rev. Leo McLaughlin, S.J., the program has been an outstanding success.

The cost of student travel is by no means prohibitive. Many a college girl can go to Europe on an eight-week tour for less than she would spend on clothes and cosmetics in a single year: for around seven hundred dollars. Boys, by working their way across the ocean on boats, can go for practically nothing. Many tours offer go-now-pay-later plans whereby the teenager can earn money to pay for his trip after his return.

The experience of Maxine Tepper, a seventeen-year-old junior who goes to

high school in Plainfield, New Jersey, is typical. A friend of hers had gone to Europe on a tour in 1956 and had come back so bubbling with enthusiasm that Maxine made up her mind to go on a bicycle trip in 1957.

Her parents discussed her plan and agreed to give her the trip as a birthday present. "They weren't worried," Maxine says, "because so many kids go. The only thing was, they thought maybe all that bicycling might be very tiring."

Maxine got in touch with SITA (Students International Travel Association), of New York City, an organization that arranges student tours. There were six girls and ten boys on the tour (a group of



John Dimmick, eighteen, and Susie interrupt sightseeing to relax atop Rome hotel.

less than twenty is the best size, tour organizers agree). They went to seven countries: England, France, Italy, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium. They cycled for three of the eight weeks, and traveled by rail, bus, etc., for the remaining five.

This tour group crossed the Atlantic on a Greek liner which carried around eight hundred boys and girls, most of them members of similar tours. On the way over, supervisors gave classes in the language, history, local customs, currency, and culture of the countries that were to be visited. The guide on Maxine Tepper's tour was a twenty-three-year-old who had been to Europe several times previously.

Maxine and her chums traveled light.



At London's famous Trafalgar Square, Susie stops to chat with an Englishman.

She packed all drip-dry clothes: blouses, skirts, Bermuda shorts, sweaters, and underwear. She carried one dress, one pair of stockings, and one pair of high-heeled shoes. In the eight weeks, she wore these more formal clothes only seven times: to the opera in Rome, to night spots in Florence, Amsterdam, and Paris. Her belongings were packed into one small bag, and, looking back on it, she believes she could very well have gotten along with fewer items. Many boys and girls go to Europe for three- and four-month stays with nothing more than the contents of a gymnasium bag or airline satchel.

The trip was well-planned, but flexible. If, while cycling along, the group decided



Near Riffelberg in the Swiss Alps, Maxine Tepper takes a rest during mountain hike.

to stay a longer time at one spot than had previously been allotted, the supervisor readily granted permission. They spent the nights mainly in youth hostels and moderate-priced hotels.

All in all, it was a wonderful summer—the most memorable of Maxine's young life. She liked Italy best. She and her friends went wading in the Fontana di Trevi in Rome, went to a night club in Capri, struck up an acquaintance with some Italian boys, ate lunch and dinner with families they happened to meet, and in general enjoyed themselves hugely.

"I ate a lot of rich food in Italy and France, and gained weight," Maxine says, "but the bicycling helped me lose it almost as soon as I put it on."

When she came back home, her parents noticed a change in her—not a radical change, but a change nevertheless. During the summer she had become more mature, more self-reliant, and she had gained a new perspective on her life in Plainfield.

An organized tour such as the one Maxine took has many advantages, according to the United States National Student Association. It costs less than an individual tour would, and the youth finds everything planned and always has companions to knock about with. There also

are disadvantages. The student is always in a group; food and hotels sometimes follow a pattern which can become wearisome; and sometimes the trip includes more than the student might want to see of one thing and not enough of another. "I wanted to spend more than a single afternoon in the Louvre," one girl said wistfully, "but we simply didn't have the time; we had to move on."

The variety of tours available to students is astonishing. They can go just for fun, or they can go to work and study. They can take an economical "hobo" tour, or they can—if they can afford it—go on what one agency called a "deluxe red-carpet tour." Usually the prices quoted for tours are all-embracing. They range from around \$600 up to \$2,000. Most reliable travel agencies either book tours themselves or are willing to put prospective young travelers in touch with such organizations as the United States National Student Association, the Council on Student Travel, American Youth Hostels, Catholic Youth Travel Office, or Experiment in International Living.

The latter group will send about 850 students abroad in the summer of 1958. They will live for a month or perhaps more with foreign families, usually ones in which there are students of approximately the same age. Candidates for these tours must be between sixteen and thirty, must be students, and must qualify in personal interviews with the Experiment's representatives. These students go abroad in groups of ten, spend eight to ten weeks in one of twenty countries, then in some instances spend a week in a second country.

Whatever his reasons for going abroad, the young tourist-to-be (or his parents)



Maxine finds pigeons international pets. These are in St. Mark's Square, Venice.

and all "program" expenses (guides, admissions, etc.). Also, the tourist should ascertain beforehand how much free time will be included, and whether or not the tour price covers room and board on free days.

2. Level of Accommodations—The traveler should make certain that he knows exactly what class the tour will travel. On ships there are usually three classes: tourist, cabin, and first. Student boats ordinarily offer one class only, and passengers are quartered in cabins or dormitories which hold up to fifty individuals. European hotels are divided into classes too. Generally, student tourists are booked into second-class hotels, but sometimes their lodgings are first-class or better. Most meals are eaten in the hotels. "No tour operator will take a chance on serving inexpensive food," says the U.S.N.S.A., "and therefore the quality is usually high."

3. Extra Attractions—Many tours offer special added attractions, such as theatre tickets, festival tickets, and the like. The traveler should find out how many and what type of extras will be included in the tour price.

4. Additional Expenses—In the majority of cases, the tour price includes certain extra expenses, such as tipping, porter's fees, and sometimes insurance. Waiters' tips are virtually always included. Beverages, however, are usually extra. Passport fees, visa fees, and inoculations are never included.

The U.S.N.S.A. publishes a yearly book, *Work, Study, Travel Abroad*, which is the most comprehensive guide to all young people's tours. All necessary information is included. It costs fifty cents, and may be obtained from U.S.N.S.A., 701 Seventh Avenue, New York 36, New York. The book answers all the questions young people and their parents may have about tour travel, independent travel, festivals, study programs, work camps, and special events in Europe.

THE END



Maxine and Susie pause before cathedral during rubberneck tour of Milan, Italy.

ought to bear the following things in mind before selecting a tour:

1. Cost—The price quoted should include round-trip fare, room and board,



SILVER ENOUGH TO SINK THE SPANISH ARMADA. The large silver buckets on stands are used for serving seltzer water as well as wine. The Ritz also has enough gold service to set a table for one hundred guests. Checking the service for flaws is the Ritz's Managing Director, Señorita Guerendiain, the highest-paid working woman in Spain.

The Ritz of Madrid

Built to please royalty, Spain's first hotel is a mecca for maharajahs, Europe's blue-bloods, and American millionaires. Yet a good meal for two, with wine, costs only about \$10

BY VASCO DE B. DUNN

Spain is a country that clings to its customs, and since the Ritz in Madrid, one of the great hotels of the world, was built by a queen it is now run by a woman.

Shortly before Europe's final era of elegance was ended by the First World War, the Ritz was erected to gratify a wish of Queen Maria Christina, who wanted royal visitors to Madrid to have a special residence which would reflect the splendor of the Spanish court. The site selected for this royal guest house was a triangular park facing the Paseo del Prado, where Spanish grandes and their ladies promenaded in the cool of summer evenings. The front entrance is on the Plaza de la Lealtad, the site of the Neptune Fountain, one of Madrid's loveliest landmarks, and the ballroom entrance is on the Paseo del Prado, opposite the famed Prado Museum.

The royal family's attendance at the

formal opening of the Ritz in 1910 immediately established it as the first hotel in Spain. Thereafter, ignoring the age-old taboo against dining in a public place, Spanish aristocrats flocked to the elegant new hotel. The Ritz also became the meeting place for the foreign diplomatic corps, and when visiting royalty gave a state dinner for the Spanish royal family, the hotel provided a gold table service.

Space for Gracious Living

The Ritz, a white granite building with graceful lines, its wide windows decorated by wrought-iron railings, is seven stories high and covers an area equal to that of a city block; but for all its size it has only two-hundred rooms and suites.

"In designing the Ritz," explained Señorita Carmen Guerendiain, a tall, distinguished-looking lady who has been the managing director of the hotel for the past ten years, "the aim was to create the

atmosphere of a great private home with emphasis on spaciousness, one of the first requisites of gracious living."

As a result, the foyer of the Ritz seems more like the entrance hall of a mansion than a hotel lobby. The reception office is off to one side in an alcove and is completely out of sight. The immense room beyond, with its wall tapestries, paintings, rich rugs, and crystal chandeliers, resembles the grand salon in a palace rather than a hotel lounge. Behind plate glass doors at one side is the main dining room, and beyond it lies a beautifully landscaped garden, with tall trees and a fountain, which is the scene of gay dinner parties during the spring and summer.

The bedrooms are large and high-ceilinged. Deep-pile rugs of conservative design completely cover the floor of each room, and the curtains, upholstery, and bedspreads are of silk brocade. Slotted iron shutters, painted white, cover the

full-length windows to keep out the warm summer sun of Spain (the evenings are generally cool, since Madrid is 2,000 feet above sea level). Bed linen and towels are hand-embroidered, and all bathrooms are equipped with telephones.

Since a deluxe hotel must provide perfect service as well as luxurious surroundings, the Ritz has a well-trained staff of 375 (two employees to serve each guest), who are schooled to give thoughtful, imaginative, and unobtrusive service.

A Very Perceptive Staff

The ability of the staff to anticipate the desires of guests is illustrated by this story: In reaching for a match on his night table, a guest passed his hand over, but did not quite touch, the small box containing three pushbuttons decorated with miniature drawings of a waiter, a maid, and a valet. By the time he had lit his cigarette there was a knock at the door and a waiter, a maid, and a valet trooped in and asked in unison. "Were you thinking of ringing for anything, sir?"

"I would like to believe that it happened," said Señorita Guerendiain with a smile—"but I *do* know this to be true: a well-mannered and considerate floor staff is the essence of good service in a hotel. The housekeeper, the maids, floor waiters, and valets are the employees who come in closest contact with the guests and can therefore tell us of their likes and dislikes. We keep a record of these to guide us in making a client more comfortable the next time he or she returns to our hotel."

Señorita Guerendiain learned how to make a luxury hotel run smoothly during the twenty years she served as manager of another hotel patronized by royalty, the Chateau d'Ardenne in Belgium. While there, she gained a thorough knowledge of French cuisine and wines, mastered four foreign languages, and learned how to serve and please people of all backgrounds and tastes, from American millionaires to Indian maharajahs.

She also knows how to cope with the unique problems which crop up when a ruler on the roam stays at the Ritz. Recently, for example, when the king of one of the Arab countries requested reservations for himself and his retinue, Señorita Guerendiain thought it would be a nice gesture to decorate the royal suite with a large wall tapestry, and she asked a museum in Madrid to lend one to the hotel. It was obtained and hung, but Señorita Guerendiain did not see it until she made a final inspection of the suite shortly before the royal guest was due to arrive. Then, to her horror, she discovered that the tapestry depicted Spaniards slaughtering Moors, hardly a scene to put an Arab king at his ease. Just as she was giving orders to remove it, one of her assistants dashed up and announced that the king and his followers were driving

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FOR FRESH-FRUIT LOVERS, the most luscious fruit to be found in all Europe. At the Ritz Hotel, preserved and frozen fruits are unknown.



BARBARA HUTTON'S SUITE is made ready by the staff. The suite's bathroom gleams with gold fittings and has a gold towel-warming unit.

The Ritz of Madrid (continued)

up to the Ritz entrance. Señorita Guerendiain hurried downstairs, curtsied to the king, and then, sparring for time, suggested that he and his party might like to have tea before being shown to their rooms. The monarch accepted, and Señorita Guerendiain ushered the party into a private dining room. While she poured their tea, her staff hastily removed the offensive tapestry, replacing it with one that could not ruffle the royal feelings.

A few days later at the reception which Señorita Guerendiain arranged for the Arab king, her tact was again called into play. The occasion, which was attended by a select group of the Spanish nobility, was going splendidly, until the only young man present fell noisily to the floor as a delicate gilt chair collapsed beneath him. Greatly humiliated, he apologized profusely to Señorita Guerendiain for his clumsiness. She put him at his ease by glancing around the assemblage of distinguished guests and saying graciously, "My dear young man, you are the only person here to whom that could have happened without causing me the greatest embarrassment."

The Wine of Welcome

The young man was so relieved and grateful that he rushed off and got her a glass of sherry. On accepting the glass, she gave him her lace handkerchief, in accordance with an old Spanish custom which decrees that a lady surrender her handkerchief to the first gentleman to

bring her a glass of sherry at a party. Some Spaniards say that this charming custom was started by a queen centuries ago when her royal spouse tendered her a sherry, while others claim it is simply a tribute to Spain's most famous wine.

The leisurely business life of Madrid begins at 9:30 A.M., pauses from 1:30 to 4:30 for lunch and a siesta, and picks up again from 4:30 to 7:30; the day is climaxed with a late dinner which many Spaniards like to prolong as long as possible, especially those who dine at the Ritz, which has one of the finest kitchens in Europe. If a Spanish host orders sherry as an aperitif for his guests, the Ritz wine steward will bring a tray laden with bottles of sherry of the blend desired. The host will then carefully and unhurriedly sample each before making his choice.

The dinner which follows this aperitif (Spaniards call sherry their wine of welcome) will, as a rule, include such typical Spanish dishes as assorted *hors d'oeuvres*; *gazpacho Anduluz*, a delicious cold soup made of finely ground cucumber and other vegetables; baked sea bream, white fish covered with a sauce which includes garlic, tomatoes and roasted almonds; *pepitoria* of chicken, covered with a white wine sauce and garnished with small slices of ham; *flan*, a rich custard dessert; and fruit.

The Spanish wines served with this repast will include a rather sweet white wine such as Diamante or a dry one called Bodegas Bilbaínas with the fish;

Marqués de Riscal (a red), or Marqués de Agala (a rosé), with the chicken; and champagne with the dessert. With their coffee the men will have a Spanish brandy, either Fundador or Carlos I, while the ladies will sip Anís del Mono or Calisay, a Spanish-type Benedictine.

Although Spain's age of monarchial elegance is dead and gone, the Ritz still maintains the traditions started nearly half a century ago, when it was the royal hotel of Spain. The reception staff wears striped trousers, morning coats, and starched white collars; the royal suite is still as elegant as ever; and the gold table service is always kept bright and shining. And the hotel is still exclusive. (It is not, however, expensive by American standards. Double rooms start at \$12.50, and a good meal, with wine, for two persons costs about \$10.) Not everyone can stay at the Ritz. For example, movie stars, regardless of their social positions, are frowned upon. And, with no odious comparison intended, animals are not allowed in the hotel.

Nights Are Clear and Calm

However, there have been two exceptions in the case of the animal kingdom. For a while there was a cat that lived at the Ritz. It showed up one morning at 2 A.M., when the doorman was about to close the iron entrance gates of the hotel for the night. The doorman looked at the alley cat for a moment, then telephoned the kitchen to send up a plate of food and a bowl of milk. The cat remained until dawn and then returned to its usual haunts until the following night. For several months the cat, which always showed up promptly at closing time, was fed and given shelter by the Ritz. Then one night the cat was challenged by a small dog which chased it around the nearby Prado, then trotted back and entered the gates of the Ritz. The doorman looked at the new arrival and, since the prohibition against animals had been overlooked in the case of the cat, he thought it safe to phone the kitchen to send up a bone for the dog. The dog which displaced the cat has appeared every night since then. It belongs to an old man who is a *sereno*, a volunteer night watchman who keeps the keys to houses and apartment buildings and lets people into them late at night in return for a small tip. Sometimes he also calls out the condition of the weather every hour. The old man who owns the dog that eats at the Ritz now includes the hotel in his hourly weather reports out of gratitude, and since the nights in Madrid are usually clear and calm, the word he generally calls out is *Sereno*. "Serene" is also the word for the setting, the service, and the wise and charming señorita who looks after the guests who live at the Ritz. THE END



FIT FOR A KING (and woven to fit around room irregularities such as radiators), Ritz carpets are made, at \$100 a yard, on looms that once wove rugs for Europe's royal palaces. The Ritz also has Ming vases, tapestries.

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Only one prize will be awarded to each winning contestant. All entries become the property of The Hearst Corporation.

COSMOPOLITAN Magazine's decision shall be final and conclusive as to the determination of winners and on all matters concerning the contest. The contestant who submits his entry agrees to be bound by these rules.

The conducting of this contest is subject to the limitation of local laws.





YOUNG ALASKAN PIONEER COUPLES like the Merle Mercers want to build their life "in a new place where there is no set pattern and no such thing as an 'in.'" They came here from Nebraska with eighty head of "the ruggedest cattle we could find" and the dream of setting up Alaska's

first inland cattle operation. From their 300,000-acre ranch it's three long miles to nearest civilization—a ramshackle station on Alaska's one and only railroad: 470 miles of single track from Seward to Fairbanks. "If this venture fails," Merle says, "it won't be because we haven't put everything into it."

Our Two Spectacular New States

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

After years of Congressional pussyfooting, Alaska and Hawaii are hopefully proclaiming 1958 their "year of union." For Alaska, statehood will spur a vast program of expansion. For Hawaii, it will place our national stamp of approval on an experiment in brotherhood which has proved that different races can live in prosperous peace, the American way

ALASKA—The Vigor of Frontier Life

Alaska is a snow-capped giant twice the size of Texas, with an area one-fifth as large as that of the forty-eight states combined. A land of magnificent mountains, glaciers, lakes, and fjords, it is America's last frontier. Since the rugged gold rush days of

the 1890's, the territory has been known as a "man's country." The adventurers who were attracted to Alaska by the gold mining and seasonal fishing, the main sources of income at that time, were footloose males who had no thought of giving up their freedom for their fancy; conse-

quently, few women came with them or after them. Even today, though the society is stable and the population has increased tremendously since World War II, men still outnumber women by about two to one in the twenty- to twenty-nine years, "courtin' age," bracket.

(continued)



BY OIL LAMP AT DUSK, twenty-nine-year-old Merle and his wife Claire discuss the problems they must face tomorrow. Their day has been strenuous: Merle has ridden fifty miles on horseback, looking for stray cattle. Claire, while keeping an eye on their three small children, has done the family wash

with water lugged by hand from the stream. Life for the Mercers is a never-ending round of feeding and watering the plow horses, plowing, riding the range, building fires, giving the children their school lessons at home. The moose horns, a common sight in Alaska, belonged to the trapper who lived there before them.



BATHING THE BABY ends a busy day for Claire, a former secretary from Mount Vernon, New York. She and her sister met Merle and his brother while attending an international twins convention, and later both couples were married.



MERLE AND SON take mounted romp through the untamed wilderness that is their home. Most of the ranch is government-leased; the rest was bought with money borrowed from Merle's father, a rancher in the sand hills of Nebraska.

ALASKA

(continued)

Temperatures in Alaska range from a Bostonlike January average of 28° in the warmer southeasterly section to shivering -17° at Barrow on the Arctic Ocean. Extremes of temperature are not uncommon. At Fairbanks, near the center of the region, the mercury has been known to reach a sweltering 93° and plummet as low as 66° below. Summers, on the whole, are mild, in the 50's and 60's.

Much of Alaska is mountainous, and towering in the middle of the territory is Mt. McKinley, North America's highest peak. Malaspina, one of the biggest glaciers in Alaska, covers an area larger than the state of Rhode Island.

But Alaska is not the frozen wasteland you might imagine. Life in the typical urban community is little different from that in a like-sized town in the States, where in one part or another most of the territory's climatic conditions are duplicated. Alaskan cities provide all the advantages of modern living. They have paved streets and parking meters, grocery

and department stores, specialty and service shops, beauty parlors, and apartment houses. Schools are up to date, all larger communities have public libraries, and there are some twenty-six hospitals.

The airplane has been a key factor in the development of Alaska. Because of it, the once essential but slow steamboat has virtually disappeared from the rivers, and dog-sledding has become more a winter sport than a means of commercial transportation. Now, with about four hundred airfields and seventy seaplane facilities, you can reach every major city in Alaska by plane from Seattle in four to ten hours instead of the three to ten days required by boat.

When the territory was purchased from Russia in 1867, few people recognized the value of its strategic location and natural resources. Today the shortest air route from New York to Tokyo is across Alaska, and the smallest distance separating North America from Russia—only three miles—is between Big Diomede (Russian)

and Little Diomede (American) islands.

In mineral wealth, the land has been literally and figuratively a gold mine. With real development only beginning, the territory has yielded more than a billion dollars in minerals, including practically all the strategic metals in short supply throughout the world.

Although log cabins still lurk in the shadows of skyscrapers, statehood seems in order after forty-six years of apprenticeship as a territory. One of the greatest obstacles to Alaska's further development is an acute lack of roads, and statehood would bring the territory a greater share of federal road-building funds.

Last year, an Alaska statehood bill cleared the critical Interior Committees of both houses of Congress, and at the start of this year's session, it was predicted that the bill would be given priority on the agenda and strong support for its passage. Perhaps with this eventuality hopefully in mind, Alaska selected as its state flower the blue forget-me-not.



SKI-TOWING is a popular teenage pastime. Twenty miles an hour is considered slow, and the better a rider gets the faster he goes. Basketball is the major sport. Nome High School's "Nanooks" play against older men in the town, service teams, and alumni. Each year they attend the Western Alaska

Tournament, which is held either in Fairbanks or Anchorage. They have won several trophies in the "B" league for schools with under one hundred students. In spite of the weather, Alaska's teenagers keep busy with school activities and winter sports; summer brings picnics, beach parties, boating on the Bering Sea.

Alaska's teenagers mix
ski-towing and
basketball, dog sled
racing and rock 'n' roll



THE NOME NUGGET is favorite after-school hangout for Cokes, gabbing, listening to the jukebox. High point of a teenager's week is Saturday dance at the Youth Center, followed by hamburgers and sodas here or at North Star Bakery and Grill, sometimes topped off by a midnight movie.



FUR-TOPPED TEENAGERS, bundled up for one-figure or below-zero temperature, stop to wave at camera on way home from school in Nome, Alaska. As exuberant as their state-side counterparts, they love cars, rock 'n' roll, and Elvis Presley, but few go steady and many spend much time wondering and talking

about the "outside," which means any place outside Alaska. Teenagers from the States have different attitudes from those born in Alaska, who regard Fairbanks and Anchorage (population 12,000) as big cities. Eskimo teenagers are generally accepted by classmates as equals, though some parents forbid mixed dating.

Population has tripled, but there're still four miles per person



THE GOVERNOR AND HIS FAMILY walk across the lawn of their new home, the stately, three-story, thirty-room Governor's Mansion. When Acting Governor Waino Hendrickson heard of Stepovich's appointment, he said, "For once there'll be a family here that's big enough to fill the house."



ALASKA'S GOVERNOR, thirty-eight-year-old Fairbanks lawyer Mike Stepovich, is first native-born Alaskan to hold this office. Mike and his wife Matilda were still a bit breathless when photographed at the Inaugural Ball in Juneau last June. A respected, unassuming couple who had been living in cramped quarters with seven children underfoot, they became Governor and First Lady overnight when President Eisenhower named Mike to the post. Typically, on the night of the ball, Mike and Mat, dressed in evening clothes, knelt to pray with their children before putting them to bed.



THE FIRST LADY TENDS GARDEN in the rear of the Governor's Mansion with the help of her two eldest daughters, Toni, eight, and Maria, seven. Their house staff includes a cook and a chauffeur-handymen, but not a full-time gardener. Mike and Mat Stepovich have been married since 1947.

PORT WAKEFIELD, on Kodiak Island in the southeastern part of Alaska, is a center for King Crab fishing. This crustacean, which often has a leg-to-leg span of 6 feet and may weigh 24½ pounds, is main source of canned crabmeat. In another part of the island is the city of Kodiak, Alaska's oldest town. Founded by the Russians in 1791, it was the capital of their North Pacific empire until 1800. Kodiak is now a United States Navy headquarters for sea and air installations of great strategic importance. The island's most famous inhabitant is the Kodiak bear, the favorite target of hunters.

color photo by Mike Roberts—Photo Library





Our Two Spectacular New States (continued)

HAWAII—Precious Gems in the Pacific

The world knows Hawaii. "loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean," as the Paradise of the Pacific. But, paradoxically, it is a paradise beset with a deep-seated longing. For since 1903, when Hawaiians made their first of sixteen petitions to Congress, they have been anxiously waiting to see their territory become a full-fledged member of the Union.

Traditionally, Congress grants statehood when a territory has the political stability, population, and wealth to stand on its own two feet as a state and to share the costs of the federal government. What irks Hawaiians is that they met all these qualifications years ago. Their steadily expanding population of 540,000 is greater than that of four present states, and larger than that of any state at the time of its admission with the exception of Oklahoma. In 1956, they paid federal taxes of \$140,687,000, more than was paid by nine of our states. Their economy is sound. Annual business volume is more than \$1,250,000,000. Educators recognize the Hawaiian Islands' public school system as one of the nation's best, with attendance considerably higher than the national average. Water systems, roads, fire

and police departments, parks and playgrounds are all first-rate. And an experienced, intelligent electorate, 85 per cent of whom go to the polls regularly, is ample evidence of political maturity.

This Pacific territory, incorporated as part of the United States in 1900, is the longest chain of islands in the world, stretching some fifteen hundred miles from the largest island, Hawaii, to tiny Kure. This chain includes many reefs and shoals, however; the eight islands which make up the primary Hawaiian group lie within a radius of three hundred miles.

The Lei That Spans the Ocean

Oahu, with 387,000 people, is the major island. It is the home of both the territorial capital, Honolulu, and the tourist capital, famed Waikiki with its golden sands, silver surf, and "hotels so beautiful and lush they make a New Englander feel he is living in sin." Here, too, are Old Diamond Head, an ancient volcano that resembles a crouching lion, and a breath-taking mountain pass called Nuuanu Pali. For those who wish to see a more primitive Polynesia, there are the other islands which, it is said, are in little danger of being "spoiled" for the next

thirty years. Kauai, the "Garden Island," has greenery lush and exotic enough to satisfy any nature lover. Folklore has it that this is the land of the Hawaiian pixies, the *menehune* ("high as a man's knee"), who used to build villages of grass huts and fleets of outriggers all in one night. And, so the natives say, if a visitor stops at Coco Palms Lodge for just one evening and breathes the enchantment of the night's first touch—the rippling water, swaying palms, native music, the faint song of the trade winds, and the lighting of luau torches—he will never leave.

The "Big Island," Hawaii, whose over four thousand square miles make it almost twice as large as the other islands combined, is the site of the territory's second largest city, Hilo, and of Puna and Kona, two remote spots steeped in the traditions and history of the old Polynesia. Kona, on the western side of the island, was a favorite playground of old-time Hawaiian royalty, who left a summer palace and a temple city of refuge.

Maui, the "Valley Island," is known for mighty Haleakala, a huge, spectacular dormant volcano 10,025 feet high, 21 miles in circumference at the rim, and

(continued)



THE CONCH SHELL'S murmuring song is of Hawaii's silver surf, wreaths of delicate flowers, and gentle-breathing trade winds that keep temperatures between 67 and 83 degrees year round. Each year more visitors are drawn by its whispered "Aloha."

IN THE HULA, one of the world's most graceful dances, hands tell the story while feet and hips keep the rhythm. Hawaiian children of all racial backgrounds learn to perform the dance, which is taught as a course in many of the Islands' schools.

Less than eight hours away by plane, Hawaii last year lured more than 100,000 touring Americans to its tropic shores, inspired them to spend over \$65,000,000

large enough to hold all of New York City.

Of the numerous volcanoes on the Islands, only Mauna Loa and Kilauea, on Hawaii, are active. Mauna Loa, the largest single mountain mass in the world, rising 13,680 feet above the sea with a crater three miles long and half as wide, last erupted in 1951 for twenty-three days. The last time Kilauea erupted was in 1955. A good road leads to a plateau where you can safely watch Kilauea's lava bubbling in the firepit.

Aeons ago, all the Hawaiian Islands were created by such volcanic action. Lava pouring for millions of years from a two-thousand-mile rift in the ocean floor left a chain of underwater mountains the tops of which are the present-day islands.

The original Polynesian settlers arrived about one thousand years ago, but remained isolated from the rest of the world until the English explorer Captain James Cook landed there in 1778, naming his "discovery" the Sandwich Islands after his sponsor, the Earl who invented the lunchbox delicacy.

The first Americans to settle there were a few traders and adventurers, followed, in 1820, by New England missionaries who established a permanent colony. The Islands made their first overtures toward the United States, or "mainland," in treaties of trade and friendship in 1850 and 1876. Then, in 1893, shortly after a revolution ended the one-hundred-year-old Polynesian Kingdom of Hawaii, a provisional government under Sanford B. Dole applied for annexation to the United States. Congress turned a deaf ear. Five years later, however, when the new Republic of Hawaii applied again, legislators realized the Islands' value "from a military and naval point of view" and annexed them, mainly "in order that no foreign power may use them as a base of operations against us."

Crossroads of the Pacific

In this age of missiles and jet planes, Hawaii's strategic importance is greater than ever. The crossroads of the Pacific, just twenty-one hundred short air miles from San Francisco, it is the hub of our Pacific defense system.

Of equal importance is the Islands' sig-

nificance in the cold war. Nowhere else is there such a mosaic of races, national origins, tongues, and cultures. President Eisenhower, urging statehood in 1956, commented, "In the Hawaiian Islands, East meets West. To the Islands, Asia and Europe and the Western Hemisphere—all the continents—have contributed their peoples and their cultures to display a unique example of a community that is a successful laboratory in human brotherhood."

The only blight on this achievement—and it is a serious one in the eyes of a critically watchful world—is the disturbing fact that the people of Hawaii are denied the privileges of first-class citizenship by the country to which they have proven their loyalty for over half a century.

The people of Hawaii pay federal taxes and they fight and die in the nation's wars. In Korea, their death toll was four and a half times the killed-in-action average for the rest of the country, and in World War II their 442nd Regimental Combat Team was, according to Mark Clark, "the most decorated unit in the military history of the United States." Yet, because they live in a territory, they have no voting representatives in the Congress which levies their taxes and declares their wars; their governor, judges, and other territorial officials are appointed by the President in whose election they have no voice; and they don't share equally in federal grants for education, health, roads, and other public improvements.

Vice-President Nixon is in favor of Hawaiian statehood. Chief Justice Warren is "convinced . . . that these islands should have statehood." A majority of the people in the forty-eight states (78 per cent in 1955) are for it, according to a series of Gallup polls. The House of Representatives has passed statehood bills three times. Yet, political pundits see little hope for immediate statehood, despite the overwhelming evidence in its favor.

Why is this so? According to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the major obstacle . . . is opposition by Southern congressmen, mostly on racial grounds. They

fear Hawaii's senators and representatives would augment the civil rights forces in Congress."

Of course, the arguments advanced publicly against statehood are never so blunt as an objective newspaper report. The opposition's main tack has been to object on three basic grounds: non-contiguity, dilution of representation, and the doubtful loyalty of Hawaii's citizens.

Nine Hours from Capitol Hill

Although two thousand miles of water separates the Islands from the mainland, Honolulu is only a few hours' air time from the Coast, and in 1959 the flight from Washington to Hawaii will take a mere nine hours by jet transport. When New Mexico was admitted in 1912, it took ten days for a letter to reach Washington from Santa Fe.

The objection that "one Hawaiian would have a voice in the Senate equal to that of seventeen Californians" is irrelevant, considering that one citizen of Nevada now has a Senate voice equal to that of sixty-six Californians.

As for the loyalty of Hawaiian people of Oriental ancestry, the question was settled with blood during the last two wars. Admiral Nimitz testified that the civilian population gave "complete and wholehearted cooperation," and, contrary to rumor, F.B.I. reports show not a single act of civilian sabotage in the Islands during World War II.

Charges that communism is a powerful force in the Islands are equally baseless. After an on-the-spot investigation in 1950, a subcommittee of the House Un-American Activities Committee reported: "The people of Hawaii have successfully cast communistic influence out of all phases of their social, cultural, and educational activities."

Last year, eleven individual or joint bills for Hawaiian and Alaskan statehood were introduced in Congress. This year, just as many or more will be presented. It might be a good thing to remind the Congressmen who will try to block these bills that, a few years back, because of conditions similar to those imposed on Hawaii, some people up in Boston had a tea party.

THE END



George Woodruff—Photo Library

THATCH-ROOFED Hawaiian Village, near Waikiki Beach, is Henry Kaiser's \$200 million reproduction of Polynesia. But the American industrialist has added a few extras: man-made lagoon, fourteen-story hotel, three swimming pools.

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII draws many of its 6,300 students from forty-eight states. Mainlanders are following a tradition started as early as 1841 by Californians who sent their children by ship to Honolulu's Punahoa school.



Bob Ebert—Photo Library



MYLENE DEMONGEOT, the French starlet with hair "like midnight in a high wind," has gone from the role of a jealous mistress in the French version of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" to the part of a helpless mistress in this American filming of the Sagan saga.

"Bonjour Tristesse" on Location

The controversial novel, written by eighteen-year-old Françoise Sagan, sold over four million copies. Readers will see the movie to check how close it dared come to the original

BY JON WHITCOMB



JON WHITCOMB enjoys the pleasant task of interviewing the English Deborah Kerr, who plays the Parisienne fiancee, and Iowa-born Jean Seberg (right), who takes the leading role of Cécile.

The villa Pointe de la Croisette is a three-story house perched on rocks overlooking the Mediterranean at Le Lavandou, France. It was leased for four months last summer to motion picture producer Otto Preminger, who required a luxurious Riviera estate for the filming of "Bonjour Tristesse." Inside the gates were parked a number of trucks with sound equipment and building materials, for the ground floor of the villa itself had been turned into storage space and dressing rooms. South of the villa, halfway down the sprawling rocks that face the sea, workmen had built a plaster beach-house, with a small terrace gay with sun umbrellas and canvas lounge chairs. On this terrace, Mylene Demongeot, Jean Seberg, and David Niven were rehearsing a scene for the color cameras. Producer-director Preminger, a big bear of a man, crouched before the cameras, bellowing at actors and technicians in two languages.

"Demongeot!" he yelled. "I can't hear you! Speak up, please! For heaven's

sake, don't drive me crazy on Saturday! The word is AY-pex. Say it!"

Demongeot: "Ay-PEX."

Preminger, smiting his brow: "Well, leave it out. You're absolutely unintelligible. I make you a present of 'apex.'"

In a language she had been studying only two months, Miss Demongeot had been trying to say, "My luck reaches its apex in the hot month of August."

The scene began as Mylene, bundled up in an enormous striped blanket, descended a stone stairway into camera range. Underneath the blanket she wore a bathing suit, and her skin was smeared with red grease-paint to simulate sunburn. Dried collodion on her shoulders represented peeling skin. When she took off the blanket, Otto inspected her make-up and called for deeper sunburn. A make-up man stepped forward to apply more color. Otto berated him in English, seized the cosmetic and applied it himself.

An assistant screeched, "*Le silence absolu!*" and Miss Demongeot made another entrance. Wearing her blanket and

carrying a woven beach basket, she sat down in a chair and began to search through the basket for a comb, throwing out small objects as she searched. Earphones crackled, and the sound people reported that too much noise registered in the mike. Otto had another fit, directed this time at the prop man. "You know glass and metal are noisy," he shouted. "You knew the script—why didn't you prepare for this ahead of time?" Wincing, the prop man slunk off in search of quieter items.

Meanwhile, Miss Seberg and Mr. Niven waited quietly in their positions. Standing under an umbrella, Miss Seberg looked ill-at-ease. Mr. Niven, tanued and poised, lounged on some large cushions.

A further difficulty arose when the mikes began picking up motor noises from sightseer-laden speedboats and launches cruising past.

Otto raised his voice. "Where's that *gendarme* I hired? Oh, *gendarme!*" A bewildered-looking *agent* in a tan uniform, with a holstered pistol hanging from his belt, came down from the rocks above and took up a position facing the sea. He did nothing about the water traffic. A production assistant said, "And he won't. It's because Otto called him a *gendarme*. They hate to be called that." Finally a stagehand with a power megaphone took over, and thundered warnings in rapid French. Most of the water-borne spectators dispersed, but a helicopter made several more passes overhead.

Resuming his direction of the scene, Preminger again addressed Miss Demongeot. "Mylene, please be sparkling. Effervesce! Like champagne—not American champagne—like French *imported!*"

Silver-haired "Démon"

She gave him a long, sidewise look out of her slanting brown eyes and donned her blanket. Sometimes referred to as "the French Kim Novak," Marie-Hélène Demongeot first began sparkling in Nice, where she was born twenty-two years ago. "Bonjour Tristesse" is her fifth film, if you count a bit part in "Les Enfants de l'Amour," made when she was fifteen. The second was a British musical, "It's a Wonderful World," for which she learned her lines phonetically, and the third was "Les Sorcières de Salem," a film based on Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." She finished her fourth film, "Une Manche et la Belle," just before she started "Tristesse." Our cover girl this month has silver-blond hair, a color she describes as "midnight in a high wind," and the traffic-stopping figure which got her jobs modeling fashions all over Europe. Off-screen, she spends her time facing a collection of still cameras, since she is engaged to a handsome redhead young photographer named Henri Coste. She said she hadn't had any serious fights with Preminger. "But I am wondering when. A very kind, very funny man. Did you know he calls me Mylene Dénon?"

The novel *Bonjour Tristesse*, written by the precocious Françoise Sagan, is the story of a rich rake and his motherless daughter. After leaving the boarding school in which she was raised, the young girl assumes her father's carefree, faintly decadent way of life. For a time she is tempted to seek a less shallow existence but, after bringing tragedy to her father and herself, she resumes, with him, a life of no-longer-carefree *amour*. Jean Seberg plays the fat role of Cécile, the daughter, and in this picture has a chance to wear smashing Givenchy clothes.

From Saint to Sinner

Miss Seberg is a spectacularly pretty girl, with gray-green eyes and honey-colored hair worn in a mixmaster crew-cut. When I met her she had just risen from several days in bed, felled by a digestive upset common to Americans in France.

This being her second picture in a row in France (the first was "St. Joan"), Jean speaks French fluently. On her first day out of bed, production was cancelled because of rain, and I went shopping with her in a mild drizzle, strolling through puddles on Le Lavandou's waterfront. In the shops she chattered French like a machine gun, far too fast for me to follow, although the clerks nodded and smiled in full comprehension.

As we sloshed back to La Residence Beach, we saw Deborah Kerr playing with her children on the covered terrace. Miss Kerr plays the only entirely sympathetic role in "Tristesse," the part of Anne, a dress designer who tries (and fails) to bring order into Cécile's scatterbrained life. When the children went off with their nurse, Miss Kerr explained that their father, Anthony Bartley, had gone to London on a business trip. Born in Scotland thirty-six years ago, she is urbane, civilized and un-movie-starish, with enough charm and humor to win strangers at first meeting. "I happen to be your devoted slave," I told her. "and I am sorry that you have to be killed off in 'Tristesse.' May I come to the funeral?"

"You may come to all my funerals," she said.

The next day was sunny, and at the villa three miles away, cameras were focused on a corner of the beach-house, where Niven, Miss Seberg, and Miss Kerr were doing a scene with cocktails and a shaker. All three were in swimming clothes. Miss Kerr's long legs, smoothly tanned, were surmounted by bathing trunks, worn with a man's yellow shirt. Preminger was chatting with Elga Andersen, who plays the father's current mistress. (She appears only in the black and white sections of the film, which represent the present. Cécile narrates the story in flashbacks, and her memories of the Riviera are in Technicolor.)

There was a break for lunch, and a team from *Paris Match* corralled the actors for a picture story. The Misses

Kerr, Seberg, and Demongeot posed with prop sandwiches and smiled. A stagehand walked past, sniffing the air and looking at the launches on the Mediterranean. To a friend he remarked. "They say this place is wonderful for a rest. But who can rest with Otto running around loose?"

Because of Preminger's solicitude for the preferences of audiences, the bankers who pay the production bills consider him a good bet. He is also a canny businessman and spends no more money than is absolutely necessary. When it came time to locate a villa to use for "Tristesse," he thought of one belonging to a friend of his, a millionaire French distiller. But he hesitated to ask for use of



SEBERG AND NIVEN absorb direction, Preminger-style. Otto is known for the infinite pains he takes to get just the effects and action he wants from the actors and technicians who are under his direction.

the villa outright, for fear his friend might press it on him as a gift. Then the tycoon heard of Otto's search and said, "Preminger, old man, why don't you use my place for your picture?"

Surprised and pleased, Otto told him, "It would be perfect, and you are most kind to offer it."

"You're welcome," the Frenchman went on. "I will charge you only \$200,000 for the use of it." The tycoon added, "And there is one other thing you might do for me. There is a lot of drinking in that story. When your characters are thirsty, let them ask for my liqueur. It will be good advertising."

By this time, Otto had recovered. "By all means," he said. "I'll be happy to do it for \$300,000."

In telling this story, Otto became irritated anew. "If you use it in your article," he warned me, "don't mention this man's name. If you do, he'll still get a free plug. Instead of Dubonnet, call him Cinzano or something."

THE END



"ISLANDS EXCITE TREMENDOUS INTEREST." according to Robert Froman, of the New York real estate firm, Previews, Inc. "But many people get cold feet when it comes to solving the practical problems of living on one," he adds. Previews, Inc., has islands priced from \$200 to \$225,000, including one in the West Indies and another near Scotland which have native populations.

How to Buy an Island

Got a yen to be lord of all you survey? Or just a burning desire for seclusion? An island—there are literally over a million for sale—may be the answer to your romantic dreams. But before you put your money down, read this

BY JOE McCARTHY

If the neighbors have stopped speaking to you because you insinuated that a certain Little League coach shows favoritism, or if your wife has become unpopular because she spends her afternoons reading Proust and listening to Handel instead of serving as a "den mother," maybe the only solution is to buy an island. There happens to be a rather nice one in the Atlantic Ocean, a mile off the Maine coast, that you can pick up for one thousand dollars. It is completely covered with spruce trees, except for a deserted granite quarry, fifty feet square and ten feet deep, which might be used as a squash court.

Thinking of something a little closer to Wall Street? Well, the government has been trying to get rid of Ellis Island. Uncle Sam would also like to sell Kiska in the Aleutians. 70,000 fog-bound acres complete with a million dollars' worth of World War II improvements, including mess halls, orderly rooms, PX's, and countless 1944 pin-up photos of Betty Grable. Another war surplus bargain, priced for a quick sale, is Angel Island near the Golden Gate in San Francisco Bay, with 640 acres and a 750-foot mountain. The only drawback about Angel is that it has no gas or electricity and no drinking water.

Or perhaps you would rather rent than

buy. The United States Forest Service has more than a thousand islands in the coastal waters of Southern Alaska, with and without brown bears, that it will lease to the right people for twenty-five dollars a year.

A Kingdom for Sale

Seriously, many Americans who have dreamed for years about the peace and privacy of living on an island are now finding that many such exclusive domains are both available and reasonably priced. Robert Froman, an expert on island real estate, wrote a definitive book on the subject, *One Million Islands for Sale*, a book which has been selling steadily for five years, and Froman feels that the figure in his title is quite modest.

"Actually, one million plus is only an estimate of the absolute minimum of habitable North American islands," Froman says. "There may be twice that many, or more."

And Froman's survey does not include the West Indies or the Bahamas, where Howard Hughes bought himself an island paradise recently. The lake and river waters of Ontario alone have probably a million islands, most of them beautiful and livable, and some astonishingly cheap. Many of the ones around the Georgian Bay area, east of Lake Huron,

are in the domain of the provincial government, which will sell them for forty-five dollars an acre to any buyer who promises to build on the island and improve it within two years.

At the other extremity of Ontario is a large group called the Thousand Islands. This inland archipelago at the junction of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River consists of islands that are mostly privately owned and expensively improved, with such conveniences as water taxi service for the delivery of mail and groceries. The available one are liable to be high-priced.

There are really more than seventeen hundred islands in the Thousand Islands. The most famous of them, Heart Island, has a romantic tale of heartbreak in its past. George Boldt, a former owner of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, bought it sometime around the turn of the century as a wedding anniversary present for his wife, and had its shores trimmed into the shape of a heart. Then he shipped parts of European castles to the island and pieced them together to form a sprawling palace with a wild assortment of spires and towers. Before it was finished, Boldt's wife died. He stopped building and never visited the island again.

Heart Island and its castle are now owned by Edward J. Noble, chairman of

the American Broadcasting System and of Life Savers Corporation, who acquired it reluctantly while buying a parcel of six islands from the Boldt estate. Discovering, to his surprise, that people were willing to pay money for the privilege of inspecting the odd castle, Noble established a corporation to run Heart Island. This thriving tourist business now supports a charitable foundation.

Ready-made Paradise

Real estate developers are planning to promote island living in a big way on Florida's Ten Thousand Islands, below Naples on the Gulf Coast. One project in that area, not yet completed, is called the Isles of Capri. It has five islands, connected with each other and to the mainland by causeways. Four of these islands will be residential and the fifth will serve as a business district.

The Ten Thousand Islands are no place for the modern Robinson Crusoe with a limited income. They are generally swampy and thickly overgrown, and their supply of drinking water is often doubtful. Making them habitable entails use of bulldozers and heavy earth-moving equipment. Also, many of the islands are owned by the Fleischmann and Collier families, who do not intend to sell the islands until the area is supplied with water and utilities. But it is becoming more developed every month.

The price of an island depends primarily on whether or not it has been improved. A recently published assortment of available islands included, for instance, a bare and rocky two acres in Penobscot Bay, Maine, that was listed at \$8,500 because it had a one-hundred-year-old lighthouse with a furnished, year-round house. A much more picturesque and attractively wooded four-acre island on Puget Sound was priced at \$3,500 because its only shelter was a driftwood fishing shack. By the same token, a three-quarter-acre island on a Minnesota lake was offered for \$300 because it had no beach or cabin. Then there was the spot in Manahawkin Bay, New Jersey, that sometimes had no island: every bad storm covered the usually dry acre with water. But it cost only \$150.

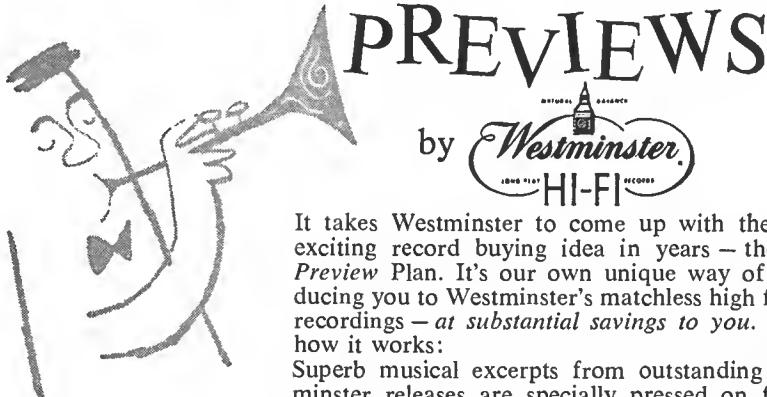
Experienced islanders say, though, that the presence or absence of housing is a minor consideration in picking the right water-bound home. The important things, in their opinion, are the supply of drinking water and suitable boat shelter.

Many sea islands have no fresh water that can be reached by drilling. The discarded Army fort on Great Gull Island at the eastern tip of Long Island has always lacked a well.

But the lack of a sheltered harbor can be more troublesome than the lack of drinking water. For if he loses his boat, an islander loses his right arm. Froman tells of a wealthy Californian who made the mistake of purchasing a pretty island

(continued)

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How to Buy an Island (continued)

in British Columbia that had no cove on its shore. He found himself moving his boat from one side of the island to the other whenever the wind changed, which sometimes happened several times in a day. Finally he spent \$15,000 on a breakwater—only to learn that the boat was grounded behind it at ebb tide.

Thus, in the opinion of most islanders, an unimproved twenty-acre island with plenty of trees and grass, a good well or spring, and a deep and enclosed harbor for docking a boat is a much better bargain at five thousand dollars than a smaller place without those natural advantages—even if the smaller island offers, at the same price, a new six-room ranch-type house with a picture window, electricity, and a wine cellar.

A minister from Ogdensburg, New York, has broken all of these rules, however; he spends happy vacations on a tiny island in the St. Lawrence River that has nothing on it but a house. The island consists of a 605-square-yard rock, and every inch of it, except for a small space around the front door, is taken up by the house. The water of the river washes against the stone foundation of the building on all sides, and it looks as if the dwelling were floating on the stream. The owner, Rev. Edward Sizeland, named the island appropriately "Just Room Enough." He says he bought it to get away from the world, but the curious sight of a house apparently standing on water attracts boatloads of prying tourists every weekend.

How Primitive Should You Get?

Island dwellers are divided into two types: the primitive escapists, or the kerosene lamp set, and the luxury lovers who feel that a life of seclusion does not necessarily mean giving up television, ice cubes, and automatic toasters. The kerosene lamp group often cooks over a wood-burning stove, and many of them claim that modern plumbing spoils the natural beauty of island living. On the other hand, a landlord who wants to equip a previously uninhabited island with the latest electrical appliances will find himself spending considerable money.

However, it is possible to strike a happy medium without going to great expense. Probably the greatest invention of modern times, from an islander's point of view, is bottled gas. It provides him with cooking fuel and refrigeration, at a moderate cost. For approximately \$400, a gasoline generator with automatic controls which supplies enough electricity for lighting is available. If you want a power plant for such things as electrical water heaters, stoves, washing machines and television, however, it takes a few thousand dollars—plus installation and maintenance costs.

One of the almost unavoidable drawbacks of island living is the difficulty of obtaining fire protection. If a blaze breaks out in your house, you can't do much except watch its pretty colors. Then there is erosion. Some islands have lost two hundred acres in one hundred years. And high water is another springtime disadvantage of river islands.

Far, Fair Islands

Despite all these drawbacks—to which may be added such items as the lack of emergency medical aid or police protection—the yen to own an island seems to overpower all kinds of people. A few years ago when the government was trying to sell waterless and treeless Great Gull Island, at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound, it invited everybody who was interested to be its guest on an excursion to the property. The trip was made by Army surplus boat which left from New London, Connecticut, and a varied group of thirty persons showed up at the appointed time of departure.

Besides several individuals who were there simply because they wanted to buy an island—any island—there were among the prospective customers a representative of a group of fishermen who were considering Great Gull as a refueling and supply base, a New Jersey lady who was thinking of starting a summer colony, a cancer research project director who felt that a remote ocean island might be an ideal place for his scientists to do some constructive thinking, and Dr. Richard Pough, curator of conservation at the Museum of Natural History. He was looking for a place to breed terns. There was also a man from Delaware who was suffering from nostalgia; he wanted to recapture some of the happiness of his youth, which he had spent as a soldier on Plum Island, which is near Great Gull.

All of the shoppers were enthusiastic about buying the island during the hour's voyage from New London to its shores. When they took a look at its lonely and bleak seventeen acres, most of them cooled off immediately.

One rather plump and middle-aged woman frowned at the sound of a hooting fog horn from the lighthouse on Little Gull Island, a short distance away, and said, "Imagine having to listen to that damned thing all night long? I came all the way from White Plains for this? They couldn't sell me this island for five bucks!"

The group was led ashore by an Army captain who pointed out several of Great Gull's interesting features, such as a site for a bathing beach which had everything except sand, some small buildings that had no lighting facilities, and a 176,000-gallon water reservoir which would have to be filled by hauling water in tankers

from the mainland. This last news doused the New Jersey Lady's dream of a summer colony. "But you might be able to make a deal with a Coast Guard boat to drop off your man," the Army man added encouragingly.

On the way back to New London, the only enthusiastic fellow in the party was Dr. Pough, the Museum of Natural History man, who not only felt that Great Gull Island would be a perfect breeding place for terns, but was also warmly impressed by its possibilities as a station for banding hawks. And that's what it is today. The government presented the island to Dr. Pough's museum as a gift—and nobody complained.

Some of the better-known island addicts of our time are John Foster Dulles, who owns one in Lake Ontario; and Axel Wenner-Gren and actors Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, who hold Island domains in the Bahamas. The late Alexander Woollcott, the emperor of New York's literary and theatrical set during the Twenties and Thirties, ruled with a croquet mallet over the seven acres of Neshobe Island on Lake Bomoseen, near Rutland, Vermont, and kept it filled with celebrities during the summer months. Woollcott's visitors included such figures as Kathleen Norris, Dorothy Parker, Beatrice Lillie, Clifton Webb, Harpo Marx, and the Gish sisters. Dazzled natives and tourists from the mainland circled the island in small boats trying to catch a glimpse of them. One day Woollcott, a short and fat man, was sitting by the shore in a loose white robe and a large floppy hat. A woman in a boat pointed at him and cried, "Look! There's Marie Dressler!"

Another afternoon the fun-loving playwright, Charles MacArthur. Helen Hayes' late husband, was sunning himself on the rocks at Neshobe when a rubbernecker came by and said to his companions, "That looks like Irving Berlin." MacArthur, always ready to oblige, promptly sat up and rendered a few choruses of "Always."

Ruler of Your Domain

When you attempt to pin them down about what makes them feel that way, most island lovers become inarticulate with emotion. A publisher who recently went to the Peconic Bay shore of Long Island and bought a thirty-acre island (that isn't quite the real McCoy because it is connected to Southampton by a small bridge) says island ownership makes you feel like a feudal lord of the Middle Ages.

So, if you want to acquire that regal feeling, perhaps you can still get that little island in Manahawkin Bay for \$150. What if it does happen to get covered by a foot of water during an occasional storm? You can build your house on stilts, can't you?

THE END

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BROOKS RENTALS NEW-USED

LET'S GO

Bob Peak

The Bridegroom

He'd been married exactly one hour, and suddenly all he could think of was how desperately he wanted to be free

BY NOEL CLAD ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PEAK

He had never in his life felt so alone, he thought. And never had he been so completely surrounded by people who wished him well. They seemed like strangers. Even his own mother and father seemed like strangers. He hung the cutaway carefully on its hanger. It looked strange, too. It didn't seem the kind of thing that anybody would actually wear; it was impossible to believe that an hour ago he had stood up in it, had heard his hollow voice say, "I will," while every nerve had bristled with the urge to run. Presidents must feel like this, he thought—trapped by their friends into aching solitude.

Aloud he said, "You'll see this gets back, won't you, Bark?"

"Don't worry about a thing, Tom, old sport," Barker said. "All you've got to do is concentrate on Mrs. Garner." Barker chuckled.

Tom tried to grin, but his face felt frozen. Old sport, he thought. It was the kind of language people reserved for weddings. In three years as Bark's college roommate he had never heard him say anything like "old sport." But Barker wasn't Barker any more. He had become something alien—the Best Man. Suddenly the thought of Barker's single state filled him with such overwhelming envy that he felt like shouting for help, like

a man drowning. Barker would laugh; that was the routine. They egged you on, he thought, and then suddenly they drew back and you were all alone. And they laughed at you. He felt a moment's violent hatred for Barker, and was astonished to remember their mawkish protestations of eternal friendship at the bachelor dinner. And his own man-of-the-world self-confidence. Where had it gone? he wondered wildly. How had he gotten himself to this point of no return? As though it were an echo, he caught Barker's reference to Mrs. Garner, and it took him a shocked moment to connect this name with Diana.

"You got the tickets and the traveler's checks?" Barker said.

"Yes," Tom said. He wondered why he'd never noticed Barker's leer before. "Yes, yes. Why not?"

"You better check." Barker grinned and rubbed his blond spiny hair. "Look in your wallet and make sure."

"Yes," Tom said, hating Barker. "Yes. Sure." He took out his wallet and looked at it and put it back. The noise of the reception downstairs filtered up through the floorboards—laughter and gay conversational fragments that sounded like jeers. A mob, he thought, and there isn't much time before they come and get me. He shivered as he heard Diana's mother's

distinctive laugh. It sounded like vicious triumph to him. Okay, he thought bitterly, you got her married. You finally did it. Then he thought of his own mother's face, filled with a joy that seemed like betrayal to him. Women loved weddings. It was ingrained in them, after centuries of conquest, down through the ages. A kind of tribal female victory rite. He had never felt further from Diana than in these recent weeks. He had moved down the aisle, been chained for life to somebody he didn't even know. She'd hardly looked at him. He hadn't been important, not during the storm of preparations when he was forever getting in the way, not even during the final sacrifice itself. Any man would do. Just so they got a man, he thought, that's all they cared about.

"Funny how the groom usually rents his clothes," Barker said. Tom had never noticed how much Barker talked. Endless, idiotic chatter. "And the bride keeps hers forever after in the old treasure chest."

"It was her mother's dress," Tom mumbled. "Grandmother's before that. Seed pearls." But I don't even know her, he wanted to shout. I've never seen her before in my life.

"Ready to go down?" Barker gave him

Weddings, he thought bitterly, are a female tribal rite—a festival of victory. The male is merely a sheep sacrificed at the altar.

The Bridegroom (continued)

a wise old look, as if he had been through this a hundred times before, had made a practice of scuttling his friends and triumphantly leaping clear himself at the last minute. "The bags are in the car. There are the car keys on the dresser. Don't go off and forget them."

"**W**hy should I forget them?" Tom said irritably. No more fun, he thought morosely. That's all finished. "Till death us do part." He didn't remember the words from the ceremony; he remembered nothing at all from the ceremony. He remembered the words from the rehearsal. There had still been time then. Now it was too late. Until death parted them he would be tied to this woman who hadn't even looked at him, touchingly armored in her wedding dress. Wherever he went, she would go. He swallowed. "I'm ready," he said.

He went down the stairs, one at a time, keeping his eyes straight ahead, feeling the stiffness of the new tweed suit around him like an iron maiden. The crowd that filled the living room and the sun porch and overflowed into the June garden had filled the downstairs hallway, too. Somebody made a joke and he smiled without hearing it and somebody else pressed a champagne glass into his hand.

"Well, now," his mother said, coming out of the living room. "How handsome." She smiled and he saw her eyes were wet. She shifted her glass to her left hand and poked at a piece of lint on his lapel. And instinctively, he bridled, angry at her happiness and her fussing over his clothes. At the same time he wanted her to fuss because it was something she'd always done, ever since he could remember, as she had cooked and sewed and done the housework around him. He wondered vaguely who would do those things now, and came up with a hazy picture of himself managing more or less the way he had in college. Then he reminded himself that Diana would do them, but deep down he couldn't believe it.

"Has he got everything, Bark?"

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"All set, Mrs. Garner," Barker said crisply. He laughed again and Tom turned away. His mother and his best friend, he thought, fellow conspirators. *Et tu, Brutus?* And both of them treating him like a child. If he was old enough to get married he was old enough to take care of himself. He shivered as his mother took his elbow and guided him into the living room, to his father.

"There he is," his father said. It sounded falsely hearty, and ridiculous, as if he were surprised his son was not somewhere else. He knew. Tom thought grimly, but he had never once let on. He'd been caught himself, and misery loved company. He wouldn't even let his own son off the hook. "Has he got the reservations, Bark?"

"Yes, yes," Tom said. "Of course." It annoyed him, this talking over his head all the time. He saw Barker nod and wink. The big conspiracy, he thought. They have to play all the old routines, including the fiction that the groom can't keep his wits about him. Reservations. The word had a chilling effect. Registering as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garner, Jr. The sly looks of the hotel clerks. Still, he didn't mind those things so much. He was tensed to get through them. But then the door would close, and he and that woman would be alone, interminably. And he could not think of one single thing he could say to her.

"You'd better take this along, Tom," his father said. Looking down, he saw that it was a fifty-dollar bill.

"Put it in your wallet where it'll be safe, Tom," his mother said.

"Yes," he said. "Thank you." He heard Bark chortle again, but this time he paid no attention. He couldn't recall ever having said "Thank you" to his father. "Thanks" was what he usually said. Or "Thanks, Dad." But it seemed to him that his father was different now, too. There was a man-to-man ring in his words. It made him feel as if his father had somehow abandoned him. "Thank you very much," he said stiffly.

"Here she comes," somebody said, and he turned around in fright.

She was pale, he thought. The knot in his stomach eased as he saw she wore the traveling suit, the tweed that matched his own. That had been planned. He had known she was going to wear it. But in spite of that he'd still somehow expected the wedding dress, and with it the special awe of her he'd felt in church. She looked more familiar and he managed a smile that felt as unnatural as hers looked when their eyes met. She looked away quickly and again he felt bereft. She looked at ease, he thought, in a way he never would. Of course, she could feel at home in the

situation; weddings were women's things.

She kept her eyes away from his and he was able to study her with curiosity, almost as if she were somebody else's date at a houseparty. With wild alarm he realized he wouldn't go for her. The healthy tan he was used to wasn't there. It seemed unlikely that he had played tennis with this Diana, gone swimming with her, danced with her, fallen in love with her. Except for two flushed spots over her cheekbones, her face looked wan. And she chattered, in a gushing, half-hysterical way utterly foreign to the girl he knew.

"**Y**ou lucky devil," Barker said. Tom nodded because it was the thing to do. But his heart wasn't in it.

He watched her as she reached the bottom of the stairs, the grin pasted on her lips as the bridesmaids chattered on around her. He saw her gray eyes move out over the room, rest on him for a second, then move quickly away to her mother coming toward her. She had her hand on the bannister. Tom saw, the stair railing she must have touched ten thousand times in her twenty years of growing up in this house. Then she touched the fat, old-fashioned knob of the newel post, and curled her fingers tightly around it and looked down at it with a strange, rueful expression he couldn't fathom.

"I remember the way you looked," his father said to his mother in a low voice. For a moment the noise of the reception had fallen. But now Diana was down off the stairs, her fingers slowly letting go of the newel post as she let her mother lead her into the crowd.

"It doesn't seem so long ago," his mother said.

He looked at them both, with that sense of strangeness which would always be his strongest memory of this day. The thought struck him that his mother and father were married. It was such a silly thought that he laughed shakily, but still he knew that he had never really known it, right down to his toes this way, before now. Suddenly he wanted to ask them things, to be a little boy again, asking somebody older how it had happened to them, how they could possibly have been sure. But it was impossible to do that now. And again he felt his loneliness.

He saw they were all three staring at him, his father, his mother, and Barker, and he flushed, realizing that he was the typical groom after all, just as wooden as in all the funny stories. Well, what was done was done. There was no getting out of it now. He made himself smile and moved around the room to talk to people, acting the way a groom was supposed to act. He nodded at all the gentle standard jokes, annoyed at himself for pretending

amusement, because the whole thing seemed anything but funny to him. It was such a tremendous step to get married, the biggest thing, as his father said, that you did of your own free will in your life. It seemed to him he'd been too young to make such a decision, that he had been hurried into it too fast.

"Perfectly beautiful little Dacron traveling dress," he heard Diana's mother saying. "All she'll have to do is rinse it out and put it on a hanger in the bathroom and it will be dry by morning. No ironing at all."

Tom shivered. That was another thing he hadn't thought of. He had no sisters. His knowledge of women, except for his mother, was external, derived from dating. Up to now he had only seen them all of a piece, complete, ready to be taken out. But now at a blow he glimpsed the behind-the-scenes, practical side of the mystery. It was a world he knew nothing of. It was a world he was going to have to learn to live with.

He caught Diana's eye again, across the room. They exchanged false grins, and then Diana's father caught his arm. Mr. Patterson opened his mouth, and then scratched his head and closed it again. Finally he said, "The great day, Tom." He looked embarrassed.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Great day." Neither one of them sounded anywhere near natural, he thought. Yet they'd played bridge together and made late-at-night grilled cheese sandwiches together and talked about his going into law together. And they'd had the classic scene, Tom thought, unclassically not in the living room but in the men's bar of a hotel downtown.

Take care of her, Tom," Mr. Patterson said gruffly. He squinted and puffed furiously on his cigarette.

"Yes, sir," Tom said. He looked down at his shoes, frowning. He had to look away. He felt so miserably incompetent to do what he was asked that he was certain his father-in-law could see he was lying. He liked Mr. Patterson. Except for the usual invented flat tires when they'd got home late, he'd never lied to him before.

Then, through some sudden shifting of the crowd, he found himself facing his wife.

Both of them grinned extravagantly, mechanically. Both of them quickly turned away, grasping for somebody else, anybody else to talk to. But the conversational lines had re-formed; for the moment they were frozen out. They turned back again, grinning.

"Hi," she said. She squeaked a little. He thought. He hoped it wouldn't become a habit with her.

"Hi," he said. The sides of his mouth



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The Bridegroom (continued)

ached with smiling. They looked at each other, smirking inanely, and his fear came back redoubled: now he was positive he would never have anything to say to her. He remembered the glider in the garden, and the porch steps and road-houses and the front seat of his car, and the endless conversations they had had in all those places. There had never seemed to be time enough to talk. Just when they'd begun the roadhouse had closed or dinner had been served or her father had come down to remark that tomorrow was another day. There had seemed to be no time at all; the hours had flown. And now he couldn't remember a word of it. He rocked back on his feet and folded his hands, and grinned.

"I guess we'd better think," she said, looking around desperately, "about going."

"Yes," he said, trying for a heartiness he couldn't reach. "Yes, indeed."

"I mean," she said, concentrating on some point across the room, "it's kind of customary." Her eyes flew back to his. "I mean, whatever you want."

"**Y**es," he said. He seemed to have said Yes at least fifty thousand times. Maybe he was one of those people who could never say No, he thought. "Whatever you say."

She nodded brightly. "My stuff's in the car," she said.

"Yes." He grinned. "Yes, I saw it. Good."

"So—" she hesitated over the word "darling. Any time."

"Might as well"—he almost said "Get it over with," but he checked himself—"tell Bark."

"Yes," she said.

With vast relief, he left her and went over to where Howard Fitzpatrick Barker, bachelor, was standing, incredibly urbane, talking to Mrs. Patterson, a glass of champagne held lightly in his fist. He was expatiating on their old plan, that after each of them had put in their year in the law libraries of their respective firms, and then another year of specializing, Tom in estate, Bark in tax, they'd open their own partnership. It sounded wonderful. It always had, ever since they'd invented the idea. Somehow he felt grateful to Barker for still being willing to go along with it. Without Bark he'd never have gotten through all this, he thought.

"Bark." He offered the last remnant of his smile arsenal to Mrs. Patterson. My mother-in-law, he thought. That dread word. "I thought we'd"—he looked around, his voice falling to a whisper—"just kind of sneak off."

Bark nodded and chortled. "Go ahead," he roared. "Sneak off." Never, Tom thought, never had he hated anybody as much as he hated Barker.

"Bark," Mrs. Patterson laughed, in her special throaty way. "you're really too nasty." Bark was shaking with laughter. Conversation stopped and the whole crowd turned around, alerted to the big moment, a hundred pairs of eyes impaling Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garner, Jr., like butterflies on a pin. "Heavens." The silver-haired woman turned on him. "Look at Tom blush."

"You swine," he choked viciously at Barker. "You absolute swine." There was no saving it now, he saw. He whirled, facing a nightmare of winking, smirk-wrinkled faces, and plunged through them to Diana. "Come on, you," he said. "Let's get it over with."

"Yes," she said. "Let's."

But somehow, they could only move slowly, as in a nightmare. Everybody seemed to get outside ahead of them. From the front steps his Ford looked miles away. Then something hit him and he turned to the howling savages that lined the gauntlet he and Diana ran. His hand went to his neck, and came away with some grains of rice. Beside him Diana ducked her head, laughing, holding up one hand to shield her face. And he found that her other hand was in his. He hadn't realized it before.

His car. His old familiar car. He didn't recognize it. It was bedecked like a circus calliope. Damn Barker, he thought, grinning, damn them all. He ran around the front to the driver's side, then remembered he hadn't opened the door for her and ran back, cursing. But somebody else had done it and helped her in. The rice was pouring in on them, falling in waves like hail.

"Hurry," Diana said.

"I'm hurrying." He put his hand in his pocket, then the other pocket. Then his watch pocket. Then his jacket pockets and the inside pocket where his wallet was. He was covered with rice. He seemed to be knee-deep in it.

"Hurry, darling."

"I am hurrying, darling," he snapped. "Can't you see I am?" In blind desperation he stuck his head out the window. "Bark," he shouted. "The keys."

"The keys." Barker was dancing on the lawn, laughing like a madman. "He forgot the keys." At once Bark raised one shoulder and fired the key case at him. Tom caught it out of the air, fumbled and jammed the key into the ignition.

"Goodbye," they yelled. "Goodbye." "Take care of her, boy."

"Let us know if you need more money, Son."

"What a lovely couple."

The motor roared. "Hang on to your wallet, old sport," Bark yelled. Tom put it into gear, started, stopped.

"My God, what's that?"

"The tin cans." Diana was laughing. She leaned over him and he caught a whiff of her perfume. "For once it's not the car falling apart."

"Thank heaven," Tom groaned. He pressed the accelerator and the car leapt, its wheels churning gravel, pursued by the deafening thunder of thumping shoes and tin. His reflexes wincing at what at any other time would have meant a broken drive shaft, he squinted into the rear-view mirror. For a moment he saw them all, his parents and Diana's, his friends and hers, all the uncles and aunts and nephews, standing on the lawn, bright loving faces looking after them. And then he followed the bend in the road and they were gone. Diana was still leaning against him. "Don't go away," he said. And he thought, wondering, My Wife.

"What?" She straightened up, still laughing, and pushed her hair back. A startled shadow passed over her eyes and she leaned back against the door.

"I guess we're out of sight," he muttered, glancing in the mirror again. "Now we can take some of that junk off." He swung into a small side road and stopped. With the jolt, they faced each other.

For a second, neither of them spoke. Then she said, "Tom?" She laughed, the way she had been laughing. She cut it off. "Darling?" Her fingers touched his, hesitantly, timidly, a little bit frightened, pleading.

And then, with the breath-taking force of a cyclone, love struck him. He was wallowing, aching in love. "Dee," he whispered.

"Tom?" She touched his face.

"What did you think"—he bit his lip, trying to get it across to her—"how did you feel? About today, I mean." He leaned toward her.

Her gray eyes met his as she thought about it. "All so fast," she said softly. "So much." She looked down. "As though I didn't know them," she said. "I felt strange."

He nodded, and realized that grinning was no effort. He wanted to grin at himself, at Diana, and at the world. He opened his door and went around to the rear bumper to detach the cans, his first concrete act as husband in the concern of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garner, Jr.

THE END

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FOLLOW YOUR STAR

Sir Percy's mild character seemed oddly out of key with his spectacular success in life. It baffled everyone except Sir Percy

BY ALAN JENKINS ILLUSTRATED BY DON ALMQUIST

It was a long, thick parchment envelope, bearing a red seal, with the words "From the Cabinet Office." It had been delivered by messenger. The single sheet of paper inside was headed "10, Downing Street." Sir Perceval Bland read it twice before he spoke.

"Good God," he said.

"Sir?" Hickson, his personal private secretary, had been watching his master's face intently.

"The Prime Minister wants me to head a trade delegation to America. Seems they're worried about the Common Market."

"When, sir?"

"Next month. June twenty-fourth. Why me, for Heaven's sake?"

Sir Perceval, a smallish, chunky man, looked up at Hickson's thin, professional face in genuine bewilderment.

"You're an outstanding personality, sir, with an international reputation," Hickson said smoothly. "I imagine the P.M. wants a leader of industry to talk straight from the shoulder to other leaders of industry."

"But I've never been to America. Never been abroad in my life. Not my sort of thing at all." Sir Perceval began nervously joining paper clips in a chain. It was a sure sign that he was rattled.

Hickson watched him with mingled wonder, puzzlement and affection. Sir Perceval Bland, K.B.E. and a string of other letters after his name. A man who, wearing a certain expression at his club, could send other members scurrying to telephone their stockbrokers.

True-Blue Bland, they called him. Cartoonists invariably drew him with a pipe, a fishing rod and a Union Jack in his hat. He was fifty-five, and he'd never been out of Britain. Reporters never tired of asking him where he was going for his holiday. "Going abroad," he would twinkle, "to Scotland!"

Not for him the Tangier castillo, the Amalfi palazzo, the West Indian hideout. "In the British Isles we've got everything," he would say. "We just don't know our own country."

Sir Perceval's paper-clip chain was now nearly a foot long.

"Can't very well refuse the P.M., I suppose," he growled. "He might have given me a bit more notice, though. What do we need for this lark, anyway? You'll have to come, too, Hickson!"

"Air tickets, hotel reservations in Washington . . ." Hickson muttered, scribbling industriously. "You'll need some light linen suits for Washington, sir—it's excessively hot there, I understand. And your passport and passport photograph—"

"Passport? Never had one in my life. One of the few sensible things Ernie Bevin said when he was Foreign Secretary was that he'd like to tear up his passport and go where he damn well pleased."

"And a visitor's visa, signed by the American Vice-Consul—"

"Visa? What the hell's that for?"

"To make it clear that you don't intend to seek employment there, sir," Hickson said solemnly. "You have to go to Grosvenor Square and swear that you have never been associated with the Communist Party—"

Sir Perceval let out a bellow of fury. "Now look here, Hickson—"

"And then they take your fingerprints."

"Fingerprints?" Sir Perceval leapt to his feet and hurled the paper-clip chain across the room. "What do they think I'm going to do—fill my pockets at Fort Knox? It's just as I've always said. The moment you leave this country you're in trouble."

"I'd better—er—start making the arrangements." Hickson tactfully withdrew.

Left alone, Sir Perceval walked mo-

rosely over to the window and looked out upon the city.

When he turned back to the room, his face wore the uncertain look of a solitary small boy. He opened his safe and took out a black portfolio. With a glance at the door to satisfy himself that he would not be interrupted, he took out a thin typewritten paper and studied it.

It was headed *Your Individual Horoscope for June*. He ran his finger down the date chart until he came to June 24.

Important business moves go ahead, he read. Beware of possible misunderstandings. Take advantage of your social popularity, now at its height. Propitious for foreign travel. Lucky numbers: 6, 15, 24 . . .

Relief stole over him. Of course, the logical half of his mind told him, one shouldn't take it too seriously. And yet—he put the chart in his pocket and locked the safe again.

This was the secret of Bland's life. The secret that had begun on Brighton Pier, in the sultry summer of 1914 . . .

He wasn't really supposed to go on the pier alone. Mr. and Mrs. Dibben, who were strict Chapel, disapproved of certain things that went on there. They especially disapproved of the Palace of Novelties, where a boy of twelve could see things they had heard about, but never dreamed of verifying.

Poor Mr. and Mrs. Dibben: they were Percy's guardians, and he called them Uncle and Auntie. They had looked after him since his parents had died in a railway accident eight years before.

Uncle and Auntie were dozing in deck chairs on the porch. Percy had permission to go anywhere he liked (except on the piers), provided that he returned within an hour; and he had been given twopence for ice cream.

What Uncle and Auntie did not know

He clutched his last penny and stared at the machine.



was that Percy was also in possession of a postal order for the enormous sum of half a crown. This had been a birthday present from his Great-Aunt Florence, who lived in Harrogate. Great-Aunt Florence was bedridden, and Percy had only seen her twice in his life. He could hardly remember what she looked like. But she was his only living relative, and one thing she never forgot: to send him something at Christmas, and on his birthday.

Percy felt guilty about his possession of the half-crown. He had found the letter that morning, before Uncle and Auntie were up. If he told them about Great-Aunt Florence's present, they would only make him put it in the post-office savings bank. Sooner or later they would find out: but he didn't want to think about it yet. Anyway, he told himself, he wouldn't spend *all* of it today.

He changed his postal order into a shilling, a sixpence and twelve pennies at the post office, and made straight for the pier.

The Palace of Novelties was like nothing he had ever seen before in his life. There was a shooting gallery with real Winchester rifles, a lucky dip, a Try Your Strength machine . . . Percy tried them all. He had never been quite so happy in his life.

Then he noticed a row of strange-looking machines against the wall. He had heard about them in whispers from other boys. Confronting him was the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, the Hanging of Doctor Crippen, and Chinese Tortures, all gruesomely realistic. You inserted a coin, a curtain rose on a small stage, and mechanized puppets enacted their horrid roles before your eyes. Nearby was another line of machines with eyeholes to look through, and the oddest titles: "What the Butler Saw" (he didn't see much, Percy thought in slight disappointment). Mack Sennett's Bathing Belles, and Naughty Nights in Paris (four rather fat girls dancing the cancan in short skirts with some soppy-looking men in top hats, monocles, and waxed moustaches watching them).

Percy went methodically through all of them. This was *life* in all its teeming variety, this was the wonderful wicked world. It was brilliant, frightening, gorgeous. He felt sated with well-being.

There was one more machine in a corner by itself: an austere pillar of a thing, painted dark green. "Guide Your Future by the Stars," it said: "Press Button on Date of Birth and Expert Character Reading Will Follow."

How could a machine tell him these things? Percy wondered suspiciously. He had spent ninepence, and he wanted to stop at a shilling. Oh, well—blow the extravagance!—might as well have a go. He

turned the indicator to his birthday (July 26) and pressed the button. A folded card fell out of the slot. He clutched it tightly, bought an ice cream, and sat down on a hard pier seat to read his future.

You are born in the sign of LEO, he read. Your strong sense of duty, firmness of purpose and sureness of aim will carry you far along life's road.

Percy stopped licking his ice cream. In spite of himself, he was impressed. Here was appreciation at last.

You have courage and great ambition. Like others in your sign, you are born to greatness. You have but to lead: lesser men will follow you. Beware the enemy without, who would deflect you from your purpose. Beware, too, the enemy within, who would beset you with doubt. You are chivalrous in love, quick to anger when honour is at stake. Power will be yours. Use it wisely and well.

There was a note at the end which said that for an Individual Character Reading, Percy must send a shilling and a penny stamp for postage to Madame Arcati, at an address in Camberwell. But Percy was lost in a dream of the future, of the world that was his to make and mold.

Now everything was different. What did it matter that he won no prizes at school, was not particularly good at football, and often felt lonely and cut off from other children? Power would be his . . . he was born to be a great leader of men . . . A week later, the Great War broke out.

Mr. and Mrs. Dibben and Percy went home immediately, for everyone was certain the Germans would invade England immediately. Percy knew they wouldn't. Nor would the war be over by Christmas, as others thought. *Partridge's Almanac* looked at the stars and reported authoritatively that, though battles would rage in every corner of the globe, Britain and France would win the war on European soil "with the help of a great nation across the seas." That would be Russia, of course, or perhaps America.

Percy was scolded for spending Great-Aunt Florence's birthday money instead of putting it in the bank. But he didn't care. He had a secret weapon: he was one of the chosen few to whom the esoteric mysteries had been revealed.

With the help of the stars (which always insisted that he was destined for higher things) Percy stopped worrying about his homework, with the curious result that he got through it much more quickly. And at the end of the Christmas term, he was even awarded a Certificate for General Work, which showed that he had Tried Hard.

Soon after his fourteenth birthday, Percy left school. Auntie wanted him to sit for a Civil Service examination, but Uncle, a retired grocer, thought he ought to start earning money right away.

"Perishable necessities," he boomed. "Sell something that people want every day, and that doesn't keep too long."

Madame Arcati, with whom Percy now corresponded regularly, was equally explicit. *Delay at this moment would be fatal*, the stars indicated. *Enibark on new ventures. Seize your first chance at financial gain.*

So, within a month, Percy was addressing envelopes for a firm of currant importers in Mincing Lane, at a salary of fifteen shillings a week. He never actually saw a currant during the year he spent in Mincing Lane; indeed, there were precious few currants to be had, because of the war. Nevertheless, he answered an advertisement in the *Westminster Gazette* for "a junior clerk, experience in the fruit trade preferred"; and, having sought the advice of Madame Arcati (*Change is in the air, but do not change merely from boredom. Make sure that your true worth is recognized*), he got the job—at twenty-two shillings a week. The name of his new company was Horrell & Wiener, and he could now smell fruit all day long.

Percy now wrote letters to people. One of the firms he corresponded with most frequently was Grant & MacNamara, famous for their Rich Dundee Cake, which wasn't made in Dundee at all. Percy's firm supplied much of the fruit that went into these cakes.

After the war, the fruit trade began to improve. So did the cake trade. So did Percy's prospects. At seventeen, he was given a raise without asking for it. At eighteen, he actually met one of the people he had been writing letters to: young Douglas MacNamara, grandson of the managing director of Grant & MacNamara. It happened, like so many things, by accident (though according to Madame Arcati, it was all in the stars). A letter had to be hand-delivered to Grant & MacNamara. The office boy was ill, so Percy went himself.

Young MacNamara received him with a friendliness that had found no expression in the "Dear Sir" and "Yours Faithfully" of his letters.

"I've brought those import figures you asked for," Percy said.

Young MacNamara was sitting on an open roll-top desk. He grinned and shook hands. "My dear chap, most kind of you. You really shouldn't have bothered. You could have slipped them in the post. Still, it's nice to meet you. Come round the corner and have a drink."

This was a highly important develop-

ment. The stars took note of it: *Great personal advantage may result from a business contact. Relax in routine matters; devote more time to social affairs . . .*

In the following weeks, "Dear Sir" became "Dear Bland" and "Dear MacNamara," and "Yours Faithfully" eased, through "Yours Sincerely," into "Yours." By now, Percy and young MacNamara lunched together occasionally. One day, not unexpectedly, young MacNamara offered Percy a job. He named a salary 25 per cent higher than Percy was getting.

Percy asked for time to think it over. The stars had been wrong when, six months ago, they had advised him to ask Mr. Wiener for a raise. For the present they counseled: *Take no risks this week. There are hostile influences which may be invisible to you. Play for time.* A week later they seemed as uncertain as he was himself: *Take a chance, they said; the influences are obscure. You cannot lose, and you may win.*

So Percy went to Mr. Wiener and told him of young MacNamara's offer. But Mr. Wiener made no counter-offer.

"I should have thought it more civil of Mr. MacNamara Senior if he had asked me to release you," he said with his thin smile. "However, don't let me stand in your way, Bland. But I would remind you that your prospects here are still very good."

In great perturbation Percy flew back to the zodiac for guidance. The stars seemed to have lost their dynamism. *You seem to be at a crossroads, they replied. Do not set foot upon an unknown road until you have reason to believe that there is a City of Gold at the end of it. Meanwhile, the Unexpected takes a hand . . .*

It was true. Great-Aunt Florence died and left him a hundred pounds.

The following week, young MacNamara offered Percy 50 per cent more than his old salary, and his mind was made up.

Life at Grant & MacNamara's was more fun: the whole atmosphere was younger, more full of ideas than at Horrell & Wiener. And the next year, just before his twenty-first birthday, Percy found himself in charge of the firm's stand at the British Empire Exhibition. It was also the year of the Everest Expedition, and the principal exhibit was Percy's idea: a model of Mount Everest in Dundee cake.

That year, too, Uncle and Auntie died, and Percy moved into his own flat in Finchley.

It was about this time that Percy read an article in the *Universal Digest* about great men who had become great through

their skill in public speaking. So he took a short correspondence course, and bought a little book called "Witty Speeches for All Occasions." The stars were all in favor of this: *Project your personality more, they said. You have faith in your destiny, but you must sell that faith to other people.*

His progress at Grant & MacNamara was now so rapid that Percy's trust in the stars wavered a little: he sometimes thought them too timid, too cautious. But they were right: the 1929 slump might have caught him napping if the stars had not warned him: *Others panic, but you do not. Consolidate your resources. Private life now becomes all-important. Concentrate on emotional matters concerning someone near to you . . .*

In fact, there were two emotional matters near to Percy: a rather expensive young lady called Dawn Frobisher, and a younger, less demanding girl named Margaret MacNamara with whom he played tennis on weekends. She was young MacNamara's first cousin.

The stars were very definite, not to say blunt, about Dawn Frobisher. *The painted surface of things and people, the pursuit of vain pleasures, are not for one of your nobility, they chided.*

Four months later he married Margaret MacNamara.

About a year after this, Grant & MacNamara took over a chain of cafés, and Percy, at the age of twenty-nine, was put on the Board as Catering Director. With the death of two other directors, and the retirement of three more (they were all excessively old), Percy found himself, by the summer of 1935, Managing Director and member of the Board of Grant & MacNamara.

Percy and Margaret celebrated this last appointment with a holiday in Cornwall. They had been to Cornwall every summer since their marriage, except one, when they went to Scotland; and although Margaret was always trying to persuade him to go abroad, she never had any measure of success until 1939. They had planned a motor tour of France and Italy in the late autumn; but Percy knew that it would never happen. The stars had their reasons . . .

War came. After two years in charge of a unit whose sole job was to look after four seldom-used searchlights in Yorkshire, he was made Catering Adviser to the Armed Forces. And when peace came again, his empire grew. It seemed to flourish without effort on his part. His life now consisted mainly of talking, of addressing meetings and club luncheons. He was deeply thankful for the course in public speaking which the *Universal Digest* had advised him to take, all those years ago.

In 1950 he accepted, with genuine bewilderment, a knighthood.

So here he was, one of Britain's few postwar millionaires, furtively locking his private safe and slipping into his pocket a half-crown horoscope, the key to a career that had been born on Brighton Pier forty-three years ago with the burning words: *Power will be yours. Use it wisely and well.*

They seemed ridiculous now: true, but ridiculous. Nowadays, of course, he had graduated far beyond Brighton Pier and Madame Arcati: he had his annual horoscope worked out by a Hungarian astrologer who took a week to do it, and it cost him a pretty penny, too. But, in his heart, he still preferred the popular snippets in the papers.

The American trip was only four days away now. A disgruntled Sir Perceval had had to have his passport photograph taken, to fill in forms, to be vaccinated. At last all the documents were gathered together and he was ready for the American Consul. He thumbed impatiently through the bundle of papers, studied his passport (it was his first) for a few moments, and then frowned.

"Here, they've got my birthday wrong."

Hickson, all horn-rimmed anxiety, peered over his shoulder. "August 26, 1903," he read. "Isn't that right, sir?"

"No. It should be July 26."

"But it says August 26 on your birth certificate, sir."

"My birth certificate? Never seen it. I don't need a birth certificate to tell me when I was born. My Great-Aunt Florence always told me it was July 26, and she ought to have known. She said my mother told her I was born at two in the morning. They thought I was dead at first because they couldn't make me yell."

Hickson was agitated. "I have two copies of your birth certificate here, sir—I got them from Somerset House." He laid two rather flimsy white slips of paper on Sir Perceval's desk. "It says that you were born on August 26, 1903, in Bruddersthorpe, Yorkshire. It is signed by a Dr. Holroyd."

Sir Perceval seemed to crumple over his blotting pad. "I—I don't believe it," he muttered. "I just—don't bloody well believe it. And yet—" He held his head in his hands.

Hickson hovered anxiously around his master. "Are you all right, sir? Shall I get you a tranquillizer or something?"

"No." Sir Perceval sat up slowly and took a deep breath. "My parents died when I was three, Hickson. Great-Aunt Florence was the only relative I had, and she used to send me birthday presents on July 26th, so I naturally thought—and my guardians naturally assumed—" He made a helpless gesture with his hands.

"She was a very forgetful old lady, anyhow. Some people thought she was dotty. Her heart was in the right place, anyway." He seemed suddenly to have aged. "It's a bit of a shock, you know, to discover that you're a month younger than you thought. For over fifty years I've celebrated my birthday on July 26. It's a very odd feeling. Hickson. As if I were really someone else. not me at all."

Suddenly he braced himself and for a minute became the True-Blue Bland the city knew. "Send a telegram to Bruddersthorpe—Registrar of Births, parish priest. Town Clerk, anyone you like. Hickson. I want to know who's right—Great-Aunt Florence or those damned civil servants at Somerset House. And I want to know *tomorrow*."

"Very well, sir."

"And now I'm going home early. Goodbye."

Sir Perceval drove down to Hampshire rather faster than usual. Behind the wheel. Sir Perceval felt lonely, small, and for the first time since his school-days, frightened. *Power will be yours . . . But whose? Whose? Who am I?*

August 26! So he was a Virgo after all, not a Leo! He knew well enough what the character readings of Virgoans were (Margaret was one): *You have a mathematical mind, often too preoccupied with minor details to achieve your ambitions. Your plans are sometimes spoilt by hesitancy and self-analysis. There are notable exceptions, of course, such as Louis Quatorze and Greta Garbo; but in general Virgoans are well advised to stick to routine occupations where they cannot be betrayed by their basic lack of self-confidence . . .*

After dinner, he and his wife took their coffee and brandy out to the terrace behind the Queen Anne house and watched the sun go down behind the New Forest. This was his home, and not a brick of it would have been his if—

"Tell me." Margaret's voice came softly. He had never been able to keep anything from her for long. "Tell me. You're worrying about something. Is it this American trip? Oh, darling. I wish I were coming with you—"

"No. Not exactly . . ." He sighed heavily. "Look, darling. I've got a sort of confession to make—"

He told her what he had never told a living soul before: about Brighton Pier, about Madame Arcati. And about the shattering discovery that afternoon that he had never been meant to be a leader of men after all . . .

"Well, what do you think of me?" he finished wretchedly.

Margaret was shaking her head and laughing. "I knew about the horoscopes," she said.

"You knew?"

"Yes. You used to leave things about rather carelessly when we were first married, you know—oh, I didn't read them, but—I learned to recognize letters from Camberwell marked 'Private and Confidential.' Once I was satisfied that they didn't come from another woman—and I certainly wasn't jealous of Madame Arcati—I saw no harm in it, and I still don't."

"But Margaret, don't you see, my whole life has been a fraud! I'm not really me at all. I've based my whole career on a mistake!"

"It's been a very lucky mistake for us, dear," she said practically. She gripped his arm and looked into his distraught face. "Listen, Percy. Everything you've done in your life you've done by yourself—by your own energy, your own courage, your own judgment. You took your chances and made the most of them. Shall I tell you something else?"

"What?"

"That silly machine on Brighton Pier gave you a boost when you needed it. It gave you a target. And you simply used this horoscope business as a sort of talisman, to back up what you'd more or less decided to do anyway. Thousands of people do. I do."

He stared. "You do?"

"Well, I look at *You and the Stars* every day in the *Daily Echo*, just as I look at the weather forecast. One's as likely to come true as the other. I get a lot of fun out of it."

Sir Perceval nodded slowly. "It's all going to cause so much trouble," he fretted. "It means altering hundreds of documents, insurance policies, books and articles people have written about me, the Court Circular in the *Times*—and think of all the obituaries they've probably got filed away about me in every newspaper office in London! And I shall be a month late in qualifying for my old age pension!"

He was laughing now; but Margaret said, "You'll not alter anything, Percy. Promise me, now. It would be too complicated at this stage. Any way, you should be glad you're a month younger than you thought you were."

"Oh, I am, my dear. I am. It's just that I can't get used to my new personality."

"Percy! Think of all the babies that have been born a month later than they were expected! Our first was, wasn't it? Maybe you were, too. And anyhow, you've made yourself a Leo—by will power!"

A telephone rang in the depths of the house. The butler appeared: "It's Mr. Hickson, sir." Sir Perceval went in to take the call.

When he returned his face had cleared, and he was almost jaunty. "Hickson's been in touch with the Registrar at Bruddersthorpe," he said. "There's no doubt about it—it is August. You know, I'm beginning to *enjoy* my new personality—shy, retiring, pottering about with my mathematical mind full of unimportant details. What shall I do, dear? Sack myself and take a job in the Accounting Department?" He chuckled and poured more brandy. But suddenly his face clouded again.

"I wonder if it's all right—about New York and Washington?"

"Of course it is, dear. You're going to be a great success over there, just as you always are at home."

"I don't mean that. I mean the flight. You know how I hate flying, Meg. I can just about stand an hour and a half in a Viscount, going up to Glasgow or Belfast for meetings, but twelve hours . . . Imagine it, Meg, half the brains of British industry cooped up in one plane! Good heavens, if it were to crash—"

"I won't let you even think of it, Percy Bland!" She was angry now. "It's not like you to talk like that. You're going straight to bed with a glass of milk and an aspirin—"

The Stratocruiser in the gathering dusk looked immensely reassuring. Percy dealt quickly with the Press. True-Blue Bland's first trip abroad was obviously going to hog tomorrow's front pages. He greeted the men he knew: automobile magnates, builders of nuclear reactors, men of steel and coal and electricity. And as they all shuffled towards the boarding point, he was joined by a panting Hickson who thrust an envelope into his hand. "From Lady Bland, sir. Your chauffeur tried to bring it to you before, but the whole place is stiff with detectives . . ."

Sir Perceval did not open it until engines softly screaming, the plane was taxiing up the runway. He would read it now, to occupy his mind during take-off.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22), he read. The usual character reading and advice on personal expenditure. Then: *Foreign travel is strongly indicated during June, with favourable trends in business. Best days for travel—8th, 14th, 19th, 24th. . . .*

Airborne, permitted to unfasten his seat-belt and smoke. True-Blue Bland soared, at six miles a minute, into his new destiny.

THE END

He told her of his shattering discovery. To his surprise, she laughed.



SECOND CHOICE

"I'll always want her," the boy said. "I'll find someone else, but it won't be the same." His words—youthful, passionate, foolish—struck a strange echo in his father's heart

BY MARY MCSHERRY ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

He sat at his suitably littered desk, hoping he did not look like a man who expected trouble to burst through the door.

"Don't let him know I called you," Margaret had warned. "Don't let him know you had any idea he was coming. I don't want him to think we're ganging up, but—" But they were, of course. They were and they had to. It was the only thing to do. But of course Charles would not understand. Charles was young. Too young, far too young. That was the whole problem. Well, most of the problem. The rest of it—He tried to turn off his mind. There was no point in trying to analyze the thing before it was presented to him, before he was even supposed to know about it. There was no point in worrying. He had told Margaret that.

"Don't worry," he had said, a touch sharply, for Margaret was not a worrier—not a fretter, anyway. Not like the wives of some poor devils, always phoning the office to dump every microscopic trouble into their husband's lap. Margaret wasn't like that. When she interrupted him at work, it was because—

"He's so wrought up." Her voice had been thin, strained. "He acts—well, you'll see. He just found out about this Australia thing today. He got a letter. And then he phoned her. And then he came racing down here. Oh, John, you can't imagine how he's taking this."

Oh, can't I? he'd thought. But that was not the thing to say. Not to Margaret. "I'll talk to him," he'd said instead. "Don't worry about a thing. I'll handle this."

"And you'll tell him he can't?" she'd urged, having to hear it in so many words. "It's his whole life, John. He's only twenty."

"I am aware—" He'd tried a little joke for Margaret's sake—not much of a joke.

"I am aware of my only child's age." Even as he said it, the word *child* struck him as wrong. Man. Twenty was a man. He knew; he had reason to. But that had nothing to do with today, nothing to do with Margaret or Charles. But perhaps it would help him talk more forcibly, more persuasively to Charles. He could sit down with him there and lean across the desk and tell him. "Don't worry," he had told Margaret again. "I'll handle it. And of course I'll tell him he can't."

He'd hung up then and spread a brief and a couple of reference books on his desk so he would look busy. And why shouldn't he look busy? He *was* busy—couldn't maintain a suite of offices like this without keeping busy. He glanced around the room at the paneling, the carpeting, the good, heavy red drapes. He was glad Charles was coming here. Maybe a prophet was without honor in his own country, but even a son ought to sense that a man in an office like this, seated behind a desk like this—well, it proved something, didn't it? He pushed the buzzer to tell his secretary not to let anyone interrupt him once Charles came, and then he sat back, rehearsing what he would say to his son when the boy came bursting through the door.

But Charles did not burst in. He halted poker-stiff in the doorway, and John saw in a glance what Margaret had meant: that hit-over-the-head look. Taking it very hard. Never call him handsome now. Skinny, all of a sudden. Oh, damn that girl! No, be fair. Not her fault. But all the same, look at the boy! He half rose, not wanting to show concern, but showing it. "Well, Charlie—" He held out his hand, but Charles did not move toward him. "Well, come in, come in." What was the matter

with the boy, planting himself there like a job applicant or something. Like a stranger—and of course that was it. The business gambit. Not the son, running to his father, but one man making a business call on another. He was tempted to point out that very few businessmen paid calls wearing white rubber-soled shoes. No, let it pass. "Well, Son—"

Charles slapped the word down. "I suppose Mother phoned and told you I was coming."

"Well—" Change of plans here, but it would be a cold day when he couldn't afford to concede the obvious. "Well, you know your mother." He smiled.

But Charles did not smile back. Still like a ramrod he closed the door and advanced toward the desk with a measured pace considerably less suited to his stretched-out body than his usual bound. "May I sit down?"

"Oh, for God's sake." That was going too far. Probably offer a calling card next. "Naturally I expect you to sit down. Do I usually keep you standing?"

Charles blinked once, but otherwise gave no sign that he had heard. Well, maybe he hadn't. At a time like this—Oh, it was hell to be twenty and in a fix like this. Hell while it lasted, and at twenty you didn't know it wouldn't last forever. "Charlie, look here—"

But Charles was looking intently at a piece of paper he had fished out of his jacket pocket. He started to hand the paper across the desk and then pulled it back. "You know why I'm here, but I want to say something first. This isn't the way I wanted to handle this. I'd rather just quit school and get a job, but Ann won't let me."

"She won't let you!"

The irony was wasted. Charles wasn't

Suppose he had married her when he was twenty. Would he still see her as the Dresden figurine he envisioned her then? He'd never know



SECOND CHOICE

(continued)

even looking at him. That paper in his hand—what was written on it that was so important that the boy couldn't even glance up? "So I've got to ask you—but just for a loan. And not for much. It won't cost you much more than you're spending on me now. I'll pay you back, every cent. I swear I will." He shoved the paper across the desk, and now he did look up, and he should not have, for his eyes gave him away. He might sit there as if he'd swallowed a poker and sound like a stranger applying for a routine loan at a bank, but his eyes were eyes John knew too well: Please, Dad. I hurt, Dad. Help me, Dad. Twenty—twenty, and he might as well still be ten.

"Look, Charles—" Without glancing down at the paper, he gestured dismissively at it. "We're not talking about money."

"I am." And there went his chin, thrusting out stubbornly the way it always did. "I've got to. I've got to have money. Mother told you, didn't she? Ann's father is being transferred to Australia. They'll be gone for three years, maybe five. I've got to have money to get married. We'll have to, right away."

Have to! Margaret hadn't hinted at this. He leaned over the desk. "Do you mean—"

"No, I don't!" This wasn't the businesslike stranger, bounding up, glaring fire. "Ann and I are not—But I suppose if we were, if I meant what *you* thought, you'd be breaking your neck to get us married, wouldn't you? Well, it's no different now, not for me. I still have to marry her. I still need the money. I—oh, damn!" Abruptly he sank down on the chair. "It's awful to have to talk about money at a time like this. Dirty, almost."

The words jerked the present right out from under John. He stared at the boy's bitter, anguished face and then jerked his eyes away. Looking at him was too much like looking backward into a mirror, a mirror that could talk. "I know," he said finally. "I know what you mean."

But if Charles heard the words, he did not hear the message. He was too wrapped up in his own message: money, he had to have money.

"Wait." John pulled himself out of the quicksand of memory. "I said we weren't talking about money, and we're not. That's incidental. You're talking about getting married, and you're only twenty."

"You think I can't be in love because I'm only twenty?"

There it was again. "No, I don't think that. I was twenty once myself, you know." But it was clear Charles did not know. Charles' eyes said impatiently that his father had never been a day under forty-five. He had always sat behind a vast desk, behind a

door with his name on it in gold leaf, fourteen stories high in a good building on a good street, wearing a good suit made by a good tailor who specialized in disguising the confusion between chest and stomach. Lord, Lord, what could you say? "Charlie—"

But Charles was grabbing up the scribbled-on piece of paper, thrusting it out demandingly.

"Yes, yes, yes, I see it! I see all your figures. And for the third time, that is not what I'm talking about. I—" No, no—never get anywhere this way. Anyway. hard enough on the boy without being yelled at. "Charlie, look—for five minutes be sensible. Just because Ann's going to live in Australia for a while doesn't mean you have to rush into marriage. People come back from Australia. This doesn't mean you'll never see her again."

"Three years!" Charles' voice stretched the time to eternity. "Two years if I skip law school and just finish college and get a job."

"Skip law school!" Oh, Lord—Charlie! Charlie ready to throw away his chances for that girl. Nice enough girl, yes, but Charlie—good-looking, bright, likable. All right, all right, *mine*, but he's got stuff. A stranger could see it. "Look, Charlie, I know you're upset, but don't sell yourself short. Give yourself a chance. You don't have to rush into anything. You're young. Ann's young. Now she's a nice girl, a very nice girl, very pretty. But you've only known her eight months. And whether you like it or not, you're only twenty. Tastes change. And people change. And the girl you want at twenty may not be the wife you'd want at twenty-five, or at forty. She might—"

She might be somebody you'd walk right past, his mind finished for him, and he felt again the shocked disbelief that had struck him—when was it, last month? The month before? Whenever it was, there she'd been—her day in town, her *scheduled* day. The stereotyped housewife: a day for this, a day for that, Thursday to run errands in town. And, oh Lord, she was fat and— He leaned forward. Tell him. This is what he ought to know, had to know. Twenty didn't last. "Charlie—" But there weren't any words for it. No way to pass on his shock, his incredulity. "Charlie, people change. And you've got a long time ahead of you to decide what you want. You've got to think about these things."

Like telling the wind to think! "I'll always want Ann. Always!"

"All right, fine. If you do, that's fine. But it still doesn't mean that you have to rush into marriage. Suppose she does move to Australia. You can keep in touch. You can write. If she really loves you, she'll wait. That's not much of a risk."

"But I can't take *any* risks. If I were with her, sure. But she's so beautiful, there'll always be men wanting her. And if I lose her—"

The echo again. "I know. I know." Oh Lord, I know. "She's the only girl in the world."

"Don't make fun of me!"

"I'm not making fun of you! Good Lord. I'm trying—" But there was no point in trying. "I'm just trying to say that I know it's hard for you. I know. You think if you lose this girl you'll never find another."

Not a word. Just the half-closed eyes and the long, slumped silence. And then the flat voice. "No. No, I don't think that. I wish I did. Because if I lost Ann. I know how it'd be for me. I'd feel—well. I know how it'd be. But after a while, after I was out of law school and all, I wouldn't want to be alone. Not always. So—" Another silence and the last bit of starch washed out of the painfully honest voice. "So I'd look around and find somebody. But it wouldn't be the same, and I'd know it wasn't. There'd always be things I couldn't tell her; there'd always be part of me I'd have to keep secret." His eyes opened, stabbed directly at John. "I'd always know she was a second choice."

John found himself on his feet. "No! It wouldn't be like that at all!" He had to pause, to sort out his words from his pulse. "I was twenty-six when I met your mother."

"All right, that was your good luck! What if you'd been twenty? What if you'd met her when you were twenty and didn't have a cent?"

"Well, that doesn't mean—" But he couldn't finish. It would have been like whispering a secret to a deaf man. Charles wouldn't hear him, or if he did, he'd say. "That's different." And it was different. Ann couldn't hold a candle to Ruth. Dresden figurine. Skin like apricots. And her smile—that wonderful, slow, wide, generous smile. Like sunshine. Funny—sunshine. It must have rained then just as much as now, but when he remembered Ruth, he always saw her in the sunshine. Even after that encounter last month, he still remembered. Not that he spent much time remembering. Couldn't dwell in the past. The present is the only time. He looked across at Charles. Well, sometimes you have to temper the present to build a future. Such as when you're twenty. Even when it hurts. When it hurts so bad—He banged one hand down hard on the desk. "Do you think you're the first man who ever loved a woman he couldn't have?"

"No! No, I don't! But I don't think I'm the first man who ever got married at twenty, either. And I don't see why

you've got to make such a production out of it. Look, all I want is a loan. All I'm asking for is some money."

"Oh, it is, is it?" He let himself shout. Never mind persuasion. Tell him. Tell him a few things he ought to hear. A babe in the woods—all he was asking for was money! "You don't even know all you're asking. You don't know what you're asking of yourself, much less of your mother and me. Yes, us. We're people. We're your parents. We've invested in you—time and thought. *And* money. Plenty of money. We've given you a good life, good schools, planned to send you to law school, give you a year at Oxford. And we haven't been aiming at seeing you end up in some miserable apartment, having to grab the first job somebody offered you, doing God knows what! All right, all right, forget all that. This is your life—as I'm sure you're all set to point out. Then look at it. What are you going to do with it? It's not easy to get ahead. It's hard work. I know. You think I got where I am just by—by waving a wand or something? I worked. And I was free to keep my mind on my work. You tie a wife and maybe some babies around your neck before you even get out of school, and where'll you be?"

"I'll be with Ann."

"And where'll Ann be? She'll be tied **A** down with no help and a bathroom full of diapers and a few bargain basement clothes in her closet. Do you think that's what she's used to? What she wants to get used to?"

"We wouldn't mind skimping at first. We're young."

"Yes, you're young!" His voice made it a term of scorn. With the same scorn he pointed at the list in his hand. "Look at that! *Rent fifty dollars!* Do you have any idea what kind of a place you can rent up there for fifty dollars? No, you don't. And that's not all you don't know. You don't have any idea what it would be like if we were foolish enough to let you get married."

"You don't have any idea what it will be like if you don't."

And there were the boy's eyes. There was that mirror image again, that naked erasing of time. He pushed back his chair. "Look, I can't talk about this any more." And that was not much of a lie. To have to sit here, looking at those eyes, hearing that desperate young voice, that voice and echoes of the other—"I have to go out for lunch." Had to go somewhere. Might as well be lunch. "And I can't take you along. If you want to come home over the weekend—"

"I'll wait. I've got to settle it now. I've got to see her father."

"As far as I'm concerned, it is settled." Busy with his topcoat, he shot a prodding

look. "It's impossible." Charles didn't move. "Well, you can wait there if you want to." And he left, rushed out, fled to the street. But even out on the street, John saw the boy's eyes. Even out on the street, he knew. It wasn't stubbornness that kept the boy there. It was desperation.

He walked quickly, looking about at the buildings and the passersby with deliberate attentiveness, trying to distract his mind from the memory of the boy's eyes. A menu taped to a restaurant door read: *Thursday Special, Roast Beef*. He shook his head. *Thursday Special, Trouble*, was more like it, but maybe some roast beef would help to—And then he wasn't thinking about the roast beef. *Thursday*. He halted in the center of the sidewalk, flagged down by the word, by the possibilities it vaguely suggested. Yes, it had been a Thursday. That's what she had said: "A New Yorker only on Thursday—my day for errands in town."

Remembering the words, he recalled everything else, the whole scene, the whole impossible encounter. That's what he had called it when he had bumped into her—literally—knocking her bundles to the sidewalk. And when he had picked them up and handed them over, he would have walked on, not knowing she wasn't just another overweight woman in a silly hat. But then she had smiled. It was the only thing that was the same—the smile.

He'd exclaimed thoughtlessly, "Ruth! It's impossible!" Then he'd had to fumble his way out of that. "I mean, it's such a surprise. I thought you lived out west somewhere. I didn't know you were back in New York. I thought—" But he couldn't say what he'd thought, or what he'd never thought. Not this, never! Not this woman with the no-colored hair and the matronly form. Oh, Ruth, Ruth—

gone, that's all! And then he thought of the champagne glow and the torture—the hair like golden silk, and the skin—Well, never mind that.

She hadn't seemed to mind. She'd smiled with no hint of embarrassment and explained, as if she really thought that's what surprised him, that her husband had been transferred back east, New Jersey or someplace. "So I'm really only a New Yorker on Thursdays. That's my day to do errands in town." She glanced down at the bundles and then back at him. "I suppose it seems funny to you, doesn't it—me with a strict schedule?"

"Funny" was not the word he would have chosen, not while looking at Ruth. And, abruptly, he had been unable to go on looking at her any longer. But he couldn't just walk off, so he had agreed that it was funny and reached for an exit line. "The way you were rushing along, you must be in a hurry. I hope I haven't made you late for something."

"Nothing important. It's just that a waitress saves me a table at a little place down the block."

There had been no overtones of invitation in the way she had said it, nothing coy; and yet certainly it would have been natural enough for him to have invited her to lunch. But he had not. He had invented an urgent appointment and fled. Oh, he'd been pleasant about it, said how very sorry he was. But he had fled. Because it was one thing to have told himself all these years that he had done the right thing not to rush into marriage so young. It was something else to have his argument proved so painfully. That was proof he could have done without, he'd told himself. But now he was not so sure.

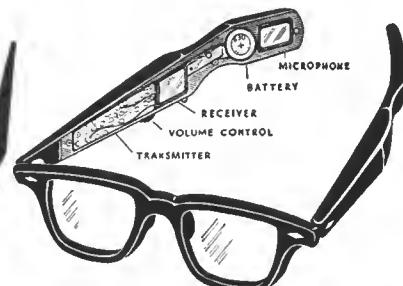
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SECOND CHOICE (continued)

Now he needed all the proof he could get. Proof to convince Charlie that he knew what he was talking about. And words wouldn't do it. Talk yourself hoarse, words wouldn't convince him. But if Charlie saw for himself, saw what his father had nearly thrown away *his* chances for—

A plan taking shape in his mind, he turned and struck out in the direction of last month's encounter. Let's see, precisely what had she said about that restaurant? Well, there couldn't be too many in that block.

There were four, but as he stepped through the door of the third, he saw her. Or, rather, he saw her hat. Same one. Looked like a fruit salad. Margaret

wouldn't have worn it for money. And seeing Ruth under it, jammed into a corner at that dinky table, he knew he'd been right to come. And he knew what he was going to do. Not phone Charlie to come here. Oh, no. Get her to the office. Let Charlie see her on home ground, where he'd seen Margaret so often. Margaret who was always smart and crisp, always right. Let him see her, let him wonder, and then when she left, drop the bomb. Who was that, Dad? Well, Charlie, I'll tell you: when I was twenty—Oh, that ought to do it! He made his way to her table.

"This is wonderful, finding you."

She looked up, startled. "Why, John—" And then she blushed, blushed like a girl. She probably thought—well, of

course she did. She'd hardly think he'd tracked her down just to prove the perils of young love. His conscience knifed him, and to make up for the cruelty she would never guess, he invented a compliment. "I've been promising myself, ever since we ran into each other, that my first free Thursday, I'd make a search of the restaurants along here and find you."

She smiled—strange how the smile had stayed the same. "I'm so glad you did." She looked surprised, but not flustered. Just sat there, looking up at him, smiling. "Well, aren't you going to sit down?"

"Oh—oh, yes." After all, he could hardly just grab her by the hand and rush her up to the office. But when he was sitting opposite her, he could think of almost nothing to say. "Well—" Yes, that was it. After all, he had looked her up. "Well, now tell me about yourself."

"There's not much to tell."

As he listened, he was inclined to agree with her. Nothing much and nothing he'd trade for. This wasn't what he'd wanted—the P.T.A. and the trip to Yellowstone. And there came the inevitable pictures. Nice enough kids, but—

"And that's Jim—" She hesitated before handing it over.

And there he was, the man he'd hated so hotly. The man who'd borne her off to Iowa or wherever it was. He was pleased to see that he was bald. "Well, that's quite a family you have."

"Yes." She gave him her full, generous smile. "And you?"

"Well—" Somehow he felt a little guilty, now that she was giving him his chance. But it was for Charlie. He had to think of the boy. "Well, I have just one—one son—and as a matter of fact, he's in town today. I've been wishing I had him with me, so he could meet you."

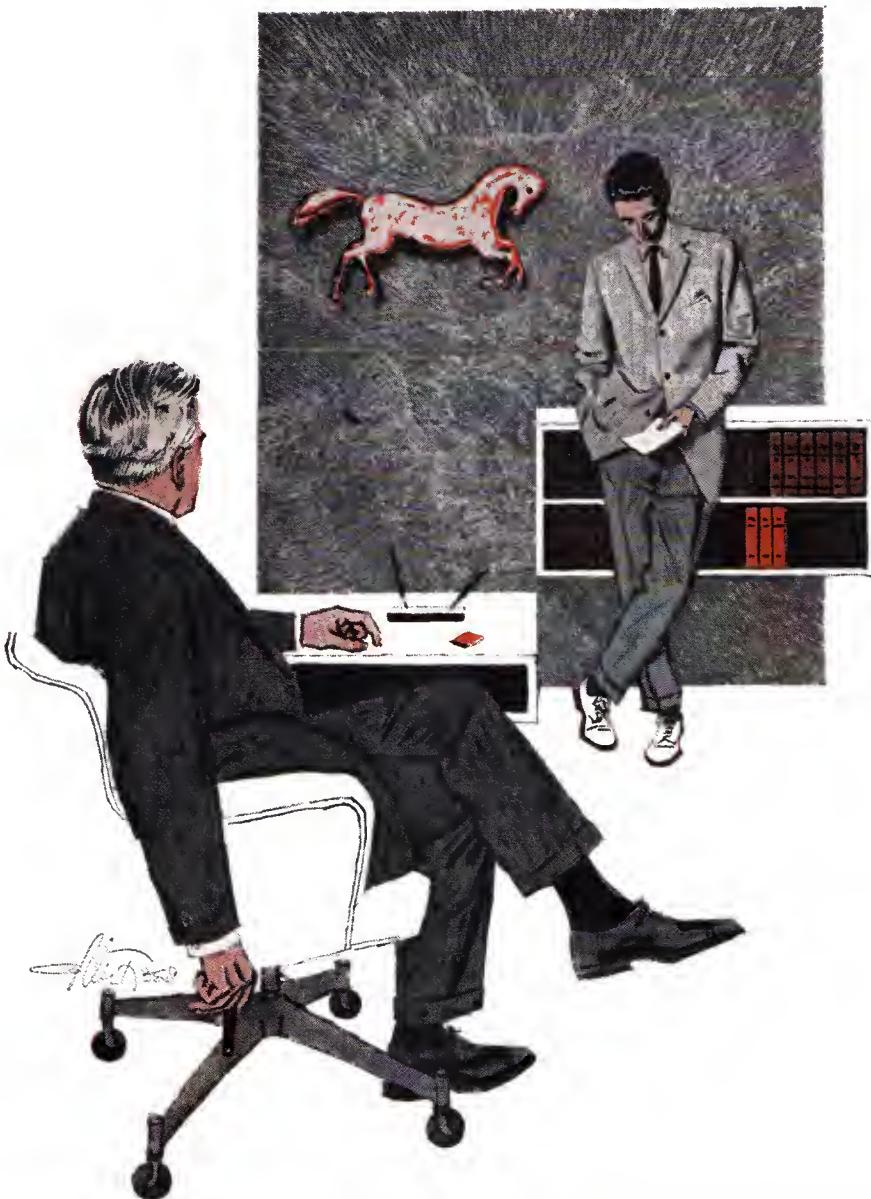
She was silent for a moment. "Yes, I would have liked to meet your son."

And something hit him very hard. Something that had nothing to do with Charlie or with this plump woman in the ridiculous hat. Something that was not even an echo, because ghosts leave no echoes—unborn ghosts least of all. But something—and he could not find any words to chase it away.

She looked directly at him. Her eyes were still very blue. "I still have the charm you gave me."

And as she said it, he could see the little silver house, see her face as she had first seen it. He could hear her voice saying so much more than the words. "A house—" Oh Lord, the way she had said that and then—He leaned forward, talking to her now, not to some woman he'd found in a tea room. "You kept it? I should think you'd have thrown it out."

"Oh, I didn't tell Jim. I just never mentioned that you gave it to me."



The boy stared stubbornly at his list. "All I'm asking for is a loan," he pleaded. "Just enough to start us." "Tastes change," his father answered. "The girl you want now may not be the wife you'd want at forty."

"I didn't mean that." But he had known without meaning it. Without her saying. There were some things you just didn't tell anyone else. Charles' bitter prophecy flashed through his mind: ". . . always part of me I'd have to keep secret." But his own words drowned out the echo of Charles', rushing out without his planning them or thinking about them, bursting out as if the accusation had been bottled up inside him, seeking release all these years. "I meant, you were the one who married first." He was surprised at his intensity, at the old, familiar hurt.

Ruth looked surprised, too. "I wouldn't have, if you had wanted me. No, you didn't really. What you wanted was to be somebody, to get somewhere. And you didn't want me in your way."

"That's not so!" For the second time today his hand slapped down, hard. "I wanted you. God knows I wanted you! But it was impossible. I had no money. I had no prospects. I had law school ahead of me. I wanted you, all right, but I was only twenty years old. It was the wrong time. It just wasn't the time to have you, that's all."

"If you had wanted me enough, it would have been the right time." Her voice was gentle, but absolutely sure. She looked directly at him, not complaining, not accusing, just certain. "If you'd really wanted me, why, the school and the money, all that—we'd have found a way. And you'd have been somebody, too. Because you wouldn't have stopped till you were."

He was unprepared for his wave of anger. "We'd have been dirt poor—probably had a baby!" But she only nodded, smiling that unruffable smile, taking it all in stride. And his anger dropped away from him. The way she smiled—It had never occurred to him before that there was strength in a smile. He leaned forward, her answer very important to him. "Ruth, do you really think we could have swung it? Do you really think we could have made it work?"

"Of course." Not a minute's hesitation. "We'd have managed, if we'd both wanted to badly enough. People do."

He looked across the table and the years. "I was so young, so damned young. I didn't know."

Tactfully she looked away, gave an embarrassed laugh. "Well, there's no use worrying about it now. It isn't as if everything hadn't worked out well for both of us. Jim and I have been awfully happy. He's a fine man. And—" her smile put on manners—"I'm sure your wife is charming and you're happy, too. It worked out fine for both of us. Just different, that's all."

"Yes. Just a little different." The in-

tensity, the anguish. That leaping, bounding feeling. Not that it hadn't been good with Margaret. And still was. Very good. Very. One in a million. Margaret. A good wife—a man couldn't ask for a better. But still, what might it have been like if he'd taken a chance? What would he have been like now? And if Ruth had looked like this, would he still have seen her as the Dresden beauty? Would his heart still have pounded, would he have run the last few steps home, or would it have simmered down to a sensible partnership? No point in asking. He would never know. He only knew that it would have been different. And it would have been possible.

"Ruth—" He scraped back his chair, signaled the waitress for the check. "Ruth, it's been wonderful seeing you, and I wish I could stay longer, but—"

She smiled up at him, unsurprised. "You were always in a hurry. You haven't changed."

"You haven't changed, either." It started out as gallantry, but as he said it, he recognized it for the truth. The smile—that was it, wasn't it? The smile and all it meant. "I guess people don't change much. I'm still in a hurry."

He was in a particular hurry today. If Charlie had left—But of course he hadn't. Apparently he had not even moved. He still sat clutching the chair. His hands tightened on it as John walked briskly around him to the desk and pulled open a drawer.

"Dad—"

Now, I haven't time to talk any more." Without even shedding his coat, he pulled out the pad and scribbled hastily. And then, his eyes on Charles, he tore out the check. Now watch him! "This isn't for groceries and it isn't for rent. It's for a ring. Well, go on, go on—take it. And don't skimp when you spend it. Buy her a ring with a decent sized stone in it—something she doesn't need a magnifying glass to find. After all, she'll keep it for the rest of her life. Women are funny that way. And don't worry about paying me back—not for this or for any of the rest you'll need. You'll pay me back, all right. But not with money. You'll pay me back by amounting to something!" Look at him—poleaxed. A state of shock. "Right this minute you could pay me back by looking a little more alive."

And then Charles came alive. There he was—that was Charlie. The grin, the explosion, the burst of thanks. "Gee, I can't quite believe it. I can't tell you what it means!" Dazed, he looked from the check to his father. "I'll tell you the truth—I was afraid I wasn't getting anywhere with you."

"Well—" But he did not even debate

telling him. "I just had to think it over, that's all."

"All I can say is 'Thanks.' All I can say—" But his thoughts were clearly racing ahead of him. There were things he wanted to say, but not these things, and not to his father. He bounded to the door. "When I tell Ann—" He halted for a second in the doorway. "Say, I won't have time to phone home. You'll tell Mom, won't you?"

"Oh—" It was a knife through his lightheadedness. Now what was Margaret going to say? He sat down abruptly. "Yes, yes, I'll tell her."

Charles might have said something else as he left, but John did not hear him. Well, he might as well phone and get it over. Just tell her. He couldn't explain. It was something he could never explain, not to her. Guilt making him brusque, he plunged in as soon as she answered. "Margaret, you won't like this, but I told him he could. I told him I'd stake him."

Silence.

His guilt mounting, he waited for her to speak. Well, damn it, somebody had to say something. "I know it's not what we agreed on, but—well, I thought it over. I mean, after all, there's nothing wrong with being twenty and in love and getting what you want."

Again the silence, and then her voice, a different voice, not like Margaret's. A far-off voice, almost wistful. "No, there's nothing wrong with that. They should be very happy."

He sat there holding the phone and feeling naked. She knew. He'd never said a word, but somehow she knew or had guessed. "Margaret—" He almost rushed into an explanation, into reassurances, but something stopped him, something about her voice—it was so *inward* sounding. And then it struck him: Margaret had been twenty-four when he'd met her. Where had she been when she was twenty—and who had been there with her?

"Margaret—" He spoke hesitantly, feeling that he was interrupting her, but wanting to interrupt, wanting to send his voice the long way it had to travel, farther than from Manhattan to Westchester, a lot farther. "Margaret—" But there was nothing he could say, not over the phone. "I'll tell you what, I'll be home early tonight."

"Well—" And she was back. That was Margaret's voice, the voice he knew. "Well, I'll be here, same as always."

He found he had to swallow. He could see her there so clearly, at the other end of the line. A pretty good end of the line. "I'm glad." It wasn't much of a speech, but maybe she would guess what he meant. "I'm glad you will." After all, twenty was a long time ago. A long, long time.

THE END



He gazed at the beautiful thing, trying to understand his loathing.

THE SEA SHELL

**It had come out of the sea...a wondrous, mindless thing.
But to his wife's grief-torn mind it was a messenger from
another world—a world he must destroy with loving care**

BY ISABEL LANGIS ILLUSTRATED BY KEN RILEY

Their first week at the shore it rained every day. Evan Deganne had come early, with Mrs. Blackwell, to clean the house and get it ready for Virginia. The place had been closed for nearly two years, and as he stood in the French doorway that opened onto the porch, he could see an army of insects which had met defeat on the window sill. The lawn was yellow and bald in spots, a brown jungle at the edge, where it dropped down to the sand.

Presently he raised his eyes and looked at the sea—serene, beautiful, without conscience, without mercy—and then he turned and walked quickly inside.

When Virginia arrived, she looked at the same view without words or tears. Beyond the fringe of sand and the chocolate-colored rocks, gray waves lapped listlessly, and rain drizzled down the window panes. She stood in the doorway, as

he had done, and when she finally turned, she said only, "We need a new boardwalk. I'd forgotten."

Each afternoon, regardless of the weather, she put on her brown plaid raincoat and went walking along the thin strip of beach that ribboned below the lawn. She did not ask him to come with her and he, of course, did not offer. He sat on the glider on the porch and watched her. She walked with short, quick steps, as though she were in a great hurry to get somewhere. Every so often she would pause near the rocks, looking for long moments out into the mist. Then, as if suddenly reminded of her errand, she would resume pacing. That was how she walked the floor of her bedroom alone every night.

One afternoon when she came in she had a sea shell in her hand.

"Isn't this shell like one of those—that

used to be on the mantel?" she asked.

"I believe it's a channeled pear conch," he said. "Well done. We don't find many of those around here."

"What did you do while I was gone?" she asked, going to the mantel, where he had carefully rearranged the ormolu clock and a Dresden shepherdess to fill the gap left by Rosemary's shell collection. He had put the shells in the little girl's room and locked it. As yet, Virginia hadn't even glanced toward the door.

Now she was moving the shepherdess and putting the shell in its place.

"Oh, looked through a magazine," he said. "The kettle's on, if you'd like some tea."

She was standing in the porch doorway, her hands in her raincoat pockets, her back to him. She said, "Do you ever just sit and think?"

He hesitated. "Not any more than I can help," he said, and added, "Virginia, are you sure you want to stay here? There are hundreds of places we could go—"

"No," she said. "there's only here." She turned to him and, surprisingly, smiled.

In a flash, she was all brisk efficiency. She took off her raincoat, crossing the room as she did so, looking critically about as if she had just arrived and wished to make sure that everything was in order. "Tea. Oh, let's have coffee instead. We aren't elderly enough to start afternoon tea."

He stood in the doorway while she measured coffee into the percolator and chattered. The flow of words relaxed him, and he slipped back into the familiar trap. Everything was going to be all right. He alternated between this radiant hope and despair, and even after two years of such intellectual manic-depression, he had never fully acknowledged the temporariness of either state.

"We really should *do* something this summer," she was saying. "We've been so—quiet. I think I'll collect shells."

"That wouldn't be much fun," he said, carefully. "We could try—oh, china painting."

She laughed. "Do you know they actually suggested that I weave place mats in the—where I was. I told Dr. Franz I hadn't come to that. Will you get the cups?" As he was reaching into the cupboard, she said, "I noticed that her shell collection was gone. You didn't have to do that. I wouldn't have minded."

He put the cups on the table and went to the refrigerator for cream.

"They were mostly only bits and pieces," she went on, "and one scrap from a bottle. A little chip of green glass, all the shine washed away. I never told her what it was."

"Darling—" he began.

She said, "Don't call me darling."

The next afternoon the rain stopped briefly, but a tower of sooty clouds rolled steadily in from the west. When Virginia put on her raincoat, Deganne settled himself in the creaking glider. For an hour she walked back and forth, on her urgent trip nowhere. He was watching when she turned toward the house and beckoned excitedly.

"See what I've found," she called when he was within hearing distance. "And watch the top step; it's loose."

When he got to her, he saw that she was holding another shell. It was really an exquisite thing, about six inches long, with a blunt apex and large aperture. It was large and yet extraordinarily delicate-looking, and polished to a high gloss. Its remarkable feature was its coloring, which ran from a shy pink to a strong, luminous violet. Virginia was holding it cupped in both hands, as though it might get away.

"It's lovely," Deganne said. "I'm no conchologist, but I wouldn't be surprised if this was something rare. It reminds me of a shell I once saw in a collection—a lamp shell, I think they said it was. But the colors are different."

"I've seen one like it somewhere," she said, frowning. "I'm sure I have. Do you suppose it's still alive?"

He took it from her. "It's heavy." A sputter of rain blurred his glasses, and he glanced up. The armada of smoky clouds was climbing the sky over the house. "We'd better run for it."

"We'll get a pan and fill it with sea water," she said. "I want to keep it alive."

By the time they had filled the enamel dishpan with seaweed and water and the sea creature was safely bedded down in the kitchen, rain was pelting the windows and bombarding the roof.

"Is that what you do on your walks?" Deganne asked as Virginia was poking gently at the shell with a kitchen knife. "Search for shells?"

"No," she said. "I stand there and look out to sea and wonder what it feels like."

"What what feels like?"

"Drowning," she said, simply.

His throat tightened. He put his hands on her shoulders. "Virginia, don't," he whispered. "Please don't."

"What I can't understand is, how you let her go so far out," she said in a bemused tone, as if she had been pondering the question for so long that the answer had lost all value. "She could swim, but she was too little—only five." Abruptly her tone changed. "We must get the camera and take a picture of my shell, and I'll win—a prize, or whatever they give people who discover shells. Maybe they'll name it after me. Do they name shells after people?"

"I believe so," Deganne said. He had moved away, knowing how she would resent it when she noticed that he was touching her.

"Then it will be Seashellia Virginia Deganne," she laughed. She turned to him, and her eyes were shining. "No. I'll name it. I'll name it Rosemary. Just Rosemary. And they can all wonder who Rosemary was." She hid her face in her hands, and he hoped desperately that she was going to cry. If she had ever cried, screamed, clung to him or struck him, it might have helped. But she had turned to stone.

She'll have a sea shell named for her," she said, and he saw that her eyes were bright and dry. "A sea shell and a star—I can find a star, because they last forever."

A few mornings later when Deganne awakened, the sun was pouring across the patchwork quilt on his bed, and his wife was singing in the kitchen.

"Popovers and sausage," she said, when

he came into the kitchen. "We're celebrating the arrival of summer. Oh, the sea this morning! I didn't know there were so many shades of blue. And the sunrise!"

"Were you up that early?"

She nodded. "Evan, what should we give the shell to eat?"

Thinking it was a joke, he started to make some flip reply. Then he saw that she was serious.

"I assume they eat smaller mollusks," he said. "Anything that size would undoubtedly be carnivorous."

Unexpectedly she laughed. "Carnivorous! What an ugly word for such a beautiful thing—as if, all of a sudden, two huge claws would emerge and grope around and seize passing animals—or people. I wish it would stick its foot out."

Deganne did not reply. He watched his wife as she leaned over the dishpan and looked at the shell, like someone looking at a new baby snug in the recesses of a bassinet. Her expression held the same enchanted awe of secret origins and uncommunicable messages.

For his part, he was beginning to tire of the sea shell. While he was glad his wife was showing an interest in something, he did not fancy the object. There was something a trifle distasteful in her fascination.

The day was glorious, but the weather changed after sunset, and sometime in the night Deganne was aroused by the wind sweeping the windows of the porch. He drew the quilt tighter, half aware of the tumult, half aware that he must go back to sleep while he was still partly there. He had almost completed the journey when his wife screamed.

In an instant he was in her room. The lamp on the bedside table was on, and Virginia was sitting up in bed.

"I had a nightmare," she whispered, and he sank into a chair, weak with relief. "It was—horrible. I'm sorry I screamed. I'm all right now."

"Can I get you something?"

"No, thank you." As he turned to go, anticipating dismissal, she said, "Could you stay a minute?"

He resumed his seat, hopeful and touched that she had asked him to remain. "Evan, do you suppose there are things in the sea that no one knows about? Creatures no one has ever seen?"

"Of course," he said, a bit warily, not certain where the conversation might lead. "I don't think there are any fabulous monsters—sea serpents—but there must be hordes of creatures that man has never seen."

"Just sitting there," she said, in a wondering tone. "Sitting there, above nothing, below nothing, swaying. Their eyes are open night and day. Did you know that fish never close their eyes?"

"Yes, I seem to recall having read it

somewhere," he said, still uneasy. "Can I get you some water for your pill?"

"But never to close their eyes!" she said again. "Never to sleep! Can you imagine it?"

"Yes," he said. "I can imagine it."

She was looking directly at him. "I don't suppose you sleep much. I suppose you lie awake and think about it."

He braced himself for the torture to come. "Of course I do."

"You were standing on the front porch, weren't you? Where were you standing? Near the door?"

"No," he said, as he had said a thousand times. "I was quite far from the door."

"It's twenty-nine steps to the end of the lawn, and thirteen down, and thirty-seven to the waves at high tide," she said. "You couldn't have run very fast."

"I ran as fast as I could," he said, wondering how much more he could stand and aware that he would stand however much he had to.

"How could you have let her get so far out?" she murmured, but it was not really a question. She leaned back on the pillow and said, "The wind has gone down. I think I can sleep now."

As he was about to close the door, she asked, "Do you suppose they're friendly, Evan?" With a wistful little laugh, she went on. "Would they—would they be kind to a stranger?"

Now he saw what had troubled her. He ached with pity for her, but there was nothing he could do or say.

"Dear heart, she's not there—"

"Yes, she is," Virginia said with quiet finality. "She's there. All alone, and forever. Good night."

He went back to the porch and smoked a cigarette in the darkness.

They had lost their little daughter two Junes ago, a week before her sixth birthday. How they had survived that summer—drawn together by the tragedy, wrenched apart by the circumstances—he did not know, but they had survived it, in a fashion. That Virginia's memory of it had been clouded he soon realized, and at first he had thought it a blessing. Gradually, he had become aware that her reaction was not healthy.

The full import of this had not reached him until September, on the first day of school. Driving home early from his downtown law office, he had passed a fleet of orange school buses and cars parked in front of the neighborhood school. To his surprise, he had noticed his wife's car in the line. Then he had seen her, standing a little apart from the other mothers, peering anxiously at the children as they came out of the building.

When he had finally persuaded her to come home, long after the cars and buses

had gone, she still had been unable to understand why Rosemary hadn't come out.

"Surely they wouldn't keep a first-grade child after school on her first day," she had said. "Do you suppose she got on one of the buses and I didn't see her? She's probably home by now, telling Mrs. Blackwell everything that happened. I'm just being silly, worrying over nothing." In one of the lightning changes that he was to come to know so well, she had turned to him in stark, gray-faced terror. "Now I see. Why were you driving by at this hour? Something's happened to her, and you've come to tell me—"

Now he shut his eyes tight and snubbed out his cigarette. He got back into bed, and he had no idea how long it was before he heard her cross the living room, going very quietly toward the kitchen. He lay there, alert, not moving, waiting for a light to come on or for her to return to her room. Finally, he crept out of bed and across the porch to the French door. He could see her, framed in the dim light of the kitchen window. She appeared to be leaning over the counter, but he could not tell what she was doing. Then he realized that she was standing there looking at the sea thing.

At that moment, his face was lined and old.

The next morning Deganne went to town to do some errands. When he left, Virginia was in fine spirits. She even asked him to pick up some lobsters for lunch. It was the first time in months that she had shown an interest in food. Deganne whistled as he walked to the garage.

When he returned, she was not in the kitchen, and he called to her. There was no answer, and leaving the carton of groceries and the newspaper parcel of lobsters on the table, he walked all through the house. When he did not find her, he grew suddenly panicky, and he hastened to the front porch and down the boardwalk that led to the shore. He saw her coming toward the steps carrying a saucepan, and he slowed his steps.

"Evan, don't run down those steps," she said, like a mother to a small boy. "I got it some small things, as you suggested. Did you mean these tiny round ones?"

For a second he didn't know what she was talking about. When he realized what "it" was, his aversion for the shell suddenly crystallized, and a chill flicked its fingers across his shoulders. He felt almost ill, and he did not know exactly why. There was nothing about the beautiful pink and violet shell to inspire such distaste, but the idea of feeding it was repulsive to him, and his wife's interest in the snail disturbed him profoundly.

"I got the lobsters," he said, ignoring the question. "Big and scrappy. They should be good."

In the kitchen he drank a cup of coffee while she put the snails and mussels into the dishpan. He kept his face averted.

"It's never moved, but I'm sure it's alive," she said, and he turned in time to see her put her hand into the pan. He almost shuddered. She went on, "It's getting to be an obsession. I want to see it put its foot out. I even sneak up on it, but I've never caught it yet."

"You won't see anything very exciting. I'm afraid," he said, calmly. "The foot looks rather like a long gray tongue."

She left the pan and came to the table to pour herself a cup of coffee. Her next words were spoken so softly that he had to lean forward.

"Mayhe that's not what's inside at all. Maybe it's a tiny little person." He stared at her. "A little person only three or four inches tall. Why couldn't it be?"

"Your imagination is running away with you," he said in his ordinary voice, although his hands were trembling. "Shall I put the water on for the lobsters?"

She got up and returned to the pan without answering him. Resting both elbows on the counter, she cupped her chin in her hands and gazed into the eddying water. "I wonder what's inside."

"You could find out with a hairpin."

"No!" she said, sharply, and went on, apparently addressing the shell. "I wish you could tell me where you come from, and what it's like there." Her voice dropped—tender, coaxing. "You could, too, if you wanted to."

Deganne got up and left the room.

The wheel of hope and hopelessness had turned again, and as he walked swiftly out of the house and down to the shore, he was nearing desperation. He had been there before.

The day was insipidly mild, with a sauterne glow. The colors were muted, without vigor, the sea and sky tawny. The breeze nudged him in short, soft puffs. Even the gulls, reeling about overhead, seemed lethargic and aimless. He sat down on a rock and gazed into a tidal pool, green and slick with things that clung to the small valleys and mountains of the rock, clung there through hurricanes and tidal waves, fastened to life so much more securely than creatures more worthy, clinging ferociously to what they could not comprehend or appreciate, in their small and silent desperation.

Maybe, the man was thinking, I will have to give up.

The fact that she must hate him so consuming—she who, she believed, had permitted their little girl to drown—was probably the chief deterrent to her re-

covery. Even in his worst moments, Deganne never had lost faith in that vague, healing word "recovery." It was the rock to which he clung in hurricanes and tidal waves. Dr. Franz's vague prognosis had allowed for a miracle, some strange turn of events that might shock her back to the reality from which she seemed to be drifting further and further. But he had promised nothing, and now Deganne wavered on the outermost rim of faith.

"You could, too, if you wanted to"—that pleading, intimate voice. Deganne drew the back of his hand across his forehead as if the gesture might give his mind the power to lend meaning where there could be none. He had found interpretations for statements more ludicrous, logic in wilder lunacies. But he was approaching defeat, and he knew it.

"Evan." He jumped. She was standing a few yards behind him, smiling. "I didn't mean to startle you. I came to invite you to lunch on the Deganne patio. Lobster under glass."

If she had lashed out at him, he couldn't have been more taken aback. This bit of flip normalcy jarred him more than total irrationality, because it brought back the hope, at once accursed and eternal. It dashed any effort he might have been on the verge of making toward a constructive solution to the problem. Now, because of her casual little joke, he was instantly ready to believe that the miracle had taken place.

But as they climbed the steps, he knew that something was lacking in his security. He realized that finally he was beginning to recognize the inevitability of the cycle, that even now, with Virginia smiling and cheerful beside him, he was waiting for the next phase. After two years, he had at last stopped building his thinking on a grand delusion. He had learned the pattern. Now he must learn acceptance. He walked beside her, stiffly, his expression unchanged, but he wanted to cry.

When they reached the porch, she said, "Evan, will you promise me one thing?"

"Anything."

She hesitated, looking ashamed and frightened. "That I won't have to see Dr. Franz again. Ever."

He looked at her, and his heart was in his eyes. "I promise."

That night Virginia went to her room early, and Deganne sat by the fireplace, trying to read, until he heard the clock strike one. Then he yawned, pretending to himself that he was sleepy, although he knew better. Casting about for one of the many distractions by which he had come to live, he thought of coffee and started for the kitchen. As he neared the door, he heard a sound which he did not recognize.

He stood still listening. It was a gurgling sound, a soft, steady, bubbling voice. At first he thought of the plumbing, and then it occurred to him that Virginia's pet was probably feeding.

When he snapped on the light, the feeble murmur subsided. With a real effort, he made himself look into the pan. The pale green water undulated, and the shell lay on its bed of seaweed—satiny, transparent and yet maddeningly opaque, seeming to glow with some light of its own.

Deganne plugged in the percolator and, in passing, glanced again into the pan, childishly forcing himself to do what he did not want to. He thought he noticed something dark underneath the shell, and he moved closer. He started to reach into the pan and then hesitated, his hand hovering over the shell. He could not bring himself to touch it. He got Virginia's kitchen tongs and returned to find the dark object, but when he got to the pan, it was no longer in sight. He poked around in the seaweed, jostling the shell, but he found nothing.

His interest in coffee was gone, so he turned off the percolator and returned to the porch. He knew that the next day

he had to take the shell back to the sea.

The following day was misty, and by evening a thick fog had closed in. Deganne made a fire to ward off the dampness.

Virginia was restless. She tried to read, but frequently she got up and walked about the room, with the same short, fierce steps. He wondered if it was the fog that distressed her. What was going through her mind? Perhaps it was better that he did not know, since he could not even deal with the externals.

Finally she decided to take a pill and try to sleep. Now, he thought, would be his chance to get rid of the shell. He had made a few half-hearted attempts during the day, but she, as if sensing his intentions, had managed to keep him out of the kitchen. Now he would wait until he knew she was asleep, and then he would go into the kitchen and take the shell down to the beach.

Hours went by. Finally he put his book down and went toward the kitchen. He paused before her door, listening, but he heard nothing.

When he got to the kitchen and started to reach into the pan, he again had the forceful sensation that he could not touch

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the shell. He lighted a candle and got out the tongs.

For a long moment he gazed at the shell, trying to fathom his antipathy toward this semi-animate, beautiful object. Finally the answer came to him. He knew that deep inside himself he sensed an *awareness* connected with this inert thing. It was fantastic, but as he stared into the pale water, he could almost understand his wife's talking to the shell. The wavering light from the candle slipped over the brilliant surface, hypnotizing him. He knew at last that he was afraid of the sea creature.

Here was not a conscious intelligence. It was a watchful presence—watchful without watching, judging without experience. Evan felt bound to it in a way he could not understand, and it gave him a fleeting but vivid glimpse of things ordinarily incomprehensible—of life in a realm where he could never go.

"Evan!"

At the sound of her voice behind him, he started guiltily, as if she had caught him in some shameful act. She came into the room and picked up the shell, holding it carefully as if to atone for whatever abuses it might have suffered at his hands.

"Virginia, I'm going to put it out," he said. "It belongs in the sea. That's its home."

She did not seem to hear him. "Tell me again how it happened," she said, like a child requesting a well-loved fairy tale. "Tell me what happened the day she drowned."

Wracked, he sat down. "You don't want to hear it."

"Just exactly as it happened. Did she scream, call out? Did you run? Did you *really* run?"

"I tried to get to her," he said, the old lie coming automatically. "I just couldn't make it in time."

She closed her eyes, dangling her hand in the pan of sea water. "I can see it just as if I'd been there. I can see it always, in the daytime and all night long." Her eyes flew open. "Where was I?"

"In town." The second lie.

"Maybe something special happens to little children when they drown," she said dreamily, frowning at the shell. "Something special and lovely. Do you suppose so?"

"I'm very sure of it," he said, praying that it was so.

"The very first thing I saw when I came out of the water was this shell," she continued in the same misty voice. "It was on the steps, and the little boy

told me she had found it and put it there to take up to the house. I picked it up—I wanted to show it to you when you came home—but someone took it away from me—"

In the same instant they both realized what was happening—he, what she was talking about, and she, what she had just said. He knew then that the moment he had fought for two years had come, and even through the turmoil of his thoughts, he found himself praying again, praying that it might someday be granted him to forget the expression on her face.

"*Then I was the one—*" she began, staring at him. "*I was the one. Evan, Evan! Oh help me, help me!*"

He started toward her, to take her in his arms, in a clumsy human effort to shield her from this realization which could shatter what remained of her life.

She ran across the kitchen to the door, still carrying the shell. Before he could get to her, she had flung the door open and she was gone in the fog. There was only the door swinging and the mist creeping in. The candle blazed and went out.

"Virginia!"

He started after her. Then, thinking to head her off, he wheeled and raced through the living room. At the porch, the fog and darkness burst upon him, and he plunged into nothing. The boardwalk creaked beneath his feet, and he heard his voice calling her name. He could see nothing, feel nothing; he was suspended in space, his legs a wheel carrying him nowhere. Half running, half stumbling, he reached the end of the boardwalk.

At the top step, his foot caught, and he crashed down awkwardly, shouting, clawing the fog, but he got up again. He was a bird lost in a dark, cloudy night, flying back and forth in aimless panic. The waves sloshed at him; the fog and darkness mocked his voice.

"Virginia! Virginia!"

But there was no answer. His eyes could find no shape beyond the mist; his ears heard only the languid, indifferent swish of the sea. He stumbled over a piece of driftwood and fell headlong, his voice breaking in the middle of her name. He lay on the sand, wondering if he had been running and shouting for only moments or if the sun would soon burn the fog away and find her for him.

He knew this would not happen, and he lay there. It was of no importance now whether he saw the sun rise or stayed where he was until the tide rose and came for him, too. The fog seemed to push at him, press him down, and he

did not want to move. He did not call her name again.

And then suddenly he was filled with an emotion so powerful, so violent, that it drew him to his feet involuntarily. The sea shell, the lovely pink and violet sea shell. It was hate not only of the shell, for destroying her, but of himself for permitting it to happen. A picture of the shell filled his eyes and his brain; he saw it lying in the pan, blind and seeing, mindless and planning. His hands clenched; he was at that second a killer of what could not be killed.

It was gone, she was gone. Half-sobbing, dazed, he got up and groped his way back to the steps. As he drew near, before any sense could tell him, he knew there was someone there. With a cry, he began to run, and then his arms were around her.

"Two years," she said, her voice quiet and oddly calm. "Two years. How many more? Ten? Fifty? Evan, how long would you have let me take your life away?"

"Forever," he murmured. "Anything."

"Yes," she said. "I know." Her voice fell to a whisper, at once agonized and immeasurably astonished. "God in heaven, *what have I done to you?*"

At first he did not understand, and then he could not believe. He tried to see her face, but there was only the shadowy outline and a shine of tears. The full meaning of her question finally reached him, and he wanted to cry, to fling himself to his knees and thank God. It was all there in the question—the miracle, the salvation, the hope that had kept him alive and sane. What have I done to you?

"Will you put it back?" she was asking, and he felt her place the sea shell in his hand. "Put it back where it belongs, Evan."

He took the shell, holding it tenderly, and started to the sea's edge with it. He placed it on the wet, hard sand and waited until it had rocked itself into position and lay quiet, locked securely until the tide should rise and take it home. He knelt near it, once more overcome by the strong sense of mystery, the awed recognition of a design of life that he could never even hope to imagine. But his revulsion and terror had gone, and he felt something like an affectionate respect. Strangers they must forever be, he and this sea creature, and he could not presume to judge how much of the sea shell's errand had been unwitting, unmotivated. He only knew that the sea shell had paid the ocean's debt.

THE END





LOVE DANCE

Her husband's infatuation with this glamorous dancer threatened her very life, and yet she understood why he could love her. What could she do to make this strange woman hesitate to steal a man from his wife?

BY ALLAN SEAGER ILLUSTRATED BY JACK POTTER

Flora Carpenter had just left the masseuse's salon to return to her stateroom when she got her first close look at the enemy. The salon was on a balcony overlooking the ship's indoor swimming pool. Beside it was the gymnasium with its mechanical horse, rowing machine, and punching bag. Alone in the place, wearing a black leotard, a tall girl was doing *barre* exercises. She was the enemy.

A low hedge of privet ran along the edge of the balcony and nearby were benches where spectators could watch the swimmers below (although there were no swimmers this early in the morning). Flora sat down on one of the benches to watch, crouching a little behind the privet—really hiding, she supposed (but she didn't give a damn because this was serious)—in case the girl should look up.

Because it was so serious, she fished in her purse and got out her glasses, which she never wore in public, and put them on. The sudden clarity told her that it was not a girl at all. It was a woman not much younger than herself whose ease, grace, and long slender legs made Flora feel worse than ever. The face, she decided, was no better than handsome, in spite of the big dark eyes. Its attraction lay in what, even in the monotony of exercise, she could only call its intelligence. Intelligence? Not exactly. Time, suffering perhaps, had put something into that face which she knew she would not find in her own, in spite of having borne and raised two children and propped Richard on his way up. She could have coped with a girl, especially one of those dedicated ballet dancers who would have had too

little time for experience. "But she scares me to death," she thought, and knew at once that the words were too flippant. Watching every hideously supple movement, she sat there digging her fingernails into the palms of her hands. It was to have been a restful ocean voyage home after a marvelous European tour, and now this woman had stepped off the lighter at Cannes to terrify her.

After the routine *pliés*, after, with her heel on the *barre*, she had bent to touch her thigh with her forehead, each thigh a dozen times, smoothly, gracefully, the dancer posed before a narrow mirror, striking the conventional attitudes of classical ballet. The dancer moved coolly, impersonally, repeating any flawed movement over and over. She finished with a series of *grands jetés* that left her panting. Taking up a towel, she wiped the sweat off her face, raised herself on her points one last time before the glass, threw her towel over her shoulder, and left. It had been a strictly professional workout. It was this detachment, this cool determination that made Flora wretched. "A woman who can do that at thirty-seven or thirty-eight," she thought, "can do anything." The waves in the swimming pool tipping and slopping with the roll of the ship made her a little dizzy. She got up and went down the creaking corridors to her stateroom.

Richard was not there, of course. She knew well enough where he was.

In the bedroom there was a decanter of Scotch on a tray, with glasses and a bottle of seltzer, untouched because she and Richard took their one drink before dinner in the bar every day. Flora did

something she had never done in her life before. She poured out half a tumblerful of Scotch, drank it down, and lay down on the bed to think.

"I have a logical mind," she said to the wall. "So bloody what?" It was true. She had always prided herself on being able to break problems down into their elements and to deal with them in detail, but she had never been terrified before. Nothing had threatened the very kind of life she lived, threatened to annihilate it and leave what? A gaping hole.

"But something threatened this girl's life. Annihilated it, blew it up, tore it all to pieces," she said. But was the story true? She felt sympathy, even a kind of envy of the poise that could let her "enemy" think dancing was still important. But dancing was her life. That was the way it was when you were in ballet.

"But it's my life, too, that's up for grabs, no matter what kind of a life it is," Flora said stubbornly, and got up to get another drink. She had the decanter in her hand when she thought better of it. "I'm talking to myself now." She lay down on the bed again.

There were three things about that woman which made her a danger. (Her name was Anna Something—Flora hadn't caught the last name. She had come aboard from the first-class lighter at Cannes, wearing a big black coat and one of those little black Persian lamb hats, conical, like a Russian's, looking very foreign, very chic; but the odd thing was that her porter had carried only one battered cardboard suitcase. First-class passengers carried leather

She finished dancing and picked up a towel. Flora, secretly watching, learned a great deal about her enemy.

suitcases.) The first element was, of course, her looks. Her chic had seemed important at first, but Anna had only one evening gown, a cheap black crepe kind of thing that she wore every evening unabashed. No jewels. She looked poor. The gown was not cut to show off her magnificent body—it was her stunning grace that did that. And there was Anna Something's face, that look of suffering, intelligence, courage, charm—what the hell, it was a good face. That was the trouble.

She took a deep breath. "The second element . . ." she began, but stopped talking because the second element was the really dangerous one. She had heard all about that second element during dinner at the captain's table.

". . . not a *prima ballerina*, she submits," the captain had said. "I believe the phrase is *première danseuse*. . . . worked in Moscow at the State Ballet for a while and then they sent her back to Budapest. Oh, she was there all right. She got stuck in a French camp for a time after her escape but she was in Budapest the whole month of November, 1956. She said her company was working on "Swan Lake" right up to the day the Russians sent the tanks in . . ."

Lying on the bed, Flora thought, "This is the kind of thing you read about in the papers and your sympathy sort of floats over the newsprint and the photographs without anything to light on . . ."

Everyone at the captain's table had been as quiet as a mouse. "She didn't dare leave the flat, of course. They had been two days without food when her mother went out, insisted, said it was her job to do the marketing. She got just about thirty feet. There had been a tank at the end of the street all the time. Anna said the old lady lay there all day with her string bag beside her before anyone dared move the body."

The captain had told Anna's story the second night out from Cannes. Every man had noticed her the first night; but after the captain had told how two sixteen-year-old boys had hustled her over rooftops and through a sewer, how she had dodged Russian sentries, eating black bread and a little rind of bacon, walking through the snow, hearing the shots, making the last creeping desperate dash into Austria—then all the women had noticed her. Now their ready American sympathies no longer had to hover over news photographs. They could light on Anna and they did. Every time she appeared on deck or in the public rooms, she received the full brunt of the passengers' goodwill, which they would have spread over all Hungary, had there been any way to do it. And, Flora admitted, Anna had received it with great dignity, erect, bowing with the grace of a flower in the

wind, accepting the sympathy deprecatingly in fluent French or heavily accented English (no one spoke Hungarian). A flawless manner, and, considering her age and all she had gone through, a beautiful woman.

Some cat of a woman from Texas had asked her, taking a long polite time to do it, why, if she had lost everything, she was traveling first-class?

Anna had waited a moment, sorting out the words as she always did when she spoke English (but the pause drew everyone's attention, too, Flora had noticed), and then had said, holding up one hand. "I had one ring a man gave me. I sold it in Vienna to pay for this passage. I wanted to meet rich people because rich people have connections. I want to meet an impresario, American. Gyorgy Balanchine, for example. Do any of you know Balanchine?"

No one knew Balanchine.

"You intend to go on dancing, then?" someone asked, as if the horrors she had seen and passed through had crippled her.

"I know nothing more," Anna had said. "I mean 'else.' I know nothing else."

Not only did she have this curious Magyar beauty and everyone's warmest sympathy, but she had a simplicity, a directness Flora had noticed in Europeans. Once she had called it "sophistication." Maybe it was.

She got up off the bed and sat down at her dressing-table. Looking at herself in the glass, she said, "I pity her. That is the third element in this problem." She was an imaginative woman and she knew that the pity was real. "And it's a weapon I am using against myself. I have got to forget it somehow. She is behaving perfectly, and the absolute flaming hell of it is, she's nice. I like her."

Then she stopped talking and looked at herself to see what she had to fight back with. She knew, of course. She was forty-three years old, and for the last ten years, since Richard had made all this money, she had taken care of her looks. Before that, during the war, she had worked at a job and simultaneously tried to bring up her two children. Those were the years that had turned her chestnut hair to brown, but she had not tried to dye it back. When the money started to come in, she rode every day and played golf to keep her figure—and she did. It was a good figure but it was not a ballerina's. She had done everything she could think of to keep her face smooth and unlined. She had done well, but that was the trouble—her face was smooth and unlined. Whatever imprint the early years of her marriage had left—the work, the anxieties, the fatigue—had now been smoothed away. "I'm a

good-looking woman," she said without vanity, "but that's not enough, not nearly. However, I love my husband and maybe that will be." But the moment she said it, she knew she was play-acting because she was looking in the mirror.

"Well, what *have* I got to fight with?" she thought. There was nothing startling she could do to her looks, no new manner she could adopt, because, after twenty years of marriage, she could not surprise him. He knew every flaw she had, every virtue, almost every thought. If she dyed her hair back to its youthful red or started buying bright-colored clothes instead of the *tailleurs* she had given Balenciaga so much money for, or tried to learn ballet dancing, Richard would see through it at once. She was far too intelligent to say anything about Anna that he could possibly regard as critical, and *I don't want to say anything critical about her. I like her*, she thought wretchedly. There seemed to be no way she could attack the problem at all. She would have to stay on the defensive and all this meant was that she would have to wait and see.

I guess my only advantage is that he doesn't know he's in love with her. That was the one thing she was sure of. Richard was too much of a puritan to know. He was spending, so far as she could see, nearly every waking moment with Anna, rarely alone, apparently in company with a shifting group of other passengers, and with a puritan's constant tendency to mistake his own impulses, he thought he was being kind. He could not see the look on his own face. Maybe he would not discover it was something other than kindness he was feeling until they reached New York. Anna would leave them at the pier to look for her impresario and perhaps Richard would have the memory of a charming shipboard acquaintance and that would be all.

"But that's too damned thin. I've got to do something," she said. But she couldn't think what it was.

But Richard had gone further than she thought.

While Flora was at the masseuse's, he had gone to the radio office. He had been waiting there when the radio man first came in, smelling of shaving lotion. "Good morning," he said. "Anything for me?"

The radio man looked through a stack of cables. "Just a minute. One came in last night. I'll have to type it up."

"Don't bother. Just tell me what it says."

"It says. 'DON'T KNOW ANY BALLET PEOPLE WHAT'S UP.'"

"Send an answer back at once, will you?"

"All right, Mr. Carpenter. It's only five



"What about your wife?" she protested. "She'll understand," he answered, truly.

o'clock in the morning there, you know."

"I want it at his bedside when he wakes up. I want him awakened by it right now. How do you send messages of the greatest urgency, death messages, that kind of thing?"

"I can't send it as a death message unless it *is* a death message, Mr. Carpenter."

"No . . . No . . . I don't suppose you can. Well, get it off right away, as urgent as possible." Richard Carpenter said. He turned and started from the office.

"You haven't given me the message yet, Mr. Carpenter," the radio man reminded him politely.

"O h." he said, and began writing. "Same name, same address: FIND WHEREABOUTS GEORGE BALANCHINE USE INGENUITY HASTE. Get it off immediately, will you?" Carpenter went out, leaving two twenty-dollar bills on the desk. He knew he had made a fool of himself in front of the radio man, but he didn't care. Since he had met Anna, he had entered a new country, a new terrain of emotion. Although he hadn't been

drunk since he was in the army, he felt drunk now, cheerful, irresponsible.

He met Anna in one of the passageways, her towel over her shoulder, returning from her exercises.

"Can I come with you?" he said.

"No, Richard. I must bathe and dress. You can't come with me," she said.

"But I could sit in your stateroom and . . ."

"No, Richard," she said and touched his arm.

That made his morning for him. "All right. In half an hour, in the writing room."

"Three-quarters."

"I'll be waiting."

He walked out on deck, the windy side, and stood looking over the rail. He did not see the undulating blue horizon or the foam of the ship's wake. He was thinking, and it ran something like this: You don't get any older. I'm forty-five but I'm not any older. All these years, it's as if I had been keeping my youth in secret somewhere, not using it, and now that I want it, I've got it again. It's just like waiting at the foot of the dormitory

stairs in college. . . . The girl who had come down the dormitory stairs had been Flora, but she did not enter his head. He was too full of his own feelings.

Why do I feel so good, waiting for her? It's because I'm young. I can do anything. He clutched the muscles of his arms as if he expected them to be as big and firm as tennis balls. He tightened his thigh muscles. He wanted to run. He had tried the low hurdles in college until he found that track took too much time away from his board jobs. Now he would have liked to run down the deck, jumping over the footrests of the deck chairs, astonishing the other passengers. Instead he went over to old Mr. Higginson, of the First of Boston, who was wearing a tweed cap, tweed top-coat and was wrapped in a wool rug. For half an hour, he talked so knowledgeably to him about discount rates that when he left politely, old Mr. Higginson took out a little red leather notebook and a gold pencil and shakily wrote his name in it.

Carpenter went into the writing room. At one end there was an alcove with a

double desk in it. He had met Anna there three times and already he thought of it as his personal domain, a niche he had hollowed out in defiance of the whole world. He sat on one side of the desk, fingering a sheet of stationery. He was going to have to tell Flora soon, and of one thing he was certain: she would understand. Flora was very good at seeing other people's points of view. He had always respected Flora's intelligence.

At last Anna came in, marvelously lovely, the only really beautiful woman he had ever seen. "Have you decided?" he said promptly.

"I'm not even going to talk to you about that, Richard."

Without realizing at all how ruthless he sounded, how his years in the law business had marked him, he said, "You've got to talk about it."

To her, he was boyish. He was tough the way a child is tough. She smiled. "Why have I got to talk about it?"

"Because I'm finding Balanchine for you."

"What do you mean? Oh." She looked at him, flicked the ash of her cigarette and sat back in her chair. "You mean, if I don't talk about it, you won't help me find an impresario."

"I've been sending cables. It isn't much just to listen, is it? It won't kill you to listen."

The things that hadn't killed her passed through her mind, and listening was small compared to them. "You are a married man, Richard. You have shown me photographs of two fine children . . ."

"But they're in college. They're nearly grown up. They can look after themselves. I'll give them a lot of money. Look, they'd be leaving home anyway in a year or two . . ."

"And Mrs. Carpenter?" she said quickly. "She will be leaving home anyway, also? You will give her a lot of money?"

He didn't exactly wince, but he looked out of the window of the writing room at the sea. Then he said, "She will understand."

"Oh," Anna said. It was like a cough of annoyance. "You are very soft-boiled."

To Carpenter, who felt he was being crisp and logical and, if anything, hard-boiled, this came as a shock. "What do you mean, soft-boiled?"

"An Englishman said it to me once. It means that you—what? Are soft? You cringe before reality? Something like that."

"Me cringe before reality? Look, I've called every shot. What do you think I've been thinking about the last three days?"

"Every shot, as you say, but one. The chief one."

"What's that?" he said almost belligerently. He had barely slept for two nights.

He was sure he had covered everything.

"You think of everyone but yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a European man simply would have taken a nice little flat for me, made me some presents, and that would have been that. To accept or refuse, a matter of two minutes. But you, already you have talked for two days. This troubles you. You are preparing to break eternal vows and you are making me feel like a bad woman in a cinema. Can you endure to break the eternal vows of marriage? I think not. It would lie in your mind. It would hurt—what is the word?—your conscience."

She was making him feel too much of this unused youth that had made him so happy. He said, almost sullenly, "I have already decided these things."

"You have decided, good. It is finished. And nothing will come back to trouble you when you lie awake at night?"

"I can't keep a mistress. I want to marry you," he said doggedly. Damn it, he was doing the handsome thing. What was the matter with her? Why did she try to put him in the wrong?

"No, Richard. You are a kind man. You are generous. You are quite handsome. But I am a dancer. No one man would be content with me. I have to work too hard." And she reached across the writing table and touched his temple where it was turning gray. She had never known Americans. This one was charming and conscience-stricken like a boy in the *technicum* walking with his first girl, romantically seeing visions as if she carried with her an untouched rosy future which would actually contain happiness, that forgotten condition. And yet he was rich and had been a soldier. No one was soft-boiled and rich. This one contained these two opposites, a child and a man. It was puzzling.

"Anna, listen," he said. "There isn't a woman in the world who doesn't want a home and children . . ."

You are offering me that?" she asked softly. For three seconds, he had her, if he had only known. She remembered a scene from an American movie she had seen years before, a little New England village set in snow-covered mountains, with white houses and a white church spire sticking up above the bare maples and a street full of children in red jackets throwing snowballs. That would be happiness, she thought, but that was only a film. Snow was something you tramped in, carrying a suitcase until your hands were raw, on the way to the border. Happiness was an illusion that happened in books and pictures. "No, Richard. For twenty years in Hungary it has been unwise to think of these things: the home, the children. People

have done it, certainly; it is nature, but it has not been wise. I did not want a child of mine to go hungry and white whenever the government said the crops were not good, or to have him spy on me and listen at doors to what I said. No. So I am a dancer. And in the ballet, you do not have a home—you have a suitcase, you see?"

"But you're going to America. Kids don't learn to spy on their parents there. They learn to play football. They're free. They can eat all they can hold. They . . ." He sensed he was veering away from his point. "You want a home and children . . ."

"You can see it in my eyes?" she asked.

"You're a woman. It's natural. A new country, a new life. Why not?"

"I will be honest with you, Richard. It is all very attractive. You cannot know how attractive it is." She looked up from her slender hands. "But I went on my points when I was twelve years old. That is a quarter of a century long ago. I am too old now to bear a first child."

"But women do it all the time. We'll get the best doctors . . ."

"And you offer me a new life," she continued, ignoring him. "Already I have a life. I am a dancer."

"But you can go on dancing . . ."

Not with a home and children. I have a few more years. Danilova danced older than forty-five. Perhaps I can make a career in America."

Carpenter stared at her. It seemed incredible, when he had so much to offer her (the same kind of fur coats, gowns, emeralds, and automobiles he had, in fact, already bought for his wife), that she should not accept him. It was not that he thought he was personally such a catch. That was not it at all. She had suffered; he could make her happy. He could smother the ruins of Budapest with mink and stifle the odor of death with perfumes. If he was willing to do something as serious as giving up his home and family for her, why shouldn't she renounce this silly dancing? Not that it was actually silly—it was probably very beautiful—but it was silly compared to what he was ready to do. "Anna, I will tell my wife at lunch that I want a divorce. I'll meet you here at three and we will make plans for our marriage and our home," he said with a touch of solemnity.

She stood up on the other side of the writing table. She was looking down, moving a paper-knife around with one finger. "No, Richard. Do not try to overwhelm me with these big words. I can't marry you. Do not ask for a divorce; for then you will be all alone. You are very kind but if you ask me a thousand times, I shall just go on saying No." She turned

and started to walk away. Carpenter watched her, paralyzed. Then she stopped and turned again, smiling. "I hope you will come to see me dance sometime."

"Wait a second, Anna. Don't rush so. Come to the radio office with me."

"No. I don't want people to see us walking around the ship together."

"But look, I may have a cable from Balanchine. It may mean a job for you."

She looked thoughtful. "It would be a very great help to know Balanchine. I'll meet you here after lunch, but only to see the cable. I am perfectly serious, Richard. Don't ask me more." She went out of the writing room.

Carpenter sat down again. Like most men in similar circumstances, he felt that his failure was personal, that he hadn't said it right. It did not once occur to him that she might mean exactly what she was saying. As long as he was still going to see her that afternoon, he could still be hopeful, and he was sure he could think of something convincing by then. He decided not to mention his plans to his wife at lunch. There was really nothing to mention, yet.

He went to the radio office and found an answer to his earlier cable: BALANCHINE IN EUROPE. An address in Rome followed. After a moment he decided that this was cheering news. There must be other ballet impresarios. Looking them up and getting Anna properly introduced would keep him in touch with her.

The bomb went off at three o'clock in the writing room when Carpenter, carrying the cablegram in his pocket and a series of clever, unanswerable arguments in his head, found Anna sitting in "their" alcove with a plump little man. The little man was bald. He wore a shabby, blue, double-breasted suit and a pair of gray leather shoes with rubber soles. As Carpenter approached, he turned from Anna, smiling, and Carpenter noticed almost with horror that his upper two front teeth were made of steel.

"Richard," said Anna, rising. "I want to introduce to you my husband, Stefan."

One of the things that made Carpenter a good businessman was his ability to accept inevitables immediately. He shook hands with the little man and said, "How do you do, sir? I hope you will forgive me for trying to abduct your wife."

"*Plaisir*," the little man said.

"Stefan does not have any English," Anna explained.

His face stony, Carpenter went on anyway, "But, you see, I didn't know she was married. He speaks French, then?"

"Yes," she said.

Carpenter whipped out a little book of French phrases, looked through it a moment, and then began, like a schoolboy re-

citing, "Je—ne—savais—pas—que—elle—est—déjà—mariée. That's right, isn't it, for 'I didn't know she was married'?"

"He understands."

"Good. And you understand?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'm the only one who doesn't. Why did you let me go this far? Why didn't you tell me you were married?"

"Remember please, a little, Richard. For two days you have talked, almost never stopping. When I could, I said, 'No.' 'No' means 'no,' doesn't it? Is 'no' encouraging? No."

The little man smiled steadily all the time, his steel teeth catching flecks of light. He was master of the situation and he knew it.

"You could have said you were married. I wouldn't have bothered you then," Carpenter said.

"I was embarrassed," Anna said.

"Why?"

"Because Stefan could not travel with me. Because he had to travel tourist class. Because we did not have enough money." Anna looked embarrassed.

Stefan let loose a long speech in Hungarian, Carpenter supposed, while Anna nodded. "He wants me to tell you that it was his idea to travel this way. He says he is not—impressive. He says that I am. So there was better chance that it would be I who might meet rich people, people who could help me start in America. People like you, Richard."

"You met me, all right, but you wouldn't let me help you."

"I have a word," she said. "I looked in an English dictionary for it once. It is 'disingenuous.' You are being disingenuous, Richard. You did not wish to help me. You wished to marry me. It is not the same thing. You will help me now? In Europe, Americans are known to be very helpful people."

Carpenter handed her the cable. "Here is Balanchine's address." He took out one of his business cards. "Here's mine. I will see that you meet him when he returns."

"You are very kind, Richard."

He took a long look at her, feeling his youth drop away. "Goodbye, Anna."

She put out her hand. "Goodbye, Richard."

He had not reached the door before he was astounded to feel relief. He was glad it was over. He would never understand Europeans and he was going back to the States where he would never have to. He was nearly at the door of the writing room when he turned around and went back. Both of them were watching him.

"There's just one thing, Anna," he said. "Why does he have steel teeth?"

"Oh, you have never seen teeth like

that before? Stefan was in a camp, in Russia. They knocked out his teeth when he first arrived; later they put in steel ones. Good of them, wasn't it?"

"What does he do?"

"He is a musician."

As he made his second exit, Carpenter felt that he understood Europeans a little better—she loved him for the dangers he had passed—but he was still glad to be going back to Flora.

Flora Carpenter had never received, even in the early years of her marriage, quite so much attention from her husband as she got during the next few days. They were passing the Azores before she was able to get a few minutes away from him. She sought out Anna in her stateroom. "I hope you didn't think I was dishonest," she said to Anna, "but I have hardly been alone lately."

"He feels guilty, Richard. It is good for him, now."

"He feels very guilty, and so do I, a little." She took a little packet of folded bills from her purse. "Mr. Ipolyi did not mind pretending he was your husband?"

"Oh, no," Anna said. "He is poor like me. He was glad to have a chance to make some money."

"I had the devil's own time getting the purser to buy the rings. He bought them himself, personally, and I think he got a bargain. One of them alone cost Richard two thousand. He got them both for that and emeralds have gone up. Will you give Mr. Ipolyi the money or shall I look him up?"

"He is here."

"Where?"

"In the bedroom, Stefan!" she called.

"We were talking when you knocked and so he hid. Knocks on doors make him nervous. They make all Hungarians nervous, Stefan!"

The little man came out with his smile, saying, "Bonjour, madame."

Flora Carpenter divided the little packet of bills. "A thousand for you, Anna, and a thousand for him. And thank you very much."

"It was nothing, Flora. I am grateful."

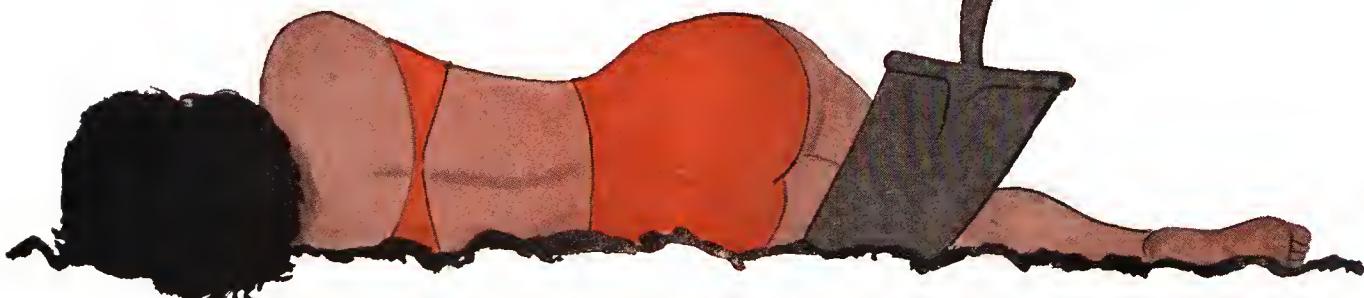
"Perhaps you know what it is to be allowed to keep the life you know."

"I do. I am keeping it. Thank you, Flora. And . . ." Anna paused and looked out of the porthole ". . . if you ever, many years from now, decide to tell Richard the truth, tell him it was true about Stefan's teeth; it was true that he is a musician—he was first violin, Konzertmeister, in the State Orchestra that played for the ballet in Budapest; and tell him, many years from now, that Stefan is my husband. We are going to get married in New York. We have decided it is better not to face a new country alone."

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

TAINT OF THE TIGER



She was still warm, still beautiful. She might have been asleep.

In a short time he was to be killed—legally—like an animal.

Before it happened, he hoped he could find out why

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PATTERSON

I drove home from work in a sour and desperate mood on that first hot day of the year, a Friday in late April.

My father-in-law, E. J. Malton. President of the E. J. Malton Corporation, is a little white-skinned man with a face like a trout and a voice like a French horn. He has been my boss, and my father-in-law, for eight long years. He never hears a word you say to him. He has been in speculative home construction for twenty years. And, for twenty years, he has been building the same identical house, in different price ranges. You can push a dull product in a seller's

market and make money, but times were changing. And E. J. wasn't.

Our last development, River Gardens, had nearly been a fiasco, but a new industry came to town and we got off the hook.

So he dreams up this Park Terrace. One hundred homes. Big lots. Prices from thirty-one five up to a flat fifty. I knew the string had run out. People with that kind of money to spend certainly weren't going to buy a Malton house, the unchanged 1937 version.

The only way I could avert catastrophe was to get in there and make enough

changes to make the houses more salable. He'd promised me a free hand. We were putting up the first block of ten. So on Friday afternoon he came storming out and made horn sounds and explained to me how people didn't want to live in things that looked like cut-up bowling alleys and left-over store windows. He said people, by God, wanted attics and back porches. He said stainless steel kitchens would look like a hospital. And what the hell was a kitchen patio anyway? So he messed up what I was trying to do to save him, and me, and went trotting to the office to cancel orders.

It was an insoluble mess, and it did not comfort me a bit to see just how I had gotten into it. When I got out of the army in 1945, I didn't feel like going back and finishing the last two years of college. So, while trying to make up my mind about what I'd do, I talked my mother into letting me use a vacant lot she owned out in the Waldon section, and the nine thousand she had in the bank to build her a duplex. When it was done she could unload the Grove Street house, live in one half of the duplex and rent the other. I went to work for a home construction outfit and, after five months, I felt that I knew enough. I had to buy tools, hire labor and sublet the foundation work. By the time I ran out of money, I had no trouble getting a bank loan. When it was done my mother got an offer of twenty-seven five for it, and sold it, and split the profit with me.

I bought another lot and got a city license as a builder, and bought a used truck and had *Jerry Jamison, Builder* lettered on the doors. I built and sold another duplex and I was in business.

In 1949 I started my most ambitious project, putting up ten houses on ten nice lots on Ridgemont Road. Then the E. J. Malton Corporation bought a fifty-acre parcel on Ridgemont just beyond my lots and began construction of a hundred houses. I knew it as a big firm that put up what I considered to be honest but dull houses.

E. J. himself came by and patronized me. He didn't think my "crazy houses" would sell. But they were all sold by the time the first one was done. In June his daughter graduated from college and came home. She showed up on the job one day. I didn't know who she was. But she stopped all work, and we nearly lost a roofer. I couldn't remember ever having seen a prettier girl. She climbed out of a blue convertible parked at the curb and, in her short white sharkskin shorts and her yellow sleeveless blouse, came walking and smiling toward us, all long velvety tan legs, and narrow waist, and black hair with shiny blue glintings in the sun, and blue blue eyes, walking in her breath-taking way into my life.

She wanted to see Mister Jerry Jamison and that was me, and she was Lorraine Malton. And Daddy had just been so infuriated over my selling all my little houses she just couldn't stand not coming by and looking at them, and could I please show her through that one that looked almost finished, and she hoped she wasn't interrupting the work or anything. Oh, no, I said, it was a pleasure.

So I showed her through and she gave little exclamations of delight and said that Daddy was wrong, they were really terribly cute, and for once that word didn't bother me. So I took my coffee break right then and drove her in her blue convertible to a suitable place where

I could expound all my profound home design ideas to the most perfect audience I ever had. And made a date so I could keep talking. And got back onto the job so late that I took a hard ride from my own crew for the rest of the day.

When I picked her up at her parents' home on Tyler Drive, E. J. pumped my hand for what seemed like twenty or thirty minutes and brayed about what a fine night it was, and introduced me to Mrs. E. J. Malton, a woman half a head taller than E. J., with a narrow face, watery and evasive little eyes, and a body like a flowered silk bag of watermelons.

The first time I kissed Lorraine, it filled the sky with aerial bombs, the kind you feel in the pit of your stomach. From then on I kissed her soundly and frequently, and we were married in church on the fifteenth day of August, honeymooned strenuously in Bermuda, then moved into our wedding present, an E. J. Malton home at 118 Tyler Drive, a block from her parents' home. The following week, with the help of E. J.'s attorneys, the contracts, tools, equipment, work crew and good will of Jerome Durward Jamison were absorbed by the E. J. Malton Corporation in return for two hundred shares of voting stock in the corporation. Lorraine had been given a hundred shares when she reached twenty-one. Another hundred was earmarked to be issued to Eddie Malton, Jr., when he reached twenty-one. At that time he was nineteen, and a very slack, dim, acne-ridden young man. E. J. and his wife held five hundred and one shares of the thousand authorized.

I was told I had a very good deal. A one-fifth interest in a profitable concern, the title of General Manager, fourteen thousand a year plus dividends, and a gorgeous, loving, and lusty bride of twenty-two summers.

And that was only eight years ago.

Now Park Terrace was going to turn into a major disaster, and E. J. would charge blindly ahead until every dime of capital was gone. So I had some cash value in my insurance, and the stock, and maybe eleven hundred bucks in a joint checking account, provided Lorraine hadn't been shopping.

Thirty-six is not twenty-eight. Profound statement. When you are in a business that a stubborn old duck is going to run into bankruptcy and when you are in a marriage that is already emotionally bankrupt, it is a big trap with two sets of sharp jaws.

Lorraine's copper-colored Porsche was in the drive, top down, key in the ignition. After I put the station wagon in the garage, I ran her car in. I went into the kitchen. She could be in the house or she could be rattling around the neighborhood with her no-good friends, acquiring her evening buzz.

I found her in the bedroom, sitting

at her dressing table, wearing a yellow bra and panties, doing her nails, a slightly wounded Martini at her elbow.

I sat on the foot of her bed and said, "What's up?"

"Up? What do you mean what's up? Does something have to be up?"

"I thought you looked like you were fixing yourself up to go out."

"I'm doing my nails."

"No kidding. Look, are we going out?"

"Who said we were going out? Irene is going to get dinner."

"She wasn't down there when I came in."

"So from now on I'll chain her in the kitchen so you get to know the score when you come home."

"All right, all right. I've got the picture. You're doing your nails. We aren't going anywhere. Do anything exciting today?"

"It was so warm Mandy had her gardener fill the pool. But the water was too stinking cold."

By then she had said enough so I could make a rough estimate on how slopped she was. Not too bad tonight. The one at her elbow was probably her third. Two years after we were married her drinking began to be a problem. I've always had a feeling of guilt about it. I've wondered how it would have been if we'd had kids. At one point we had an adoption deal all lined up, but Lorraine, drunk at eleven o'clock in the morning, ran a stop sign and piled her red M.G. into a truck and got that scar at the corner of her mouth, so that made us unfit to take a kid into our home. When we could have tried adoption again, she didn't want to.

When anybody lches it up constantly for six years, you expect to see marks, but not on Lorraine. Maybe her face had coarsened very slightly, but that was all. She was thirty and looked twenty-four. I could sit there and know she was unhappy, shallow, lazy, mean-tempered, cruel and quite possibly unfaithful—and still want her. And that, on rare occasions, was the only thing we had left that was any good.

"Did you have a nice day, dear?" she asked. "How is your little office romance going these days?"

"Lorraine, I swear to God that Liz Addams and I are not . . ."

"Oh, hush! I don't know if I like this color of nail polish."

"It looks all right."

"You haven't any color sense at all, so don't make the effort."

"About my day, your old man fouled everything up just fine."

"According to you."

"According to anybody in the business, except him. Park Terrace is going to founder like a ruptured whale. And when it goes, everything goes."

"Big analyst," she said. "Big expert."

TAINT OF THE TIGER (continued)

Before Daddy gave you a free ride you had two crummy trucks and two suits of clothes."

"Your father made money because he had very good timing and very good luck. Now the timing is off and the luck has run out, and the only thing left is a stupid, arrogant, bull-headed little man. And I've decided to get out."

She turned around on the bench and stared at me. "What did you say?"

"I'm getting out."

"And just how do you expect to do that?"

"I don't know yet. I'll need capital to get going on my own. Sell my stock back to the corporation. Unload this crummy dull house to somebody who'll be impressed by the neighborhood."

"The house is in both our names and I won't sign a thing. I like it here. You won't get out. This is all just talk."

I stood up. I wanted to grab that black hair in both hands and see how far I could throw her. I heard the front door chimes.

"Answer the door, dear."

I went down to the door. The man was as tall as I am. He was turned away from me, looking down the street. He turned quickly and the familiar grin was wide.

"Vince!" I gasped. "My God, Vince. What the hell! Come in."

He came in, grinning. I had not seen Vince Biskay or heard from him since our drunken parting in Calcutta in August of 1945. And the years had marked him lightly. He was still big and tan and hard, flat eyes set with a curiously Mongol flavor above the high, hard cheekbones, a big man with a cat-lazy way of moving, a male arrogance about him.

"I shall build drinks," I said.

"How not?" he said, and we went out into the kitchen.

In 1943 I had been a gold bar lieutenant and I had gotten into a jam at Benning and been given a choice of volunteering for extra-hazardous duty or facing a court martial on a charge of beating hell out of a superior officer, who had asked for it. So I volunteered. And found myself in a weird O.S.S. training course in Washington, and was then flown out to the CBI theater, to join Detachment 404 with headquarters in Kandy, Ceylon. They sent me down to Galle, on the coast, to report to a Captain Vincent Biskay who would head up the mission I was to go on.

A month later, when our training was completed, we were air-dropped from a Wellington into the shaggy hills of Central Burma along with a sergeant radio operator and six Burmese. We were in there seven months. We built up a guerilla band of over fifty men and boys, armed with captured Jap

materiel. We racked up a score of nearly three hundred Jap vehicles, blew bridges and cut the north-south railroad line as frequently as we could.

Vince planned our little ventures with painstaking care, but once we were on the move he had a genius for extemporizing. He was a leader of men, and he picked up the language a lot faster than I did. It was a wild, crazy time full of calculated recklessness. We lost three of our original six trained Burmese. When we got orders to move out, we left the other three in charge of a tough, fast, effective guerilla band.

Vince and Bunny Angelus and I walked a hundred miles and made our rendezvous with people from Detachment 101, and were flown back to Colombo by way of Chabua and Delhi. Vince was bumped to major and I made captain, having gotten word in the field I'd been pushed from second to first.

After a time in rest camp, I was given an operation of my own, a small observation mission in the Andamans. I ran into Vince again in Calcutta when we both had air priorities to fly home. After a very drunken week I got off. He saw me off at Dum Dum, accompanied by bottle and girl.

So, thirteen years later he was in my kitchen, and we clinked glasses and talked about the old days. Finally I asked him what he was doing in Vernon and he said he was visiting me. I asked him what he'd been doing and he said he'd been doing a lot of different things. I asked him if he was married and he said he'd tried it once but found out he didn't like it. He was being almost rudely evasive, and I could tell he was tensed up about something.

When Lorraine showed up in the kitchen with an empty glass, wearing tailored maroon slacks and a white blouse, and I introduced them, I felt a little twist of jealousy as I saw her react to Vince—saw heightened color, a flirtatiousness in the smile, a barely perceptible arching of the back, a shininess in her eyes. I built Lorraine a drink. I did the happy marriage bit, but I knew it was off-key. The special aura of a happy marriage can't be faked. I knew that Vince, with that almost female intuition of his, knew how it really was between us.

We moved into the living room with fresh drinks and I went and took my shower and when I came down they had it all arranged that I'd drive Vince out to the airport and get his suitcase out of a coin locker there and bring him back and he would stay with us Friday and Saturday. His flight reservation was for Sunday.

I drove Vince out to the airport in the station wagon. He surprised me by handing me the locker key and saying, "Would you get it, Jerry, please?"

"I don't mind playing porter, but what's up?"

"Let's save that until we have time." I went and got his expensive but beat-looking suitcase. As I drove out I said, "Have we got time?"

"Not for all of it. Don't get in a sweat. I'm not running from the law. I'm just . . . not supposed to be here. Old Jerry, the sedate businessman. Jerry, the builder. I'm not surprised. I remember how comfortable you could make yourself with some bamboo and palm fronds."

I knew he'd tell me what was up in his own good time. Lorraine was very vivacious during dinner. After dinner she began to sag in the old familiar way, her eyes going dull and her diction getting blurred. At ten o'clock she gave us a glassy good night and went wobbling off to bed carrying her bedside jolt of straight brandy.

Vince took his fresh drink and looked at me and said, "I need somebody I can trust completely."

"Am I supposed to be flattered?"

"I made a long mental list and kept coming up with your name. If you'll go along with this, it could be foolproof."

"Let's start with why I had to get your bag."

"I'm no longer a citizen, Jerry. I could have come here legally on my own passport, but my employer would have found out about it. And I don't want him to know I'm in the States. I'm on a forged passport, but a good one. I'll take it from the beginning."

He told me that after the war he had bought a plane with what was left of his father's money, and had taken a tour of Central and South America. He had run out of money, finally, eight years ago in a small country run by a president-dictator named General Peral. Vince had found employment as bilingual pilot and aide to an industrialist named Raoul Melendez, the second most powerful man in the country.

For the last three years Peral and Melendez had been moving toward a showdown. Melendez had been getting too big. Peral was trying to clip his wings. Melendez, in order to survive and in order to protect his holdings within the country, had to move into the field of political action. And in that area, political action means bullets.

Vince said he felt Peral would win. Melendez had bought some of the army officers, and had been planning the coup, with greatest care, to look like a spontaneous uprising of the people and a chunk of the army. If it was successful, the country would be controlled for a time by an army junta, and then a friend of Melendez would end up as the new president.

"And that would leave me out in the

cold. Jerry; but I think I've got a good way to stay warm."

He explained it to me. He had acquired his information from many sources, some of it direct from Melendez, who apparently trusted him to a certain extent, but not completely. And some of it from Carmela. Melendez' trusted mistress. Melendez was converting his extensive holdings in other South American countries into U.S. dollars, and, through the services of a venal diplomatic courier of one of those countries, he was smuggling the cash into the United States, where it was being turned over to a smart Greek named Kyodos. In return, Kyodos, through his shipping connections, was sending in effective infantry weapons, light artillery, light armored vehicles, right under Peral's nose. And Vince had learned the details of the next shipment of cash.

"Vince, I don't think I . . ."

"Get the whole picture before you brush me off, boy. My deal with Carmela involves getting her out of the country in time and giving her a share of the take. But not a big share. We split the rest, you and me. And you have to remember this: it wouldn't be theft. We'd be hijacking the war funds of a joker who is trying to overturn an established government in what looks as if it would be a very bloody-type fracas. Hundreds of innocents killed. From the moral viewpoint we'd be clean. You can see that."

"Vince, this sounds crazy."

He hunched forward eagerly. "The money comes into Tampa. I've got a way we can take it away from that courier with no fuss at all, but it takes two of us. It will all be synchronized. I've got a guy lined up to fly Carmela out in one of Melendez' light planes. By the time she's airborne, we'll have the money and Peral will be reading a detailed report on the whole operation. Melendez is sunk. We split and go our separate ways. Nobody is in any shape to claim anything stolen."

I tried to explain. He was the same guy I'd known in Burma. But I belonged to the Junior Chamber and the country club and I worked on the United Fund Drive. I was just a businessman in a medium-sized city, like a million other guys. I couldn't even imagine myself doing some of the things I'd done in the war. It gave me the cold sweats to think of some of those things. But he was still living with that kind of reckless flavor. Not even for a hundred thousand bucks clear and a perfect operating plan would I contemplate such a crazy adventure.

He looked at me almost with contempt. "Is this the big happy life, Jerry? No kids. And, forgive me, a bottle-baby wife. A lush. Look. I'm supposed to be on a hunting trip. Do you think I'd risk coming way up here on a deal involving a crummy hundred thousand? What do you

think weapons of war cost in this brave new world, anyway? Melendez is worth maybe a half billion. So he is investing about forty millions in his coup. The shipment of funds to Kyodos, this single shipment, will be somewhere around three and a half million bucks, boy. Two for me, and one for you, and the half for Carmela. Cash. This is big. With money like that you can pick one of the world's garden spots and live like a king there the rest of your life. Hell, you and I have planned and executed things nine times as dangerous and difficult as lifting this money off that courier. So don't say no again. Sit down here and think about it. I'm going to take a nice fresh drink up to bed."

He went on up. I thought about it. I thought about him. He was colder and harder than he used to be. I thought about myself. Where was I going? Even if, by some miracle, Park Terrace worked out, it had become obvious that Eddie Junior would eventually be the boss man.

One million dollars.

Freedom from want. Freedom from E. J. . . and Lorraine. If I was crazy enough to go in with Vince, I knew Lorraine would be no part of my future. But maybe Liz Addams could be. E. J. had hired her two years ago to work in the office. Widow of a flyer. No children. Tall girl with quiet gray eyes, pale, lustrous, creamy hair, a beautiful complexion. A forthright girl of intelligence and dignity. One of those rare ones who become more lovely to look upon as time passes. Lorraine had started riding me about her after I had been seen having coffee with Liz at a drive-in after we had worked late one night on some specifications. Somebody told Lorraine at a cocktail party. Lorraine was happy to have the information, happy to try to build it into something it wasn't. She needed that kind of defensive weapon to cover her own drunken indiscretions.

There would be a house on a quiet bay in the tropics, and the houseboy would bring me a tall cold drink and I could look down and see my cruiser and see Liz sunning herself on the weathered dock . . .

One million dollars. A chance to get out.

But I knew I was dreaming. I went up to bed. After I turned the light out, I planned how I would tell E. J. that I wanted to get out of the corporation. If Vince had done nothing else, he had crystallized my intent to get out of the firm.

It was raining steadily at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, a gray and greasy rain.

E. J. came in, followed closely by Eddie, and full of morning cheer. He said he could see me in a minute, and closeted himself with Eddie for a good half-hour.

Finally Eddie left and E. J. called me in.

"E. J., I chickened out yesterday. I let you bluff me. I let you go ahead and cancel the orders I placed."

"Orders you placed after revising the working drawings without my permission. You know the rules around here."

"I want those houses built *my* way. This is a showdown."

On a project this big and important, I can't let you experiment. You're being rude, but if you're asking a question, the answer is No."

"Then I want to get out, E. J."

He goggled at me. "Out? Out of the corporation?"

"All the way out. Right here is a complete inventory of everything you picked up out of my little business when we merged. I've worked it out conservatively at eight thousand. You give me eight thousand and I give you your two hundred shares back, and we'll shake hands and wish each other luck."

For once he was really listening. He pursed his trout-mouth and said, "Impossible. I can't reduce operating capital at this time."

"Then buy the shares back personally."

"I'm in no position to do that."

"Then give me a truck and some tools, up to eight thousand worth."

"We need all the equipment on the Park Terrace job."

"You won't make any kind of deal on the stock?"

"No."

"I'm through anyway," I said, standing up. He stood up too and told me I was being a fool, but I was still his son-in-law and when I "came to my senses" he would take me back. So I told him that if he went ahead with Park Terrace there wouldn't be anything to come back to. I cleaned out my desk, said goodbye to Liz, and nodded at Junior. I caught Cal Warde at the Merchants' Midland Bank a little after ten. Cal is a friend, and shrewd. Too shrewd. He knew the Malton situation backward and forward, and sensed the coming fiasco of Park Terrace. The maximum he would loan me on the stock was a thousand, and he intimated that was pushing it a little. Bring in a personal balance sheet, he suggested, and maybe he could loan me more on my signature, on an open note. I knew how sick a personal balance sheet would look.

I told him my problem. I wanted to get back in business for myself. He said it was a poor time to start. I should have a minimum of thirty thousand behind me. I told him I couldn't go back with Malton. It was hopeless. So he suggested I get a job with one of the other local firms. He knew I could land one. I knew it, too. But at less than E. J.'s three hundred a week, out of which I had not saved a dime.

I got home a little after eleven. Vince

was in the living room reading a magazine. He said Irene had fed him well, and he thought Lorraine was up because he had heard a shower running. I went on up and we had it out, a very noisy hassle. A lot of yelling went on. I was almost certain Vince could hear the raised voices.

I said I had quit. She said I was insane. I wanted to sell the house and rent a small place. The money from the house would be enough to set me up. She said she wouldn't betray her own father. She said she didn't want to move. She said I was trying to force her to make a choice between me and her family, and in that event, she would most certainly choose her family, thank you. And make it final, if that was what I wanted. And she would take the house, both cars, the checking account, and fifty cents out of every dollar I made for the rest of my life, thank you.

She went downstairs. I sat on the bed and tried to think it out. Maybe the smart thing was to take her divorce offer, walk out and get a job and live in a furnished room. When I went down Irene was serving Lorraine her breakfast in the dining room. Vince was having coffee with her. They were laughing together. She announced to Vince in a smiling andaceous way that I was, as of this morning, self-unemployed. And I saw the quick glint of interest in his glance toward me.

I drove off with Vince on the pretext of showing him some of the houses I'd built, and parked in the rain at one of the picnic places on the Helena Forest Road.

"You're coming in? Good!"

"Hold it. I'm not coming in. I've got other plans. But . . . just for the hell of it . . . how about some detail on this nice smooth operation in Tampa?"

He grinned at me in a knowing way. "Sure. Melendez owns this courier. He doesn't know me. I've studied sharp pictures of him. He will arrive on May thirteenth in Tampa at Tampa International. This is his fourth trip bringing money. He has diplomatic immunity. An official car from his consulate in Tampa meets him at the airport. It takes him directly to a downtown hotel. He registers and then goes directly to the consulate with the diplomatic pouch. The transfer of money is arranged at the hotel somehow."

I frowned at him. "So what's the deal? Switch cars?"

He punched me on the shoulder. "You haven't lost your touch. A nice impressive black rental job, with you at the wheel. A fake message to the consulate to meet a later flight. We have to get it off the courier. It would be a wicked job trying to take it away from the Greek. But if he never gets his hands on it, he won't come after it in a rough way."

"Daylight?"

"Midafternoon."

"Oh, fine. Armed robbery in daylight."

"Relax. You arrive in Tampa on the eleventh and register at the Tampa Terrace Hotel. I'll already be in town. You drive down in this station wagon. What's your head size? Seven and a quarter? Good. I'll have a nice chauffeur's hat for you. Bring a gray suit. On the twelfth we'll run through rehearsals until we've got it perfect. When his flight comes in you're parked in front. I go in and bring him out. My Spanish is good enough for the job. I've got an official decal for the door of the rental sedan. That is a little touch of necessary reassurance. He'll be jumpy. I get in back with him. I quiet him with my handy little bag of shot. I'll have a hypo of demerol with me, and I'll give him enough for a nice four-hour nap. We transfer to your car and leave him and his pouch on the floor of the rental sedan. And drive quietly away with three and a half million bucks."

"Will there be anybody with him or tailing him?"

"He'll be alone, but I'm not sure about a tail. Maybe Kyodos' people watch him at the airport and follow him to the hotel."

"Then what?"

"If we find we're being tailed after the courier is under control, I have an alternative plan, and a good one. Quiet and deft. But it involves our splitting up for a little while and you will at that time have the money. That's why it has to be somebody I can trust all the way. See any flaws?"

"Not from here. I'd have to look over the area. Carrying a gun?"

"I will. You don't have to. Just in case. But the chances of having to use it are damn near nil."

"If it goes all right, where do we split?"

"Atlanta."

"Any chance of roadblocks?"

"Who will yell cop? Not the courier. Not Kyodos. Not the consulate."

"Suppose the courier is planning to pull a fast one?"

"No chance of that. He's completely tame. He has a wife and three little girls back home."

"Will they get worked over when he goofs?"

"No. By then Peral will have taken Melendez out of the play."

"And suppose you hit him too hard?"

"I won't. I've had plenty of practice. This will be smooth, believe me. The one fat chance in a lifetime. Are you in?"

"Don't push so hard, Vince. When do you have to leave?"

"The ticket says one-fifteen tomorrow afternoon."

"If I said Yes or No right now would it still be the same flight?"

"Yes, it would."

"Okay. By the time you leave you'll get a Yes or a No. Right now it's No. And I don't think it will change."

"If it should be Yes, you wouldn't be so stupid as to drop the word to Lorraine?"

"Not a chance. I'll need an excuse for the trip. Job-hunting will be good enough. Or looking for money to borrow."

We went home. Lorraine had gone out someplace, leaving no word. Irene fixed our lunch. We talked about old times and places. At one point I looked across the table at him and it struck me that I had never really known him and never would. I wondered if anybody had ever been really close to him. He had the look of indolence and effectiveness of one of the great carnivores. There was a taint of the tiger in him. The tiger is not a herd beast.

That night, while Lorraine lay in that sodden slumber, that little alcoholic death, I paced the floor, despising her and myself and the trap I was in. When I drove Vince to the airport on Sunday I told him to count me in. He exhaled a long sigh. We decided that I would register at the hotel as a Robert Martin, and leave the car in a lot near the hotel. If anything went wrong, there would be a message at the desk for me. He gave me five hundred in fifties to cover my travel expenses and get the car in top shape. I watched his airplane take off. On the way home when I had to stop for a light, I saw two cops talking on a corner. I felt a quiver of uneasiness, and knew it was the first of many.

I registered as Robert Martin at the Tampa Terrace Hotel at ten minutes after noon on Wednesday, May 11. There was no note from Vince saying it was all off. I had begun to hope there would be.

I went to the room to wait for Vince, too nervous and restless to eat or nap or read. The twelve days in Vernon after Vince had left had been strange days—a curious suspension of time.

I did some job-hunting as camouflage. Lorraine kept yapping at me, demanding to know what we were going to live on. So I spent as little time as possible around the house, and she began belting herself as never before.

On the Friday two days before I left I phoned Liz at the office and made a date with her for eight o'clock. We drove out of town and I parked at exactly the same place on the Helena Forest Road where I had talked to Vince.

We got out of the car and sat on one of the picnic tables, our feet on the bench. I lighted her cigarette. An orange moon was coming up behind us, shining through the trees.

I started to talk about Lorraine. She tried to stop me. She didn't want to hear that kind of talk. But I wanted her to

know just how bad it was. I'd never unloaded it all on anybody. When I was through I picked up her hand and laced my fingers in hers and she did not object, but responded with warm pressure. I had not touched her before.

"Liz, suppose we could get out of here? Both of us. You and me. With enough money for . . . a long, long time. Run away from all this."

She got down from the table and stood a few feet away. "Just run?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I don't think so. Jerry. No."

I went to her. "Do you care enough?"

She turned and looked at me somberly in the pale moonlight, and then came into my arms and we clung to each other hungrily.

"Enough to do it the right way, darling," she said. "Not running. Not like that. Now take me home."

On the way home she said, "About . . . what you said about enough money. Would you get it . . . legally?"

"Technically, yes."

"I don't like the sound of that. Jerry."

"Someday I'll tell you about it."

"I want to see you again. Jerry. I guess you know how much I mean that. But not until you get . . . everything straightened out."

I let her out on her dark street. She waved from the porch and I drove home. I left on Sunday after a messy quarrel with Lorraine. She wanted definite information on where I was going, and tried to rake my face with her nails when I carried my bag out.

MY hotel room phone rang at three-twenty. I told Vince to come up. He came in lithely, brown and grinning, wearing a cocoa straw hat, dark suit, enormous sunglasses, carrying a paper bag. He ripped the bag open and flipped me the chauffeur's hat. Out of nervousness I clowned it up when I tried it on. I saluted him and said. "Is everything in order, sir?"

He took off his sunglasses. "Like a thousand-dollar watch. Our little friend is on flight 675 tomorrow at 3 P.M. instead of the thirteenth. That's the major change. Carmela is set for her ride. Peral will get his tip sheet after she has taken off tomorrow. Raoul Melendez thinks I'm in San Paulo on a little errand for him. So let's go over this city map. I've marked it. Then we'll go down and take a run in the rented limousine."

I went over the map. We went down to the car, a long black job about three years old, highly polished, in a metered parking space. He had marked where my car would be parked, across from the side entrance of a hospital. "If we find out we're followed from the airport, we take this route to the hospital and go to the emergency entrance. I give them a lot

of broken English and we check the courier in as a patient. You carry the money—it will be in a big suitcase—into the hospital and out a different exit to the station wagon and take off. Drive three blocks and park here around the corner. I'll join you as soon as I'm certain I've shaken loose. We'll go over the whole thing. Okay. Start it up and we'll go out to the airport."

We drove the route three times, while Vince checked the time on it. It took us just eighteen minutes on the third try. He had decided to knock the courier out before we rolled out of the main gate of the airport.

We checked over everything before we parted on Wednesday night at ten o'clock. He had the hypo, the decal for the car door and a small bottle of gasoline to use to wipe the decal off. He had the vicious-looking bag of shot, and a small, ugly, and efficient Jap automatic of recent vintage.

I kept waking up during the night, and each time I woke up I wanted to get dressed and check out and get in my car and drive north, fast. But in the morning I had coffee in the hotel and then checked out and carried my suitcase and the wrapped chauffeur's hat to the parking lot and drove to the designated parking place near the hospital. Vince arrived in the black limousine a few minutes after I did. He put his bag in the station wagon with mine. Then, taking the station wagon, we rehearsed the fast route out of town. The rehearsals gave me a certain confidence. I could believe that the main chance would work just as smoothly.

At two o'clock we transferred back to the limousine. It was a quiet street. Vince affixed the decal to the door and got into the back seat. I put on my chauffeur's hat. We drove to the airport and parked off the road a hundred yards outside the main entrance. He loaded the hypo through the rubber top of the bottle and wedged the needle down between the seat and the back of the seat.

"Is that the right dosage, Vince?"

"To the last c.c. They'll get him awake by seven-thirty. And Señor Zaragosa has damn little English and by then the consulate will be closed and they will have met the wrong plane and it'll be one big confusion. Once I get him into the car, we're set."

"I don't believe in the money yet," I said. "That much money." My grin was a grimace. I was sweaty and I had to keep repressing a tendency to yawn, which is the truest indication of fear.

Vince looked at his watch again. "Okay. Roll it."

I turned in the main gate. I passed the entrance to the parking areas and parked where we had planned, just to the left of the main doors for anyone coming out.

It was ten of three. Vince got out. A guard came over and tried to get me to move the car. Vince gave him a lot of white teeth in a big grin and said. "Diplomático, diplomático, diplomático." The guard gave up and wandered away. Vince went inside. After an endless five minutes he came out and came to my window and said. "Be of good cheer. I just phoned the consulate. Señor Zaragosa is expected at eight-fifteen tonight. And this flight is on time." He went back inside. It was comforting to be able to stop watching for the legitimate limousine. My stomach was knotted. This was like an ambush, when you lie in the brush and wait for the sound of them on the trail, the creak and tinkle of armed men on the move.

Vince came out through the main doors. There was a stocky man with him, a man in a dark suit wearing a white straw hat, a man with a pale pyramidal face, heavy jowls dark with beard shadow, a pursed red mouth and sunken eyes. He carried a diplomatic pouch and a brief case. Vince carried a large black suitcase as though it were very heavy. It was of black shiny metal with chrome corners and hardware, and it had a battered look. Vince was talking volubly, gesturing with his free hand. The man had a reluctant and troubled look. Vince was urging him along toward the car.

Getting out, I went around the rear of the car and opened the rear door, then took the suitcase from Vince. I grunted when the strain came on my arm. The little man said something sharply to me in Spanish. I ignored him, heaved the suitcase onto the front seat and slammed the door, then stood attentively beside the opened rear door. The man shrugged and came toward the car. It was going to work. It was going to be all right.

But suddenly I saw two men coming up behind them, coming rapidly toward them, two lean men in sports shirts and pale jackets, focusing on Vince and Zaragosa with unmistakable intensity. And then I saw a hand come out of the side pocket of a yellow jacket, bringing with it a cold, bluish gleam of metal



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TAINT OF THE TIGER (continued)

incongruous in the bright hot sunlight.
"Behind you," I yelled.

As Vince spun around, a slug at a range of ten feet knocked him a half step off balance. With his perfect instinct and miraculous reflexes, he swung Zaragosa in front of him and yelled, "Get the wheel!" I ran around the car, slipping on the asphalt, feeling as though I ran in waist-deep water, or ran in a dream. I heard two more shots, some yells, a woman's scream. I'd left the motor turning over. I saw Vince, with a horrid effort, swing the dumpy weight of Zaragosa by crotch and neck and hurl him at the two men. It tumbled one of them and the other made a wild leap to jump clear, but landed off balance and fell. As Vince tumbled into the back I put the gas to the floor and swung in a wide screaming arc and aimed for the entrance to the highway. A fat man jumped, roaring with fear, out of the way. Vince yanked the door shut. I glanced in the rear vision mirror and saw the two men in the jackets running toward the parking area. And I had a glimpse of Zaragosa on his face on the sidewalk, the brief case and diplomatic pouch ten feet from the body.

I barreled into traffic, wedging a hole as horns yapped in angry protest. When I came to the turn toward town I was doing eighty. I hit the brake, slid through the turn and yanked it straight. I thought I heard a siren far away. I passed cars ahead of me by swinging wide and forcing oncoming traffic to move over. I hit the brakes again, and cut hard just behind an oncoming truck into the left turn on our planned route. I slowed to proper sedateness and, three blocks farther, a light stopped me. Vince was on the floor in back. I asked him how bad it was.

"I don't know. I'm bleeding like a pig."
"Can you do anything about it?"

"I'm trying to do something about it. Anybody following us?"

"No."

"What a lousy break! Somebody else had the same idea. I don't think it was Kyodos' people. I think I've seen one of those boys before, but I can't remember where. I got one bullet on the right over the collarbone and one in the left thigh, high and inside."

I had moved when the light had changed. I dropped the chauffeur's hat on the floor beside me. I asked Vince how he was making out and he said he was trying to keep from passing out. I parked behind the station wagon. Vince managed to walk to the station wagon. I transferred the suitcase and the chauffeur's hat and then, at Vince's insistence, went back and got the hypo and wiped the decal off

the door. I dropped the little bottle of gasoline in the gutter and tried to stamp on it with my heel but missed it. There was a sick sweet smell of spilled blood in the black car. I left the key in it, hoping somebody would steal it.

I drove north to 92 and turned onto 301 and we were soon in open country. I thought Vince had passed out beside me but when I spoke to him he told me to hurry it up. I turned off on an obscure road and pulled off that into the brush near a deserted gravel pit. I got him out on the ground and got his clothes off. The leg looked the worst—a black hole punched in the front, in the meat of the thigh, and a larger torn hole in the back, leaking venous blood. Had it been arterial blood, he wouldn't have lasted from the airport to the hospital. I tore up a shirt, took two-thirds of a bottle of bourbon from my bag and splashed it into the wound and then bound it tightly, putting pads of fabric against the wounds. The shoulder looked as if the slug had nicked the collarbone and emerged tumbling, ripping the heavy shoulder muscles. I fixed it the same way. I got him fresh clothing from his luggage and helped him get into it. I scooped a hole in the gravel and buried his ruined clothing, the hypo, and the chauffeur's hat. He took several long drinks from the bottle and his speech thickened almost immediately. I got him into the car and got out of there, wondering how soon I could get him to a doctor. He didn't want a doctor. Not yet. He wanted to make miles.

We got the five o'clock news out of Tampa. Señor Alvaro Zaragosa was entirely dead. He was termed a diplomat. Killed while standing talking to an unknown man beside a chauffeur-driven car just outside the doors to the terminal building at Tampa International. The unknown man had made good his escape in a "hail of bullets." The assassins had escaped in a blue and white sedan bearing local plates. No official papers or documents were stolen. There was a good description of Vince which included the information that he was believed to speak no English. Roadblocks had been set up to intercept both cars. But we were well beyond any roadblock by then.

"It's a mess," I said.

"No mess," Vince said. "Nothing is missing. Zaragosa was a nobody. They'll come down from Washington and hush it all up. It'll look like he got himself mixed up in a smuggling deal. Kyodos may be a little disappointed, but what can he do? Pretty soon he'll learn Melendez is out of business."

"One man dead and you with two big

holes in yourself. Everything is dandy."

"Just roll the wagon, Jerry. Just move it up the road."

At six o'clock, just beyond Ocala, we got the international news. General Peral had crushed the Melendez revolt. The capital city was under martial law. Every member of the Melendez group had been killed, wounded or imprisoned. One insurgent strong point at the Melendez hacienda had not yet been destroyed, but bombers were on the way.

The announcer made some pontifical statements about the danger of such Communist-inspired insurrections, and then interrupted himself to give us a late bulletin about how one Carmela de la Vega, personal secretary to Melendez, had been killed when the private plane in which she had been trying to flee the country had crashed in the mountains near the border.

"Hard lines," Vince said. "She damn near made it. I can't go much farther. Jerry. Look for a hole."

We holed up in a new motel in Stark, Florida. It was after dark. I took a twin bed double and signed for my friend, who was sleeping. We had number twenty. I sent the boy after ice and helped Vince in while he was gone. By leaning most of his weight on me, he could manage to walk. After the ice came I brought the luggage in. I pulled the blinds and adjusted the draperies. Vince sat in the only armchair. It took five glasses of water to take the edge off the dehydration caused by his wounds. He should have gone right to bed, but he wanted to take a look at what we had grabbed. The suitcase was locked. I got a tire iron and pried the two catches open, careful not to damage them so badly they would not work at all. A piece of coarse off-white cloth covered the contents. I snatched it off and we looked at what we had.

A one-dollar bill has a humble and homely look. A five has meek pretensions. A ten is forthright and honest, like a scout leader. A twenty, held to the ear, emits a far-off sound of night-club music. A fifty wears a race track sneer. A hundred is haughty indeed.

Then there is quantity. A wad of ones in the bottom of a grubby pocket, or three frayed fives in a cheap billfold . . . all the way up to the platinum money clip with its crisp and dainty burden of fifties and hundreds. Or there are hanks, where the teller has a stack at his elbow that can stop your heart.

But nothing, ever, like what I looked at when I yanked that cloth off. I was one man when I pried the locks open. Twenty seconds later I was somebody else, and I knew in some crazy way that I could

I watched him make love to my wife. Then she heard me and jumped up, screaming at me, "You filthy sneak!"

never go back to being the man I once had been, no matter how I tried. I finally looked up at Vince, and we were both awed and shaken. He let his breath out and said, "Count it."

The bills were wired together in bricks about four inches thick, two strands of wire around each. The bricks were neatly and tightly fitted into the suitcase. I pried out one brick. The top and bottom bills were hundreds. I handed it to Vince. I took all the wired blocks out. There were sixty-eight bricks of hundreds and one of five hundreds. There was a scrap of paper in the bottom, with a tabulation typed on it with a worn-out ribbon: $68 \times \$50,000 = \$3,400,000$. So there were 500 bills in each block of hundreds. And the figure of \$250,000 had been added to the total to make \$3,650,000. So in the block of 500 five-hundred-dollar bills, there was a quarter of a million. I hadn't thought there were 34,000 hundred-dollar bills in all the world.

Vince bounced the brick in his hand. I looked up at him and heard myself say in a tight and strained voice, "Two for you and one for me. And the rest down the middle."

He hesitated, and then nodded. "Okay. One million three hundred and twenty-five thousand for you. Bust a brick. Here. Bust this one."

I had to break the wire loose with the tire iron. When the second wire popped the bills exploded, taking up a lot more room. I restacked them, cut the stack by eye, counted half and made the adjustment. I tore the top one badly when busting the wire. We matched for it. I won so it went to Vince. He lit it with a match and used it to light his cigarette and mine. Suddenly we were laughing like maniacs. When we could get our breath, I paid him the five hundred he had loaned me, and felt slightly abused when he didn't tell me to forget it. His pile of money was a hell of a lot bigger than mine. We put the loose bills in our suitcases, and I put the bricks back in the big tin suitcase, latched it and stowed it in the closet and put the night chain on the room door.

I lay in bed and thought about my bricks of money. He had agreed to take the five-hundred-dollar bills. Twenty-six complete bricks were mine, and one half-brick, loose.

In the morning he was a little stronger, but so stiff he could hardly move, and he looked bad. I brought breakfast back to the room. We had a talk about ways and means. He didn't want to take the risk of seeing a doctor. He thought he would heal all right. He thought that if there was no infection, ten days should do it.

Finally he said, "We're both thinking the same thing. The safest place for me is right in your house, Jerry."

"If I take you home, it increases my risk."

"Granted."

"You remember the old saying, the greater the risk, the greater the profit."

He looked at me for long seconds and I felt my face get red. "Name it," he said.

"Another block of hundreds, Vince."

"That's a hell of a rental. That runs damn high, boy."

"If you don't like it, we split right here." It wasn't me talking. It was the man I had changed into after I'd soaked in the look of all that money.

"All right," he said finally. "Now, you've got twenty-seven toys to play with."

"What's that to you? You've got the rest of Carmela's share, which still leaves you four bundles ahead, doesn't it? And I could have driven away while you were waltzing around with Zaragosa."

"That's why I picked you, remember? Because you *wouldn't* drive away. You're an old buddy. Remember? Now let's get out of here."

We got home at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, after pushing it all the way. He was too weak to walk up the stairs and I didn't want to risk a fall, so I had him sit on the bottom stair and hitch his way up with my help. I was thankful that Lorraine wasn't home. I hoped she wouldn't come home too soon.

I got him back into the guest room and got him some of my pajamas. Then I had the problem of the money, where to put it. Lorraine likes to pry around. The house has oil heat but it was originally designed for coal, with an automatic stoker. I keep hardwood for the fireplace in the bin. I had about two cords, all stacked. I unstacked it and restacked it over the suitcase.

I took my loose bills out of my suitcase, put five hundred dollars in my wallet and put the rest of it inside a folded sweater in the bottom drawer of my bureau. She wouldn't be poking around there.

I went back to the guest room. Vince was dozing and I woke him up. "Now what do we tell Lorraine about you?"

He thought it over and said, "There isn't anything duller than somebody else's operation. How about a bursitis thing, where they opened me up and scraped the shoulder bone and the hip?"

"Okay. When you were here before you said you had to have this operation. When she's swacked she hears a lot that she can't remember, so she'll go along with that. So I stopped in to see how you were doing and brought you back here where you'd be more comfortable. But where?"

"Make it Chicago. Where's the money, Jerry?"

"In a safe place."

He looked at me. "That's nice. That's good to know. But where is it?"

"I told you it's safe."

He rolled up onto one elbow. "Let's try to keep this thing under control. That's a lot of money. It can bitch up your sense of balance. I think I better know where it is."

"In the cellar. In the coal bin. I stacked cordwood over it."

He lay back. "That sounds fine."

I heard Lorraine's Porsche chug into the driveway and I went down. She was in a brief gray swimsuit and a hip-length blue terrycloth robe. And she was ready for battle. And half tight. Before she could really get wound up, I got in the word about Vince. She swallowed the idea that she had been told about the operation. She was delighted to have him aboard. Yes indeedy. She became a lot more cordial to me. She went bounding gaily up to check on dear old Vince, family friend. When I went up to take my shower I heard her tittering at him and heard his deep voice when he answered her. When I came out of the shower she was in our bedroom, ready for battle again. No money in the checking account. And what was I going to do about that? What was I going to do about a job? Why didn't I stop being a stubborn damn fool and go back to work for Daddy-dear on Monday morning. And where had I been, anyway? Was I trying to make a fool of her?

After she'd stomped me a while, she showered, fixed soup for Vince, changed from her robe to a cocktail dress and drove off in her little car for a gay evening.

I was too tired to go out to eat. I drank a quart of milk and piled into bed, and sleep came so fast it was like drowning in a pool of warm black ink.

Lorraine was asleep when I got up at ten. The Sunday paper had a lengthy account of the Melendez revolt. It said he had hanged himself in his prison cell. His extensive holdings had been impounded by the Minister of the Interior. The curfew had been lifted, and it was expected the revolt would have no adverse effect on the tourist industry.

There was one paragraph at the bottom. "Also being sought is Melendez' personal pilot and confidential aide, an American-born naturalized citizen of the country named Vincent Biskay. It has been established that Biskay left the country by commercial airliner on May 8, four days before the insurrection. Informed sources believe that Biskay may have sought political asylum in Cuba. He was regarded as a man of mystery and a soldier of fortune."

The Tampa killing was also covered, but in neither news story was there a hint of any connection between the two events.

Both cars had been recovered where they had been abandoned. The man who had rented the sedan answered the description of the man seen with Zaragosa at the airport. Because of the blood found in the rented vehicle, all doctors had been alerted to be on the lookout for anyone seeking treatment of a bullet wound. In an official statement, the ambassador from Zaragosa's country had announced that it was believed that the killing was a personal matter and had no connection with official business.

I took some coffee and the newspaper up to Vince. He read it intently, and did not seem overly troubled. I asked him if there was anybody in the world who knew where he was, and he said there wasn't a chance. I envied him his poise.

"After we split up," I said, "if either of us goofs and is picked up, sooner or later the other one is going to be dragged into it."

He put the coffee down and reached for his cigarettes. "I won't mess it up, boy. And just you keep from messing it up until I've been gone a week. Then you can hire a sound truck and give it all the publicity you want. I won't give a damn. I've got a safe place to go and a new identity to step into. It's foolproof."

"What am I going to do with my share?"

He looked at me with ironic amusement and yawned like a cat. "You wanted it. You got it. Take your chances. If you try to hang around here and use it, no matter how careful you are, there'll be talk and sooner or later the boys with the brief cases will be looking you up."

"Suppose I want to get it out of the country? How would I go about that?"

He shrugged. "There's lots of ways. About the best for you would be to go to all the large cities and buy bank acceptances for cash. Then fly over with your acceptances and open up a Swiss number account. Then pick a place where you want to live. Me, I want to get well enough to travel and get out of here."

"Okay, Vince. Thanks a lot."

"Why should I have to hold your hand? You're a big boy now. By the way, your Lorraine was trying to pump me about your plans for the future."

"Divorce is part of it."

"Fine, but maybe you could steady her down until I get out of here. Like maybe taking your job back."

I thought it over. The idea was distasteful. But he was right. Get back into the old groove. Then people would stop wondering what I was going to do next.

When I went into our bedroom, Lorraine, in orange slacks and black blouse, was leaning toward her mirror painting a new mouth. She seemed cheerful and accepted my suggestion that she scramble

some eggs for Vince. I asked her if she'd had fun at the club and she shrugged and said it was the usual crowd. Then I told her, very carefully, that I had decided, after all, to go back to the job. She turned on all her lights and beamed at me with satisfaction and told me she thought I was being very intelligent. I thought she wanted to be kissed, but she turned her face away and said, "Don't muss my mouth, dear."

She insisted that I should tell Daddy right away. They would be back from church. So I walked to 112 Tyler Drive, peered through the screen and, with my thumb, activated a symphony of door chimes. Edith Malton, with nervous and electric whinny, let me in and directed me toward the kitchen, where E. J. sat, small, neat, pink and white, looking as if an indulgent mother had bathed him and combed him and knotted his tie a half-dozen times until it was exactly right. When I said I'd like to come back to work if he'd have me back, they both beamed at me and said they were happy, for Lorraine's sake, and E. J. said, ha ha ha, the time off could be charged against my vacation, and no hard feelings.

I walked back home. During breakfast Lorraine told me we were expected at Dave and Nancy Brownell's steak roast that afternoon. The Brownells live on Van Dorn Road, the next street over, so close that whenever we go there we go out the back of the house and walk through Carl Gowan's property to get there. Lorraine said she would bring back a plate from the party for Vince.

We went over a little after two. The big party was aboil. The Brownell Sunday steak roasts are neighborhood events. About forty adults and what seemed to be a hundred children. Big washtuhs full of soft drinks and ice. Other washtuhs full of beer. Tony, from the club, tending bar. Tony made me a deep dish Martini and I took it over to the side, away from the herd.

I watched them all and sipped my drink and learned something about myself. I spotted George Farr and Cal Warde. I looked at E. J. and at Dave Brownell and the other men I knew. And realized that for a long, long time I had been resenting their opinion of me. The job was a trap and the marriage was a trap, and I had thought that was why I had gone in with Vince. But it was more than that. I knew I had as much or more on the ball than the men I was looking at. But they had come to regard me with a sort of amiable contempt. I was E. J.'s son-in-law. I had it made. And I had needed to prove to myself that I could do something these men would find impossible to do. Now I had the money. I wished I could talk about it. I wished I

could show it to them. See this! Take a look at what Jerry Jamison can do, boys.

I was ravenous when I finally got my steak, but my appetite left me when I had finished a third of it. I got a beer out of the ice water and decided to go talk to Vince. When I was halfway up the stairs I heard the sounds of women, like a tree-ful of birds. I stood in the doorway and looked at Vince. He lay at his ease, indolent and confident and arrogant. Lorraine and two of her closest friends, Mandy Pierson and Tinker Velbiss, had brought Vince his steak. They were taking turns feeding him. His slow jaw ground the red meat and his flat eyes were amused and content. The slim young matrons tinkled happily over him like silvery chimes.

Iwent back to the party and found a chair in the shade. When I woke, it was dark. Dave had turned on his outdoor lighting effects. I had a grainy headache, and some clown had filled my pockets with potato chips. I emptied the chips onto the grass. Two small groups were engaged in ponderous argumentation, and another group was singing "Red River Valley."

I sat quietly for a time, trying to decide what I wanted, what kind of a life I wanted to buy with the money.

I knew I didn't want a life that in any way resembled what I had. No cookouts. No drunken singing. Maybe an island somewhere. Some good hunting and fishing. And a woman around. Liz.

Or maybe I wanted what I thought I was getting when I married Lorraine.

But it was a little late for that.

When I walked into the office on Monday morning Liz was taking the plastic cover off her typewriter. Her smile was wonderful. "What are you doing here? I mean 'good morning' first and then the question."

I sat on the corner of her desk. "Back to work," I said carefully.

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"FOR A BETTER-READ,
BETTER-INFORMED AMERICA"



National Library Week

March 16-22, 1958



BOB PATTERSON

TAIN OF THE TIGER (continued)

There was a sudden deadness in her face. "How nice."

"Liz, I want you to understand . . ."

"Why should you make explanations to me?"

"Isn't there a reason why I should?"

"The reason seems to be a bit . . . obsolete now."

"I want a chance to talk to you, Liz. Please. I don't want you to think I was pressured into coming back by Lorraine."

"I don't really think I care why you've come back, Mr. Jamison."

On the next Wednesday, the nineteenth day of May. I didn't get a chance to eat until after three. I picked an afternoon paper off the rack and ate at a lunchroom counter. The *Vernon Examiner*. I could find no mention of either the Tampa deal or the crushing of the Melendez revolt. But, as I scanned an inside page, my own name jumped out at me. It was in a local column I never read. Social gossip stuff. It was called "All Over Town," and was written by a withered little ferret of a woman named Conchita Riley. I remembered seeing her at the Brownells' cookout.

"We hear that an old war buddy of *Jerry Jamison's* is recuperating at *Jerry and Lorraine Jamison's* charming Tyler Drive home. Your reporter didn't get a chance to meet the mysterious *Vince Biskey*, but the young marrieds who did some impromptu nurse duty last Sunday during the lawn party given by *Dave and Nancy Brownell* report that he is a dreamboat. *Jerry and Vince* were in World War II together *Behind Japanese Lines*."

I had been eating hungrily, but the last bite of hamburger seemed to congeal to glue in my mouth. I wondered if Lorraine had seen it and called it to Vince's attention. He was mending rapidly. When he saw it, it would mean only one thing to him. No matter what shape he was in, it was time to take off. It was too much to hope that the name would pass unnoticed by everybody who had read the detailed account of the Peral-Melendez thing.

I headed home. Over a block from the entrance to Tyler Drive, the wagon sputtered and died. I pulled it over to the curb. The gas gauge registered less than empty. I had forgotten to get the tank filled that morning. I cursed my absent-mindedness and walked the rest of the way home. The front door was open. The screen made a muted, pneumatic hiss behind me. I went quickly up the carpeted stairway and turned toward Vince's room.

I stopped abruptly in the doorway. They had not heard me. He could not see the door because her head was in the

way. She wore yellow shorts and a yellow halter. She was half sitting on the bed, his arms around her, their mouths together. I saw his brown hand stroking the long lines of her back, saw it move to the fastening of the halter, saw the momentary fumbling before he freed the fastening and it fell apart. I heard the sound she made against his mouth, a sound of protest and invitation.

"Cough, cough." I said in a ragged and rusty voice.

She came off the bed in one movement, turning toward me, holding the halter against her breasts, her face ugly and twisted with fury. "You damn sneak!" she screamed at me. "You filthy, stinking sneak!"

I moved aside as she plunged by me and fled toward our room. Vince lighted a cigarette and lay back, watching me warily.

"Damn you, Vince!"

"What kind of an act is this?" he asked lazily. "You don't want her. These are long boring afternoons around here. I didn't particularly want her either, but she was forcing the issue. Would you want me to hurt her feelings?"

"Damn you!"

"Your record is stuck. Anyway, at the price I'm paying, there should be a few little privileges."

"You are leaving."

"Not until I'm in shape to travel. And that isn't yet." I handed him the folded paper. My thumb marked the column. I saw his face tighten as he read it. He threw the paper aside. "You're right. I've got to get out of here. And when people come asking questions, you've got to be damn plausible."

"I will be."

"In three more days I can travel. I've got to hole up until then."

I went to the window, looked down at the quiet of the side yard. "I'll drive you up to Morning Lake. Lorraine's people have a summer camp there. They won't be going up yet because the black flies are bad in May and June. I know where the key is. We'll pick up food on the way. If you're well enough for what I interrupted, you're well enough to cook."

"I can cook. How do I get out of there when I can travel?"

I turned and looked at him. He had propped himself up on his good elbow. "We'll split the money. I'll drive you up and get you settled. Move on when you're well. You can get a bus in the village, two miles from the camp. I don't care how you get there. Leave the camp as you found it. I don't want to have to see you again."

"That suits me, Jerry."

"Get yourself dressed and packed," I said. I went down the hall. Our bedroom door was locked. I knocked and called to her but she didn't answer. There was a can of gas in the garage. I hadn't yet mixed the oil into it for the power mower. I walked down the street with the can and met Irene walking from the bus stop. She had recognized the station wagon. I told her that Mrs. Jamison wasn't feeling well, and I'd give her a ride down to where she could catch a bus home. After leaving her off at the bus stop I got the car tank filled and went back to the house. Lorraine's Porsche was still there, her door still locked.

Vince sat on the bed fully dressed, right arm in the sling inside his coat, sleeve tucked neatly in his jacket pocket, dark glasses on, straw hat at a rakish angle. He got down the stairs by himself, backing down one step at a time so he could hold the railing with his good hand. I carried his suitcase. Pain bleached his lips. I could not feel sympathy.

He waited in the kitchen while I went down to the coal bin. I unstacked the wood. I took out my twenty-seven bundles of hundreds and put them in the place where the suitcase had been. I started to close the lid. His share was so much greater than mine. It wasn't at all fair. I took out two more bundles of hundreds and then closed the lid. I restacked the wood over my money and carried the suitcase up to the kitchen. It was lighter and easier to manage.

"You better check it," I said. I opened it.

"What's the idea?" he demanded angrily after he had counted it.

"Extra service, Vince. Two kinds. The camp and Lorraine."

"You're overpricing both items."

"Just what do you expect to do about it if you don't like it?"

We looked at each other for long seconds. He turned away first. "Let's go," he said.

I took the long way around Vernon, and it was just six o'clock when I turned off the narrow country road into the driveway that dropped steeply down to the lakeshore camp. In the first summers of our marriage Lorraine and I had gone up to the camp whenever we had a chance. And it had been fun. I wondered where and why it had all gone. I parked in the turnaround behind the camp, carried the two bags to the shallow side porch, and got the key from its hiding place behind an edge of a window frame. I told him to put the key back there when he left. I brought in the carton of groceries I had bought on the way up. I closed the switches in the fuse box and

TAINT OF THE TIGER (continued)

told him to open them when he left. I told him to stay out of sight and not to light the place up at night any more than he could help.

We were in the kitchen. And quite suddenly he was alming a little Jap automatic at my chest.

"What the hell?" I gasped.

"Goodbye and all that. I don't want you any closer than you are right now. There's a lot of money in the next room and that looks like a deep lake. We carried it off, and this is the end of it. I don't trust you any more. Jerry. You've changed. You've got cute ideas. I don't like your cute ideas. They've cost me a hundred and fifty thousand. So I don't want you tempted any more. *Adios, amigito.* It's been a ball."

So I went out and drove off, gunning the wagon and feeling it weave as the back wheels slipped. It was after seven when I got home. Heat bugs sang in the dusk in the elms and fancy plantings of Tyler Drive.

A half tray of ice cubes was melting in the kitchen. Smoke wreathed up from a smoldering lipsticked butt. I listened in the upstairs hall. The bedroom radio was on. The door was locked. I went back down and made a tall bourbon, using the melting ice.

I didn't know why it should hurt so badly this time. It was a kind of sick shame. Maybe it was because this was the first time I'd had actual proof, and it had been horribly vivid. It shouldn't have meant any more to me than it did to her. Or Vince. One of the pastimes of her little group. To fill the boring afternoons on Tyler Drive.

I knocked steadily for a long time on the bedroom door before she unlocked it and swung it open. She stood swaying in a flowered robe and looked at me with blurred face and sneering expression. She said, "Do come in, darling."

I walked across the bedroom and sat down on her dressing table bench, so heavily that some of the bourbon slopped out onto the back of my hand.

"Lover boy is gone," I said.

"What do you mean, gone?"

"Gone. I took him to the airport."

"Where did he go?"

"I didn't ask."

"I should have gone with him instead of staying here with a damn sneaky sneak."

I explained that I did not sneak. I told her about running out of gas, about meeting Irene and driving her back to the bus stop. She looked at me like a guilty and rebellious child.

"Why do you make such a mess of everything?" I asked her. "Why did you do that today with Vince?"

"I didn't do anything. I kissed him. Is there a law?"

"What if I'd been fifteen minutes later?"

"I wasn't going to do anything," she said sullenly.

The bourbon was getting to me. I felt solemn, pontifical. "Why do you drink so much?"

"Because I like to drink so much. That's why I drink so much."

"We ought to try to understand each other."

Somehow, that set her off. That harmless comment drove her into a sudden screaming rage. I don't know why. She said ugly, vicious, unforgivable things. I hadn't realized she still had the power to hurt me. But she did. I was standing facing her and she was in the bathroom doorway, looking up at me and telling me in sickening detail of her other adventures. I looked down into the filth of her eyes and her face and her taunting smile and called her a foul name. She raked my face deeply with her nails. I put my right hand on the side of her face and thrust her into the bathroom with all my strength.

The robe she was wearing had a wide, circular, floor-length skirt that hung a little too long on the sides; I believe that the first involuntary step she took, the first sideways step, was onto the hem of the robe. It tripped her perfectly so that she left her feet completely, turning in the air slightly toward her own left so that she had no chance of getting her hands in front of her. Her head struck the tub with such a terrible force that the tub made a deep bell sound. She lay on her back with her head turned too far to the side, an angle impossible and sickening. Her nails scrabbled listlessly at the tiled floor. Her body tensed in a rippling shudder and collapsed into stillness and smallness. The bright fluorescence of the bathroom lights made it all a special horror.

We'd had violence before. I'd never knocked her out before. That was all it was. In a little while she'd come wobbling out, cursing me. When I was able, I forced myself to go in and kneel on the tiles and place my ear to her chest, knowing I would hear the thump of her heart. I listened to a monstrous silence.

T I went to the bedroom phone, picked it up and listened to the dial sound. You dial zero. Then you ask for the police. Then you say you just sort of pushed her a little. I hung up and wiped my palms dry on her bedspread. Or call and say you heard a noise and she apparently fell. So how did you get the scratched face, and how could anybody fall with such terrible force? And how about this money under your woodpile, Mr. Jamison? And the blood and tissue under her fingernails is yours.

I had to be cold and logical.

Take the money and run. Run far and

fast. Oh, yes, with every cop in the country looking for you.

I looked at myself in the mirror again. Think, Jamison. What if she left? What if she ran out on you?

With Vince! She was having an affair with Vince. I came home and caught them. That was when she gouged me. And the two of them ran away together. It was a story that would fit Vince's history and her reputation.

As I was toying with it, I remembered something that would make it perfect. Four years before, after a violent quarrel, she had left me forever, and had left her parting note on the flyleaf of a book I had been reading at the time, and left the book propped open on the living room rug. And I had never cut the flyleaf out. Maybe it was dated. I could not remember. It took several minutes to find the right book in the living room. I took it over to the lamp and read the slanty green scrawl, with the *i*'s dotted with little circles. "Jerry—This is no damn good for either of us. I'm leaving for good this time. Don't try to find me. I won't be back." It was signed with one initial, a sprawling L. It was not dated. No one else knew of that note. It still looked fresh and crisp, as though it had just been written.

And the front doorbell rang. I was frozen for a few moments. I put the book aside and made myself answer it. I did not turn on the hall lights or the porch lights. A woman was silhouetted against the distant street lights.

"Hi, Mandy," I said.

"Hello, Jerry. Lorraine around?"

"No, she isn't."

"Know where I can find her?"

"Sorry, Mandy. Her car is here so she probably isn't far."

"Well, I don't feel like tramping around looking for her. Our darn phone is out of order again. If she comes back before ten will you ask her to come over for a couple of minutes?"

I agreed and watched Mandy go down the steps. I went back and cut Lorraine's note out of the book. I went up and propped the note against the dressing table mirror. It looked authentic and plausible. And it was entirely accurate. She wouldn't be back.

In the cellar storeroom I found an old khaki tarp spread over the lawn furniture. I took the tarp and some discarded clothesline up to the bathroom. I spread the tarp out beside her. I sat on my heels and wiped my hands on the thighs of my slacks. After I forced myself to touch her, I worked quickly, not once looking into her face. When I was through I had a mummylike bundle, tied firmly at the ankles, knees, waist and throat. I took her down the dark stairs and out to the kitchen and eased her gently to the

floor. I took a deep breath and tried to think logically and consecutively. I made certain the house was locked. I used some of her pancake make-up to conceal the deep scratches in my cheek.

The phone rang. I let it ring three times before I answered it.

"Jerry? Mandy again. Sorry to be a nuisance. Our phone is now working again. When Lorraine comes home tell her to phone me, please."

"I . . . I was just going out. I'll leave her a note."

"You sound strange, Jerry. Anything wrong?"

"Nothing special. A . . . little domestic conflict."

"It happens sometimes. Chin up, doll."

I sat at the living room desk and wrote, "Lorraine—When you get back, phone Mandy. Vince is sleeping. I'm going out. I don't know when I'll be back. I hope we'll be able to talk this all over rationally and decide what is the best thing to do. Jerry."

I put it on the breakfast booth, weighted down with a salt shaker.

I turned the station wagon around and lowered the tail gate. I took the shovel from the garage and put it in the wagon. It was twenty minutes of ten. I went and got her and ran heavily with her to the station wagon. I laid the shovel across the body, then covered the two objects with the old blanket I keep in the car. The shovel obscured the shape of the body.

I drove carefully into the city, parked the wagon on a quiet side street behind the Hotel Vernon, and went into the hotel bar. It was a quiet evening. Tommy, the bartender, knew me by name. I ordered a double bourbon on the rocks and talked so loudly and angrily and drunkenly about marriage that I got glances of annoyance from the other customers. When Tommy refused to serve me another double, I cussed him out, gave him a dollar tip and lurched out.

From there I drove to the development, Park Terrace. There was no watchman. I knew that the next morning the transitmix trucks would be out to pour footings, foundation walls, and carport slabs for the next batch of ten houses. The forms were in. I parked beside a high pile of cinderblock and waited until my eyes were used to the night light, and then made a tour of inspection. Nobody was using the project as a necking ground. The nearest lighted houses were a quarter mile away.

I got the shovel and stepped over the taut string and the edge of the form for a carport slab. I selected a house where the slope of the lot had caused us to use fill on the carport side. That made the digging easy. I worked hard and fast. I made it four feet deep, about five and a half



NO ONE EVER NOTICES ME

Rose Marie is a shy and frail little three-year old American Indian girl. She is shy and timid because she thinks no one ever notices her or cares anything about her. Her father is away for long periods of time job hunting. He can't find any work on the reservation. She is frail because she has to survive as an infant with practically no milk diet. Her home is a shack with a dirt floor without furniture or the barest of comforts. She is hungry most of the time. Yet she is a pretty girl with winsome dimples and deep brown eyes—a wistful child who timidly seems to yearn for a bit of attention. She could be very affectionate and grateful if she knew someone loved her.

Rose Marie, like many other American Indian children, needs to find a friend and be "adopted" through Christian Children's Fund's Indian centers in four states. The cost of such an "adoption" is \$10 a month and the contributor receives the child's name, address, picture and story and can exchange correspondence.

I want to "adopt" an Indian boy girl . Please send me my child's name, address, picture and story. I understand I can write to my child.

Enclosed please find \$120 for the year or \$10 for the first month . I understand I have the privilege of cancelling my "adoption" at any time. I cannot "adopt" a child but I will pledge per month for a year . I enclose my single gift . Gifts are deductible from income tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____

For information about the "adoption" of non-Indian children in the United States or in 30 other countries, please write to:

Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke
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Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1933, with its 250 affiliated orphanage schools in 34 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world. It serves 25 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

Rose Marie's tribe, the Papagos, live in a barren desert country where 50 acres of land is required for one cow. Less than a third of them speak English and 40% of the children are not in school. These "first American" children very definitely need help.

feet long and about two feet wide. Then I took her on my shoulder for the last time and lowered her into the hole. She fit snugly. I consciously tried to dull my awareness of what I was doing as I shoveled the fill back into the hole and tamped it down. I spread the excess down the slope with wide swings of the shovel. I used the old blanket to brush away evidence of digging and tamping.

And I thought of her in the sun by a pool, and in a formal dress, her shoulders bare. I saw her walking and running and laughing.

Eleven o'clock. Time was going too rapidly. The night would not be long enough.

I drove home and packed her things. I tried to select what she would select if she were leaving for good and wanted to travel light. The newest and the best. Suits, skirts, blouses, shoes, underwear, jewelry, perfume, cosmetics, nighties, and her mink stole. I left the rejected items scattered about, as she would have done. The phone rang and I let it ring. It stopped as I was carrying her suitcases down. I put them in the luggage space behind the bucket seats of the copper-colored Porsche. I found her purse and put it in the car. She had left the keys in the ignition. I changed to old hunting pants, tennis shoes and a dark wool shirt. And I took out the .22 caliber target pistol I had not touched in at least three years. The nine-shot clip was fully loaded.

As with Vince, I circled the city until I could strike the Morning Lake Road, route 167, and turn north. The little car was conspicuous. I had put the top up. I pushed it through the night, as fast as I dared. I worried about going through the village of Brindell, two miles from the camp. But I need not have worried. A dozen dim street lights, a few dark stores, a cluster of dark houses. When I was less than a half-mile from the camp driveway I turned the key off and let the car roll. When its momentum was nearly gone, I turned it off onto the grassy shoulder under the tree shadows.

It did not seem possible that it was only a little less than seven hours since I had driven Vince up. That had happened in some other lifetime. I walked to the driveway. I worked the slide, jacking a shell into the chamber. I released the safety, but left my finger off the trigger in case I should slip on a loose rock while working my way down the driveway. Where the trees were thick overhead, I had to take tiny steps, feeling my way along, avoiding dry sticks and loose stones.

Black flies fed on me. Faraway dogs barked. Somewhere behind me an owl mourned. This was work I had done long ago, and had learned to do quietly and

well. When I came to the end of the drive I stood in shadow and examined the black bulk of the camp against the moon silver of the lake and an angle of starry sky. I decided he would have logically selected the bedroom in the southeast corner of the building. It was the handiest, with a large double bed. I squatted and picked up four stones the size of walnuts. I could smell the sharp-sweet odor of gun lubricant. I went quickly and silently across the open space and flattened myself against the side of the camp. I waited there until my breathing was slower, then moved along until I was beside the window of the southeast bedroom. It was open. I heard him snoring. I stepped away from the building and hurled one of the stones off into the woods. It pattered through the leaves and struck a branch with a sharp sound. After the second stone, I could no longer hear snoring. I threw a third, then crouched low beneath the window. I heard a creak of the bed and heard a floorboard squeak under his weight. When I judged he'd had time to reach the window, I put my finger against the trigger, stepped out in front of the window, raising the pistol as I did so. His face was a paleness against the blackness of the room. It was five feet away, and three feet above me.

I put three shots into that pale oval blur, then dropped flat and rolled tightly against the side of the building. And I heard him come down onto the wooden floor, heard the long rumbling fall, thuds of bone on wood, and a sharper sound of metal on wood, and a heavy grunt and a dwindling sigh. I waited ten minutes by the luminous dial of my watch.

Then I pried the screen out and went in, fast. I pulled the shades and turned on the light. He lay on his side in his underwear, his face against the floor. I put my heel against his shoulder and rolled him over. He rolled loosely. He had taken three in the face. He had bled very little. Had I been using long rifle slugs it would have been a lot more messy.

I brought the car down and parked it close to the porch. I took the loose money out of his suitcase and packed his belongings and put the suitcase in the car, wedged it in with Lorraine's things. There seemed no point in trying to dress him. And I could not spare the time. The black metal suitcase was under his bed. I opened it. The money was there. I crawled under the camp with it, and shoved it far back, out of sight.

I took his wrists and dragged him out and worked him into the passenger seat, grunting with effort. I scrubbed up the small amount of blood, turned out the lights, locked the camp, put the key on the window ledge.

I had planned where to take him. About a mile east of the camp the country road moves close to the lake. I knew the spot well. E. J. and I had fished for bass there, tying the boat to one of the bushes that cling to the sheer rock wall below the road. There is seventy feet of water there.

I saw but one lighted camp along the lake shore. When I came to the right place, I turned off lights and motor and looked the situation over. The barrier was of concrete posts and braided cable. But there was room to drive the little car off the road and around the end of the fence. I moved quickly. I was afraid a car would come along. I jockeyed it into position so that it was aimed along the flat stretch of ground outside the fence. The flat stretch narrowed gradually. I drove as far as I dared, got out, reached in and banged the gear lever up into low with the heel of my hand and slammed the door.

The car hucked but did not stall. It moved forward, passing me as I stood between car and fence. When it was fifteen feet beyond me the right front wheel dropped, and dirt and loose stones fell into the water fifteen feet below. The car tipped farther, slowly, and suddenly it went. I leaned out to watch it. It landed upside down and sent out a sheet of spray that was white in the weak moonlight. It seemed to hesitate on the surface, and then the water closed over it. Bubbles broke on the surface. The roiled water gradually became still.

I heard a car in the distance. I vaulted the fence, ran across the road and up a steep bank, scrabbling up on my hands and knees. I sat there as a pickup truck sped by and rattled away into the distance. I slid down to the road. I hurled the two pistols out into the lake. I turned toward the village and trotted until my wind was gone, then walked until the pain had faded, then began to trot again . . .

I arrived home at quarter after four. The driver of a milk tanker had picked me up in the hills. By half past four I had cleaned myself up and changed back to the same clothing I had worn when I stopped in the bar at the Hotel Vernon. I was dazed by fatigue. I mixed a monster drink and belted it down and felt the spreading warmth. I dabbed some of the bourbon on the front of my jacket. At twenty after five, with the green ink note in my hand, I stamped up onto E. J.'s front porch. I put my thumb on the bell and kept it there. I kicked the front door heavily and constantly. And I did a little yelling.

When I woke up at noon on Thursday I had the vague feeling that something was wrong. Ten seconds later the brutal weight of all the memories fell upon me. I shut my eyes again, not willing to awaken into a world where I could have

done such things. Jerry Jamison killed his wife and buried her and shot Vince and put the body in Morning Lake. Not me. Not with these hands.

Last night it had all seemed logical and inevitable and very shrewd indeed. Now it was all full of holes. There was no pleasure in the thought of the money in the cellar and under the camp. All plans were changed. I would have to find a very good place for the money and leave it there, untouched, for a long time, until everybody had accepted the idea that Lorraine had run off with Vince and would never be back.

I showered and shaved and put on a robe and went downstairs. Irene was sitting in the kitchen, reading her Bible. I told her I would like some breakfast. I told her Mrs. Jamison was gone for good, and so had the house guest. She tightened her lips and nodded and accepted it. I told her I'd like her to keep working, at the same pay, until I decided what to do about the house. Her hours would not be as long. She seemed content.

Mandy Pierson phoned while I was having breakfast, wanting to know why Lorraine hadn't phoned her. "Mandy, I don't know if she saw the note I left or not. It's still here. She came back while I was out, and she packed her things and took off with Vince, leaving me a note saying she was leaving for good . . . Mandy?"

"Oh, I'm still here. I'm trying to adjust. Wow!"

"I don't want her back, Mandy. I've had it."

"Give her two weeks. Then she'll be back, tragic and mysterious and contrite. And a bit loaded. Jerry, dear, is this sort of top secret or anything? I mean, can I spread the news?"

"It doesn't matter to me."

"Then let's get off the line, pet, so I can get right back on. I shall spend this afternoon listening to assorted girlish squeals of shock. Lorraine is being an utter fool, Jerry, and you have my sympathy, for what it's worth."

The conversation with Mandy had been far easier than the crazy scene with Lorraine's parents. After breakfast I told Irene she had better clean up the master bedroom. Mrs. Jamison had left it pretty cluttered. I put the two notes, mine and Lorraine's, in the desk drawer in the living room. I retrieved the loose money I had wadded into the pockets of the hunting pants and put it inside the sweater with the rest. I put two of the bills in my wallet, and went out to Park Terrace. I could not breathe on the way out. There would be official cars there, and photographers. But the slab had been poured over her grave. Red Olin had heard the news. He offered kindly and clumsy sympathy. I drove from there to the office. E. J. and Eddie were out. Liz left the book-

keeper alone in the office and walked up the street with me to have a Coke. E. J. had told her Lorraine had left me. I filled her in on the details. She looked at me with her lovely eyes, and she touched my hand with hers, and I tried to tell myself that it was just a question of time until we could be together, and then I could forget Lorraine had ever existed. But somehow it had gone dead. I felt like an imitation man, a windup toy man who had to keep walking and talking until the spring ran down.

When I went home the house was excessively empty. Eight years form strong habits. Lorraine was just out of sight around every corner, and there were ghosts of her perfume in the silent air. But Lorraine wasn't there. No, she and Vince were tooling west through the sunshine in the little copper Porsche. She was driving, her black hair ruffled by the wind. Vince lounged beside her, male and lazy and content. I could almost believe it.

I forced that out of my mind and concentrated on thinking of a good place to put the money. It had to be safe from dampness, fire and discovery for a year or two. Its very bulk aggravated the problem. If I was going to move out of the

house eventually, I would have to store some of my own things. Books. So why not be perfectly casual, wrap the money to look like books and records and crate it along with some other stuff and put it in a storage warehouse?

At twenty minutes of five the expected caller arrived. A weary-looking man with huge shoulders, tan suit, soiled Panama hat pushed back from a placid forehead. I knew him and I had not seen him since Vernon High School. Paul Heissen. When I had been a senior and a second string fullback. Paul, as a sophomore, had been our first string center. I remembered having seen his name in the paper a few times in connection with arrests. Lieutenant Paul Heissen.

He was willing to accept a beer. We sat in the living room and we talked about the long gone years. And then he sighed and got down to business. "The Maltons listed your wife as missing."

"I figured they would. So you have to investigate."

He took out a dime store notebook and a ballpoint, licked his thumb and turned to a fresh page and said, "What time did she take off?"

"Sometime between ten last night and four this morning. I left at ten and got back at four and they were both gone."

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TAINT OF THE TIGER (continued)

"Take it from the beginning, Jerry, and tell me just what happened."

So I gave him the story I had given the Maltons, about coming home on Wednesday afternoon and finding Vince and Lorraine being too damn affectionate. There was a hell of a battle. Lorraine gouged me and said she was going to leave me for good and locked herself in the bedroom. I went out and had a few drinks and when I got back Vince was asleep and Lorraine was out but her car was there. I thought she had gone to sponge drinks off one of her girl friends and tell all her troubles. Mandy came looking for her and then, when I was about to go out, Mandy phoned. I left a note for Lorraine and went out. I got pretty tight. I went to the Hotel Vernon and was served one drink at the bar, but they wouldn't serve me another. I stopped at a couple of small bars after that, roadside joints, but I was pretty vague about them. Then I drove off into the hills. When I nearly piled into a truck it scared me. So I pulled off the road and I fell asleep. I woke up after three with the black flies chewing on me and came home and found Lorraine and Vince gone, and her clothes gone, and the Porsche gone. When I found the note I went on up to her parents' house, still tight, and raised hell with them about their daughter.

"Tell me about this Biskay. The Maltons say he was sick."

I told him that I'd been in O.S.S. with Vince during the war and hadn't seen him until he dropped in back in April. He said he was going to be operated on in Chicago and recover in a borrowed apartment. He'd taken time off from his job. He didn't tell me much about his job. He was a pilot and aide to some South American industrialist. I'd gone up to Chicago to look for a job when I got sore at E. J. and looked in on Vince and found he didn't have a very good setup, so I'd brought him back to recover here.

He asked for a description of Vince, and I made it as complete as I could. He said he could check through Washington and get Vince's prints from the military files and get a crosscheck as to whether he might have any kind of police record. That made me feel uneasy.

I gave him the description of the car and the license number, and two glossy prints of Lorraine. He wanted to see both notes, the one she left and the one I left for her. He copied them word for word into his notebook.

"What's the deal on this, Paul?" I asked him. "She's of age. If she wants to take off, can the cops stop her? The car is in her name."

He yawned and said, "We can't put out a pickup order on her. But E. J. Malton and the Chief are old buddies, so we have to lean over backward. Maybe we can

find something out of line about this Biskay. If he could be picked up it would spoil her fun and she might head home."

"I don't want her back, Paul. That's for sure."

He wanted to take a look around the house. He remarked that Lorraine had left a lot of stuff behind. I told him she had taken a lot of stuff, that she had a lot of stuff, that it had kept me broke keeping her in stuff she liked.

He said it shouldn't be too hard to spot her, a conspicuous woman in a conspicuous car. He said she looked a little like that movie star that got married, that Elizabeth Taylor. I told him she liked to be told that, and a lot of people did tell her that. When he drove away I exhaled stale air I had been retaining for an hour. It was going to be all right. Paul Heissen had been uncomfortably thorough, but it was going to be all right.

Late on Friday afternoon I heaved another sigh of relief as I saw the truck from the storage warehouse drive away with the crate I'd had made by one of the carpenters on the job. Thursday night I had recovered the black tin suitcase from under the camp. All the money was in the crate, wrapped in blocks of three in brown paper and twine, under dozens of books. And the warehouse receipt was in my wallet.

I sat down in the living room, legs outstretched, ankles crossed. I went over the whole thing. As near as I could tell, it was clean. Nothing to do but wait it out. The black tin suitcase, stomped flat, was in the city dump. Everything was fine. Except the waves of an emotion like illness that swept over me. I was standing on a high place with nothing under me but a terrible emptiness.

Murderer. Thief. Not Jerry Jamison. But it was true. I wanted to tell myself that once it had all begun I had been swept along with it, powerless to change the pattern. But I remembered the look of the money. And it was all too easy to think of all the times I could have stopped—could have gotten out of it. So no matter where I went, what I did, there would never be one day free of fear, or free of memory. Or this curious sickness.

But I got through all of Saturday and I managed to get through most of Sunday. Then Tinker Velbiss stopped by to commiserate with me. I do not know what it would have led to. We were getting thoroughly drunk in the kitchen when the front doorbell rang. I went and answered it. It was Liz. She started to say something about how I should know about two men from Washington who were questioning her. Then Tinker came tottering from the kitchen, grabbed me around the middle to keep her balance, smiled glassily at Liz and said, "Who you, honey?"

Something I needed went out of Liz's eyes, finally and for good. She left. Tinker was contrite when I tried to explain. But the pain of losing Liz was not sharp. It was a dull sadness, like mourning for someone who had died long ago.

Paul Heissen appeared again on Monday morning. He was apologetic. There were some things he had to check. Mrs. Malton was making a big fuss. She thought her daughter had met with foul play. We laughed over that.

The first thing: How come if Lorraine gouged my face before I took the gas to the car, Irene didn't notice the scratches? I explained about the pancake make-up, and said Irene wasn't very observant. Sorry, but I had to tell him where I got gas so he could check there too. Sorry to have to keep heckling you, Jerry.

Secondly: A neighbor had reported a big crate was taken out of here on Friday. How about that? Hell. I'm just putting some personal stuff in storage. Sorry, but I'll have to look at that crate, Jerry. Meet you at the warehouse tomorrow at nine in the morning.

And third: Let me have her note, please. Got to run a handwriting check on it. No, I don't need samples. We got them from her folks.

And last: There's a . . . uh . . . rumor about you and a Mrs. Addams works in the Malton office. Anything to that? Nothing, Paul. Nothing. Check with her.

I did damn little sleeping on Monday night. I tried to conceal a bad case of the jitters when I met Paul at the warehouse. I need not have worried. I unscrewed the lid and lifted it off. He took some of the books out, peered down into the crate, apologized, and I put the lid back on.

We went back out into the sunlight. He said the handwriting had checked out. But there was something strange about Biskay. Washington seemed to be stalling. That made it smell as though there was some kind of a political angle. And he'd heard there were some Washington people in town. They'd checked in as a matter of courtesy, and maybe they were on this Biskay thing, but it was probably something else.

Iwent to the office. Liz wouldn't meet my eye and shrank away from me without actually moving. I had it out with E. J. You can't work for a man who thinks you've done away with his daughter. He let me know that it was mostly Mrs. Malton's idea, but maybe I should take a leave of absence under the circumstances. Eddie Junior came in, frothing and demanding to know what I had done with his sister. He was as fierce as Bugs Bunny. He swung on me and missed and I grabbed him by the waist and sat him on top of a tall filing cabinet and left without glancing toward Liz.

I went out to the job to clean up some

final details with Red Olin before officially beginning my leave of absence. And the two men from Washington politely picked me up and took me down to an eighth floor suite in the Hotel Vernon. Barnstock and Quellan, complete with rented car with tail fins, identification from an agency I had never heard of before, and a very businesslike manner.

We got comfy in the suite. Quellan and I made small talk while Barnstock set up the tape recorder and tested it. No, I had no objection to talking about my relationship with Vincent Biskay.

From then until one o'clock I did nothing but answer questions about Biskay covering only the period from when I reported to him in Galle until I left him in Calcutta. Under the pressure of their questioning I remembered many things I had thought forgotten. Then we took a break and had lunch sent up and talked baseball and fishing. And when we got back to it, the climate changed, abruptly.

Without referring to notes, Quellan said, "Biskay arrived at the Vernon Airport at ten minutes to five on Friday, April 22nd, on flight 712 out of Chicago. He entered the country on a flight from Mexico City to New Orleans. He was using a forged passport which identified him as a Colombian national named Miguel Brockman. He left Vernon Airport at one-fifteen on flight 228 to Chicago, made connections there to New Orleans and picked up his reservations to Mexico City. He visited this country with the sole purpose of seeing you and enlisting your assistance in a hijacking operation in Tampa, Florida. You agreed and, by pre-arrangement, met with him in Tampa on May eleventh. You traveled by car. You ran into trouble on the operation and Biskay was wounded. But you acquired a large sum of money. A diplomatic courier was killed. You brought Biskay back here with you. Now, Mr. Jamison, you have given us exhaustive detail on your prior connection with Biskay. You will please cooperate to the same extent in giving the details of the Tampa incident."

I opened my mouth and closed it. I could see just how carefully I had been mousetrapped. I had been frank and honest. Now I could not show a sudden reticence.

Barnstock said, "We're not interested in criminal prosecution. Nobody has claimed that any theft of money occurred. On the basis of our investigation, we know that the courier was not killed by Biskay or his accomplice. We did not know who the accomplice was until the request for information came in from the Vernon Police Department. But, Jamison, unless we get your complete cooperation, we will inform Tampa of your identity and whereabouts. Zaragoza was slain

twelve days ago. They would like to talk to anybody who has knowledge of the affair." I nodded. He turned the tape recorder back on. The questioning began.

I told them everything. But I made one big change in the Tampa story. I kept it a very simple change. I told them that my job had been merely to wait in the station wagon at the designated place. The black sedan had driven up behind me. A man had gotten out quickly and walked down the street, carrying a satchel. I had not seen his face. He wore a gray suit and a chauffeur hat. Vince was bleeding. I helped him to the station wagon and we took off.

"Why did you get into such a thing?"

So I told them about my job with Malton, about my sour marriage, and what Vince had said about a smooth operation. I said I had felt discontented and reckless. And he had promised me fifty thousand dollars.

"Did he pay you?"

"Yes. I've got the money at home."

We went over it and over it and over it. And then we moved to the circumstances of Vince taking off with Lorraine. And a detailed description of the large black tin suitcase he had brought from Tampa and presumably taken with him. And the denomination of the money he

had given me. And had I wondered if the black suitcase contained money? Yes, I had wondered about that. I had asked for more because it hadn't gone smoothly as he had promised, but he had refused to give me more.

At seven, after using up reels of tape, we moved the party to my house. I had talked all day and there wasn't much left of my voice. I was groggy with fatigue. They seemed fresh. I got the money. They read the serial numbers into the tape recorder.

"What will happen to the money?" I asked.

"You can have it back, for now. It may be impounded," Quellan said. "I don't know the precedents." He looked at me with contempt. "I guess you earned it. But I'd suggest you declare it as income. at least."

"We may be back with more questions," Quellan said.

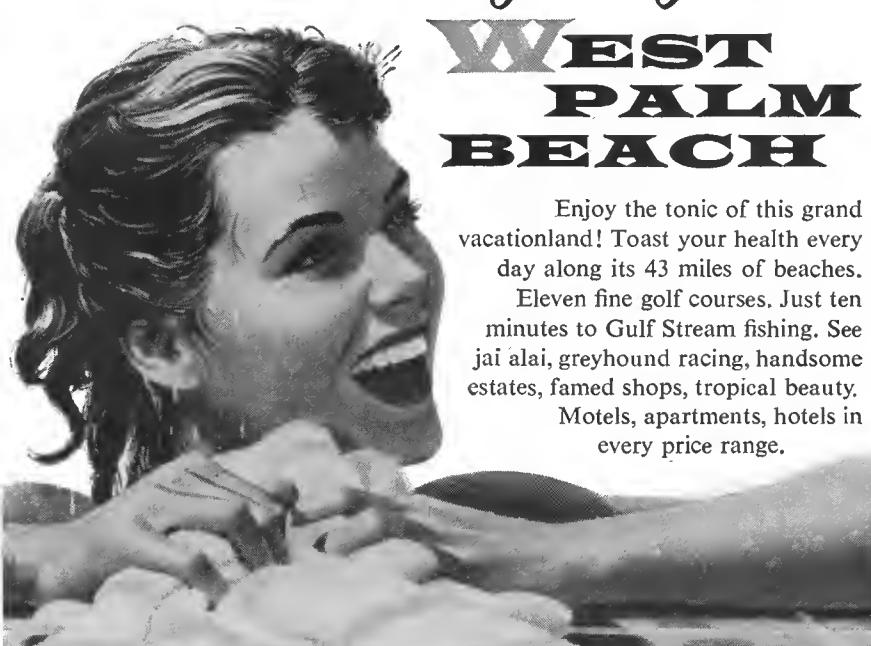
Their attitude toward me had changed, now they had what they wanted. I followed them to the front hall. "Why are you guys getting so righteous? I did a favor for a friend. I got sucked into more than I figured on. That's all."

Barnstock stared at me. "And you're into more than you know about, even yet.

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TAINT OF THE TIGER (continued)

Ed, I'd like to tell this clown a few facts. I can't see as it can hurt anything."

Quellan pursed his lips. "Go ahead."

Barnstock stared at me coldly. "Listen close. I won't go through it twice. Your dear pal Biskay got some of his education in Spain, and some more of it in Moscow. Both he and the de la Vega woman were planted on Melendez. The Commies couldn't make an inch against Peral, so the deal was to sucker Melendez into backing a revolt. Biskay and the woman advised him. If Melendez could tip over Peral, the Commies could move in on the new government. Standard procedure. Biskay is . . . was, a trained, devoted, dangerous Communist agent. Hell, Melendez wasn't even buying arms. He thought he was. They were being donated. The money, smuggled in by Zaragosa, another Commie, was being used to support the Communist apparatus in this country. Then Biskay knifed his own team in the back. And made it, with two holes in him, but with a suitcase containing between one and five million in it, sucker. We've been polite. We're after Biskay. We've tracked you down. My guess is Biskay is paying your wife to hide out with him and care for him until he can take off. He wouldn't pick a lush as anything but a temporary partner. There are other people after Biskay. The ones he betrayed. If we found you, you can bet they'll find you sooner or later. You can pray they've caught up with Biskay and your wife. They'll both be dead and they won't have died very easy. These men won't be using tape recorders. And maybe that will take the heat off you, but I'd doubt that, even. Fifty thousand is enough to come after. Now if Biskay had really been smart, he would have left a big slug of money with you. A great big batch. He'd know they'd find you sooner or later, and after they'd torn the money out of you, it might take a little heat off him. Good night, boob. Sleep well. We may see you again."

They went out to the curb and got into the tail-finned rented car and turned on the lights and drove away. I locked the door. I cursed Vince. Then I called Paul Heissen, and reached him at his home. I told him I was on leave of absence from Malton and I wanted to go away for a while. For a rest. He said I shouldn't. I asked whether I was under arrest. He said that if I took off, I certainly would be, and he'd have me brought back. "Sorry, but that's the way it is." I slammed the phone down onto the cradle.

Unbearably slow days went by. I tried to believe they had just been trying to frighten me. But it all hung together too well. Vince had set me up to be knocked over. And I didn't know how much time I had left. I told myself they couldn't find me. They wouldn't

know who I was. But there had been that item in the paper. And there could be other ways they could track me down. Maybe they were in town already. And I couldn't yell cop. And I couldn't leave.

Paul Heissen took me in and had me dictate a statement. He was no longer friendly. That was on the first day of June, a Wednesday. I no longer went out in the evening. I kept those doors locked. I wished I had not thrown the target pistol away. I would need a police permit to buy a new one in town. I did not care to ask for the permit; I sensed what the answer would be. I tried to play golf but my timing was off and I took no pleasure in it.

The human organism cannot sustain such tension very long. I began to feel increasingly listless and depressed. And I began to drink constantly. Not too heavily, but enough to keep the edges and outlines of things soft and bearable during all my waking hours.

There was no longer the slightest thrill in thinking of the hidden money, the enormous wealth that was mine . . . until it was taken away from me. Whenever my wallet was nearly empty I would take another few bills from the hoard in the bureau. I did not change too many of them in the same places.

As an experiment in camouflage, I went and saw a lawyer about getting a divorce from Lorraine. He said that I should wait at least a year before starting proceedings.

After I left his office I stopped in a bar and I saw myself in the back bar mirror. Gaunt face and hollow eyes and puffs of dark tissue under my eyes. Lately I had taken a hitch in my belt. And when I couldn't sleep I would lie awake in the dark room and listen to my heart, to the sharp and rapid beat which came out of bottles. I had been busy all my life. Now I did nothing. I refused all invitations. There was an emptiness I could not fill. I felt suspended. The world spun slowly into the endless heat of summer and every day was like the one behind it and the one in front of it.

During the third week of June, Mandy Pierson stopped by one afternoon. She pretended that it was a casual social call. We did not have very much to say to each other. Finally she got around to the point. She is a tallish blonde with a look of poise and freshness, but with something strange and wrong about her eyes.

"You know, it's so odd. Lorraine couldn't go away for a weekend without sending back a perfect hailstorm of postcards. I've gotten thousands from her. But this time, not a one."

"I guess she's too busy."

"Nobody has heard from her. Jerry. Nobody. And they've never found the car or anything."

"She'll turn up one day," I told her.

"I don't think so, Jerry."

I walked her to the front door. She stopped in the hall and took hold of my wrist with strong chill fingers and looked at me out of those strange eyes and licked her underlip and said, in a whisper, "Did you do something to them? To both of them?"

I tried to pull my wrist away. "That's a hell of a thing to say, Mandy."

"You could tell me. You know. You know I wouldn't say a word. You could tell me . . . how you did it."

"You better go home, Mandy."

"You could tell me."

"Goodbye, Mandy." She looked back once, wearing a terrible smile.

Now, the next day. A thick and steamy day. Voices and traffic noises sounded muffled. Irene had fixed a sandwich for my lunch and had left. I put it in the refrigerator. I did not feel like eating. I kept remembering Mandy's smile. It stayed with me, vivid as a scar. A man came onto the back porch. I had latched the screen. He knocked and I went and looked through the screen at him. He was a big blond man, young, with a puffy face, small gray eyes, a brush cut, a smile that showed bad teeth. He wore a white shirt and white pants. Over his left shirt pocket was embroidered in crimson "Ace Beverages." Over the right shirt pocket was embroidered "Al."

"Yes?"

"Wonder if I could use your phone a minute, pal. I got a broke-down truck and the lady next door wunt let me in to use hers. Nervis, I guess."

I flipped the hook up. "Sure. Come on in."

"I sure thank you."

I led the way to the phone. I pointed and started to turn and started to say, "There it . . ."

The side wall of my head tottered and fell in upon itself with a prolonged rumbling crash that turned out every light in the world.

Iwoke up in the night with a horrible headache. I looked at the light pattern on the ceiling and realized that Lorraine had gotten up and had left the bathroom door ajar. Wherever the party had been, it had been a dandy.

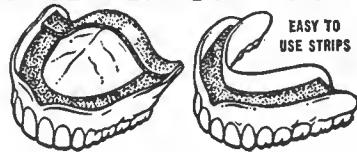
So roll over and try to go back to sleep. But I could not roll over. It startled me. I investigated and found I was fully dressed, found that I lay spread-eagled on my bed, wrists and ankles tied somehow to the four corners of the bed.

So the party had been at our house and I had passed out and some comical type had tied me up. Great gag. Funny as a crutch.

"Lorraine!" I called. And then louder. "Lorraine!"

No answer. No guarantee she was even

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in the house. If the party had moved on somewhere, she would be with it. Maybe she had dreamed up the idea of tying me up. It would give her a more carefree evening. So try to sleep anyway. But I could not. The position was increasingly uncomfortable. And I had never owned such a headache.

I heard a noise downstairs. "Hey!" I yelled. "Hey, anybody!"

And I heard more than one person coming up the stairs, moving fast. Somebody fumbled for the light switch and found it. I blinked at the sudden brightness and smiled sheepishly and said, "Somebody got real cute and tied me up. How about letting me loose?"

I looked at the three men. I didn't know a single one of them. Maybe new friends of Lorraine. One was a big, beefy blond with bad teeth. The other two were small and dark and wiry and very sharply dressed. They looked like the fictional idea of bookies. "Untie me, fellows. Please."

One of the small ones said to the beefy one, "Out for eleven hours. You're very lucky he came out of it."

I hadn't the faintest idea what they were talking about. "Who the hell are you people? Where's my wife?"

"That isn't going to work, Jamison," the big one said. "Where's the money?"

Then I got the picture. A robbery. They had a lot of nerve to come in and tie me up. I wondered what they'd done with Lorraine.

"We don't keep much money around the house. A few bucks. Not important money. You're welcome to what we've got, fellows."

One of the dark ones spoke to the other in a language I couldn't identify. The one he spoke to reached into his inside pocket and pulled out the thickest wad of hundred dollar bills I'd ever seen outside a bank. He held them out and said, "We found this much. Where's the rest of it?"

"The rest of what? You never found that money in this house."

They looked at me and then moved over into the far corner and whispered to each other. I was worried sick about Lorraine. If she was still out, she might walk right back into this. They might hurt her. She wouldn't know how to handle a situation like this.

They had apparently made a decision. They got a blue plastic sponge out of the bathroom. The draperies were drawn. The big one pressed hard with his thumbs against the hinges of my jaw, forcing my mouth open. One of the others stuffed the sponge into my mouth. They tied it in place with one of my neckties. My right shoe and sock were taken off and my right ankle tied to the bed more firmly. One of the small dark ones opened a pocket knife and sat astride my leg with his back

to me and began to work on my naked foot.

Until the pain began I could not help thinking it was some kind of an involved joke. Some pal had hired these boys to scare me half to death. But the pain started. The pain made it all real. I tried to keep the pain away from me. I tried to push it down, so it would stay down there in my foot. But it came up and it became a part of me and there was nothing but pain. I roared against the sponge. I bucked and screamed, eyes bulging, but he would not stop. Then I swung around a dizzy curve and slammed down into darkness. And came back up out of darkness with tears drying on my face, and they looked at me and he started again. The other two did not watch him. I tore at the bonds until my shoulders creaked and my hands went numb. I made soundless shrieks and passed out again. When I came to, the sponge was gone. My foot felt as if I were holding it in a bed of coals, but the pain was just dull enough to be bearable.

"The rest of the money," the big one said.

I was panting, as though from running a long way. "Honest . . . I don't know what . . . you're talking about. This . . . is a crazy kind of . . . mistake. Don't . . . hurt me any more. Please."

"You'll get hurt again and again and again," the big one said. "We've got all the time there is. Again and again and again until we get the money."

The other small dark one had been frowning at me. He interrupted the big one and came over and turned the bed lamp so it shone into my eyes.

"What's the date today?" he asked gently.

"April. I . . . I can't remember the exact date."

"What did you do yesterday?"

"Yesterday? I worked, I guess." I tried to remember yesterday. It was curiously indistinct.

"When did you last see Vincent Biskay?"

"Biskay? Vince? My God . . . it's been fourteen years. But . . ."

"But what?"

"Just then I had the funny feeling I've seen him recently. But that's impossible. I'd have recognized him. Anywhere."

"Are you falling for that?" the big one asked.

"Shut up. You are too damn heavy-handed. You're lucky you didn't kill him. And I don't think Jamison is bright enough to simulate a classic case of traumatic amnesia. You gave him a nice concussion. And I don't think more pain is a very smart idea right now."

The big one looked dismayed. "So what do we do?"

"He may have a complete or partial

loss of memory for ten minutes, ten days or ten weeks. Until then there isn't a thing we can do."

"Memory of what?" I demanded.

He looked down at me without expression. "It is midnight. Yesterday was Friday, the seventeenth day of June."

I looked at him without comprehension. "Are you out of your mind?"

"**T**'m not lying. You've got a lot to remember. Start with Biskay. Try to remember Biskay. And try to remember money. A lot of money."

"Who are you people?"

"We can wait in this house until you remember, Jamison."

"Where's my wife?"

"She's no longer here. She's been gone over a month."

"Where is she?"

"Nobody seems to know."

They had another whispered conference in a far corner of the room. The one who had damaged my foot dressed it deftly, using gauze from the medicine cabinet. He and the big one left. I heard them go down the stairs. The other one stared at me for a little while, lips pursed, then followed them, turning out the light as he left the room.

Biskay and money. Today the eighteenth. Two whole months gone. I could not bring myself to believe that. But he had been compellingly persuasive. I tried to make myself believe it, tried to capture the lost memories. They were like the nighttime ghosts of childhood. When you turned sharply and looked behind you, they were gone.

But one curious vision entered my mind. I was standing in my own front hall. Tinker Velbiss was clinging to me. Liz was in the doorway staring at the two of us with contempt. But as I tried to pin it down, the impression was gone. And it was a nonsense impression, one of the things out of a dream. Then there was something about a screen, prying it out. And that was gone too.

They must have lied to me about Lorraine. Why would she go away? And where would she go?

My foot throbbed and burned. And I felt the growth of a cold and sullen anger, an anger born of humiliation, pain and indignity. No matter what had happened in the two lost months, these men had no right to do such a thing to me. And it seemed easier and more satisfying to try to untie myself than to try to dig out memories that weren't there. I tested my good foot and my hands carefully. I could touch the bonds with my fingers. It felt as though they had used neckties. It was a Hollywood bed with a stubby headboard, no footboard. From the angle of my wrists it seemed the other ends of the bonds were tied to the frame. They had left the bedside lamp lighted, but I could

not lift my head high enough to see either wrist.

I lurched as far to my right as I could. I pulled until I felt as if I were dislocating my shoulder. It gave me a few inches of slack on the right wrist. I moved my right arm back and forth as far as the slack permitted, rubbing the fabric against the metal edge of the bed frame. It slid smoothly. I strained to change the angle. After several such attempts I felt a small catch of fabric against a rough edge of the metal. I worked at it, resting from time to time. I felt the tiny rippings, the threads being pulled loose. Yet when I yanked hard at it, it held firm. The frequent yankings had forced the wrist loop so tight my hand was numb. The awkward position made an agony in the stretched muscles of my arm and shoulder.

I felt that I could not free myself. I gave a final convulsive effort, using up the last of my fading strength. There was a sudden rip and pop of taut fabric and my arm was free. I laid it across my belly and rested for a time, breathing hard, feeling the strain and pain go out of the muscles. I loosened the wrist knot with my teeth and then lay quietly again, working my fingers, feeling the needles of returning sensation.

I rolled onto my left shoulder and reached over and, in a few minutes, freed my left wrist. I sat up, massaging my hands, rubbing my arms. And I heard footsteps on the stairs.

There was a heavy glass ashtray on the night stand between the beds. I picked it up with my left hand and lay back, spreading my arms as before, the ashtray out of sight over the far edge of the bed from the doorway. I could only pray that he would not turn on the overhead lights. I turned my head toward the door and closed my eyes, not completely, left them open just enough to see him vaguely. As he came in, I groaned.

He came to the bed. He leaned over enough to be within the sweeping circle of my right arm. I swung it around and clapped my fingers on the nape of his neck and, in the same motion, smashed the heavy ashtray full into his face. He made a pale sound, moving weakly. I swung the ashtray against his face again, and this time it shattered. He was one of the dark ones, not the one who had worked on my foot. He collapsed across me, slipping back toward the floor. I held him and lowered him gently to the floor beside the bed. His face was finished for all time. I strained over the side of the bed and went through his clothing. There was no gun on him. There was a pocket knife, a tiny gold thing, flat, with a single blade. I used it to cut my ankles free. I hitched myself to the end of the bed and sat there for a mom-

ent, steeling myself to the point where I could put my weight on my damaged foot. I stood with my weight on my left leg and tentatively pressed my right foot against the floor. The room swam and tilted and I sat down again. I tried again. On the third try I could bear it, but it made me sick and dizzy.

The little knife was not a weapon. I remembered my target pistol. I hobbled to the bureau. It was gone. But . . . darkness, and I had thrown it . . . and the memory was gone. I shook my head to clear it, but only awakened an area of pain behind my left ear. There was a great throbbing bruise there, as warm to the touch as an acute infection.

Taking a sock from the burean, I went into the bathroom, taking limping steps on the damaged foot. When I turned on the bathroom lights I saw Lorraine before me on the floor, her head at a sick angle. I gasped with shock, but in that instant she faded abruptly and was gone, the floor empty. I felt as if I were losing my mind.

I took a heavy jar of cream deodorant from the medicine cabinet and slipped it into the toe of the sock. It was of opaque glass. When I swung the sock it had a lethal weight.

There were two more of them. Two that I knew about. The big one and the one who had worked on my foot. But there could be more. I went into the bedroom and looked at the one on the floor. He seemed to be breathing very slowly and heavily. I turned out the table lamp and went to the bedroom phone. I heard the dial tone. I dialed zero. I asked for police headquarters.

"Police headquarters. Sergeant Callo-way speaking."

"Let me talk to Lieutenant Heissen." I heard my own hushed voice ask for a name I hardly knew. Paul Heissen. There had been a Paul Heissen long ago. Was he now a cop?

"He isn't on duty."

And quite suddenly and for no reason I was afraid. Not of the men downstairs. Of something else. I gently replaced the phone on the cradle. I could not understand or rationalize this new fear. I was in a train plunging through a long tunnel. I saw the tunnel lights whip by me, illuminating fragments of scenes I could not understand.

And there was another one coming up the stairs.

I moved too quickly and put too much weight on the bad foot and came perilously close to fainting. I moved to the far side of the door. When the tall shadow came in through the doorway I swung the heavy sock with the furious strength of panic. And felt the hard glass shatter against the skull. And sensed, beyond that, the sick crumbling of the skull it-

self. I moved to catch him, but my weight came wrong on my right foot, and he was a tall and heavy man. He slipped away and fell with an echoing crash that filled the night and the silences.

There was a yell from downstairs, a call of question and alarm that went unanswered. I was on my knees in darkness. Clumsy hands on his clothing, fumbling, pawing. He was on his face. I levered him over, found the bulk of metal under the breast of the coat. Cold serrated grip that fitted into the chill oily sweat of the palm of my hand. I moved on my knees toward the doorway, struck the dead foot, fell forward half in and half out of the bedroom. The lower hall light was on. When he reached the head of the stairs, an instant after I fell, he was in silhouette. The trigger pull was stiff. It fired. A most curious sound. A smothered sound. The way a man in church might muffle a cough in his handkerchief.

The man at the head of the stairs had been taking a step forward. He touched his toe to the floor and then swung his foot back, so that it was like a dance step, quite slow. He took another step back and his back was against the wall and he made a long frightened sound. "Maaaaaaam!" he cried, lost and goat-like.

And I fired twice again. Each time the sound was slightly louder. He took an aimless step toward the stairs, bowed with an antique grace and plunged. I listened to the inconsequential rattle and bumble of his fall, heard him come to rest in silence. Heard a tiny gagging noise and then nothing.

Tunes came into my mind and I felt my lips spread back in the kind of grin you use when you bump into somebody with awkward carelessness. I whistled a no-name tune between my teeth, a tiny tinny sound in the emptiness of the house.

I turned on a light. I did not look at the two in the bedroom. I put a sock on my torn foot with great tenderness and edged it gingerly into my shoe, then laced it snugly. It was easier to stand on. I went down the stairs one step at a time, good foot first.

By the electric kitchen clock it was quarter after four. My pockets had been emptied. I found everything from my pockets piled on the table in the kitchen. I put the things back in my pockets and went out and got into my car. I did not know where I had to go.

Suddenly a lot of it came back. It came in heavy, jagged pieces. I was like a man who stands under a collapsing building, shielding his head with his arms, waiting for the great roof section that will smash him against the ground. I waited under it until the sound of falling ended. And I looked at what had fallen. There was more to come

down. But I had parts of it now. The copper Porsche turning in the night air, in the moonlight, as it fell into the lake. And carrying Lorraine out to the station wagon. And Paul Heissen. And Mandy's smile.

And the money. The thick, rich stacks of currency, bailed with wire, fitting so neatly and perfectly into the black tin suitcase.

I had to have that money and once I had it, I had to leave. Quickly.

And I thought of the money and I knew right where it was.

I drove out to Park Terrace. I parked by a high stack of cinder block. I used a broken piece of block to smash the lock on a tool shed. I knew the right place. A pick and shovel would be enough. There was starlight to see by. The concrete was pale. I tried to swing the pick with great force, but there was no strength in me. I could do little more than raise it with great effort and let it fall under its own weight. When it landed in such a way that it was tilted slightly, the haft would turn in my hands and it would clang flat on the concrete. After a long time I got to my knees and felt of the hole. It was half the size of an apple, and the concrete around it was pocked by the times I had missed my aim.

Nothing existed but the money in the ground and the need to get to it. My clothes were soaked with sweat. Sometimes I fell. When I fell I would lie there and wait until I could get up again and pick up the pickaxe. At last the point punched through into the dirt underneath. I paused and looked around. The world was gray. I had not seen the night go, or the stars. The haft of the pickaxe was dark and sticky with blood. I walked to the shack and found a long pry bar. On the way back with it I fell. In a little while I was able to get up and pick up the bar. With the pry bar I could break off pieces of the concrete. With the pry bar I could break the strands of the reinforcing mesh.

When the hole was as big as the top of a bushel basket, a voice said, "What the hell are you doing, Jerry?"

I turned and stared at Red Olin. And I noticed the sun was up. I hadn't seen it come up.

"I have to get the money, Red." I explained.

"What money? What are you talking about?"

I concealed my impatience with his stupidity. "I buried it here before the slab was poured. It's in a black tin suitcase. It's a hell of a lot of money."

"You look sick, Jerry."

"It's a lot of money, Red. Three million something. I forget just how much. In cash. I've got to get it and get away from here."

He understood. He's a very nice guy. He smiled at me. "Sure. You've got to get away from here. That's right."

I smiled back at him. I've always gotten along fine with Red. We've worked together. We understand each other. "Once you start killing people, Red, you have to run."

"That's right."

"How about helping me? I don't know what's wrong with me. I keep falling down."

"Sure, I'll be glad to help you, Jerry."

"It'll go faster with two."

"I'll be back in a couple of minutes. You keep right on digging for that money."

"Wait a minute. Where are you going?"

"I haven't had my coffee yet, Jerry. I can dig better if I have my coffee. Want I should bring you some?"

"Okay. Thanks. But like I said, please hurry because I've got to get the money and get out of here."

I had dug down about a foot when Red came back. He had all the rest of them with him. Paul Heissen and the other policemen and the doctor. They wanted to take me away in the ambulance, but I wanted to stay and make sure the money was found because it was mine. Paul looked at me and made them let me stay. I had only been able to lift a little dirt on the shovel, but the young cops could dig much faster.

"Look for a black tin suitcase," I told them.

But it wasn't the black tin suitcase at all that they found, and then they took me away to the hospital.

It all came back. The other pieces all fell and I could put them all together and see how it all was.

I could see how it was, but I couldn't understand it.

There is another thirty-eight days before the trial starts. They tell me it's going to be a big circus, my trial. Me, on display. Like something in a cage.

And, from the way they look at me, I know that when it is all over, they are going to kill me. Like an animal.

But that doesn't seem important.

Not right now.

What is more important is understanding why. The chaplain told me that writing it all out might help me. So I have done it. But I still haven't learned why. So I think I will do it all again. And this time I will try once again to put everything in. I must learn how I could have changed into somebody who could do what I have done. And feel numb about it. So I will begin again . . .

I drove home from work in a sour and desperate mood on that first hot day of the year, a Friday in late April.

THE END

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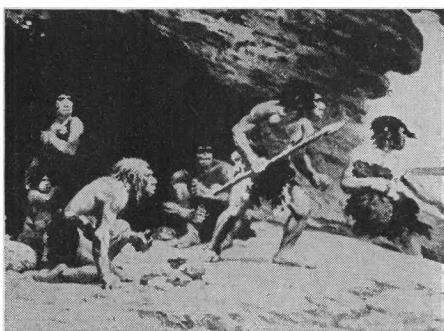
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THE LAST WORD

CAVE IN

Storrs, Connecticut: In the December 1957 issue of COSMOPOLITAN, the "Looking into People" page contained a little quiz entitled "How sound are your beliefs?" (page 10). The first question read: "If a cave man's child could be reared from birth by American parents today, he'd still be more backward than



the average American. Right or Wrong?" According to your authority, the cave man's child would not be more backward than the average American if properly reared. Estimates of the cranial capacity of the Java man and Peking man indicate that they had about one pint less brain substance than average Americans. Could you tell me what substitute for brains these cave men used to make them equal in ability to the average American?

—ROBERT KUTTNER

You err in thinking of Java Man and Peking Man as "cave men." These were twilight-zone, manlike creatures who be-

*queathed to posterity only a few fossilized bones. The anthropologists' "cave men," however, were the first true members of our species, *Homo sapiens*, who date from about 50,000 B.C. onward. These cave dwellers have left behind them art work and handicrafts which, together with the known sizes of their brain cases, suggest that their mental capacities were not inferior to those of average Americans today.* —The Editors

AMERICAN WIFE

Kingsville, Ohio: Let me congratulate you on your "American Wife" issue [January]. —MRS. LESLIE HUNT

Davis, California: Disappointing indeed is your January cover. Such a disheveled Mrs. Russell! One can't believe that she has her hair done twice a week. Seems to me that any of the four other "American Wives" was more worthy of the honor of decorating your cover. And a darned sight more attractive than Mrs. R.

—NAME WITHHELD

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: How COSMOPOLITAN editors could have the effrontery to depict those five women—Mrs. Marth, Whedon, Martindale, Davidson, and Russell ["Home Is Where the Heart Is"]—as typical is beyond my comprehension! American wives are not all models, civic do-gooders, and wives of executives and ad men. The average wife is a real homemaker who does all her own housework and is lucky if she has time to belong to the P.T.A. and a church group.

—MRS. GLORIA E. ADAIR

Keyport, Washington: Hey! How about the enormous number of American wives in another category completely ignored in your articles on the American Wife in January COSMOPOLITAN—the wives of American servicemen? Or do you feel that most readers have lost interest in these wives and their problems since the United States is not currently engaged in an armed conflict? Whatever the feeling, our unique problems still exist and persist. For instance, I am in the throes of decorating and arranging our fourth home in a period of eight months! In this period my husband has been issued three different sets of orders. I am driving our three young redheaded sons thirty miles a day to and from school so that they won't have to change schools when we move again later this month.

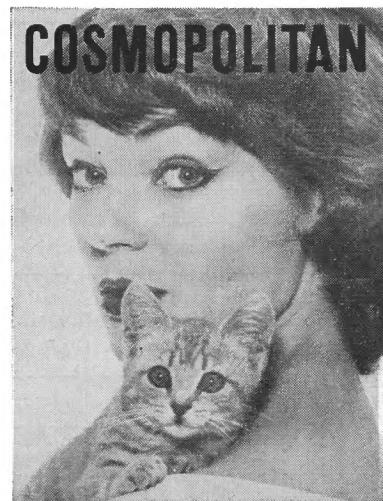
—MRS. WILLIAM B. MOORE

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Special Issue In April

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*Write us, Dept. C-38, for booklet "Let's Serve Cocktails."
The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, N. Y.*





Beautiful Hair B R E C K



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS
It is important to use a shampoo made for your own individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A Third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your particular hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair soft, lustrous and beautiful.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.
● Red for dry hair ● Blue for normal hair ● Yellow for oily hair

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